

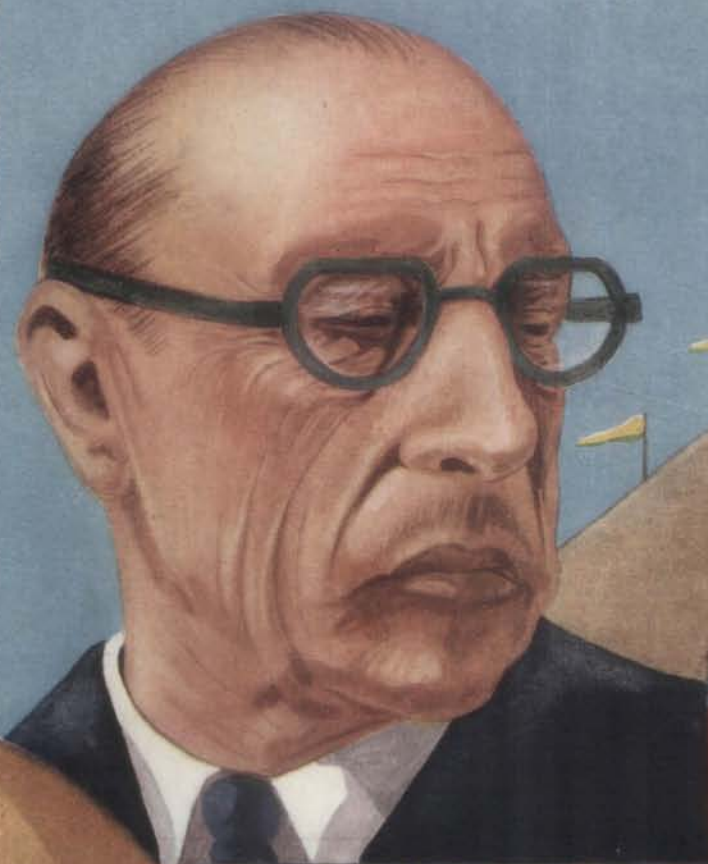
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

OC 27 '53

November 1953, 50 cents

THE

Atlantic



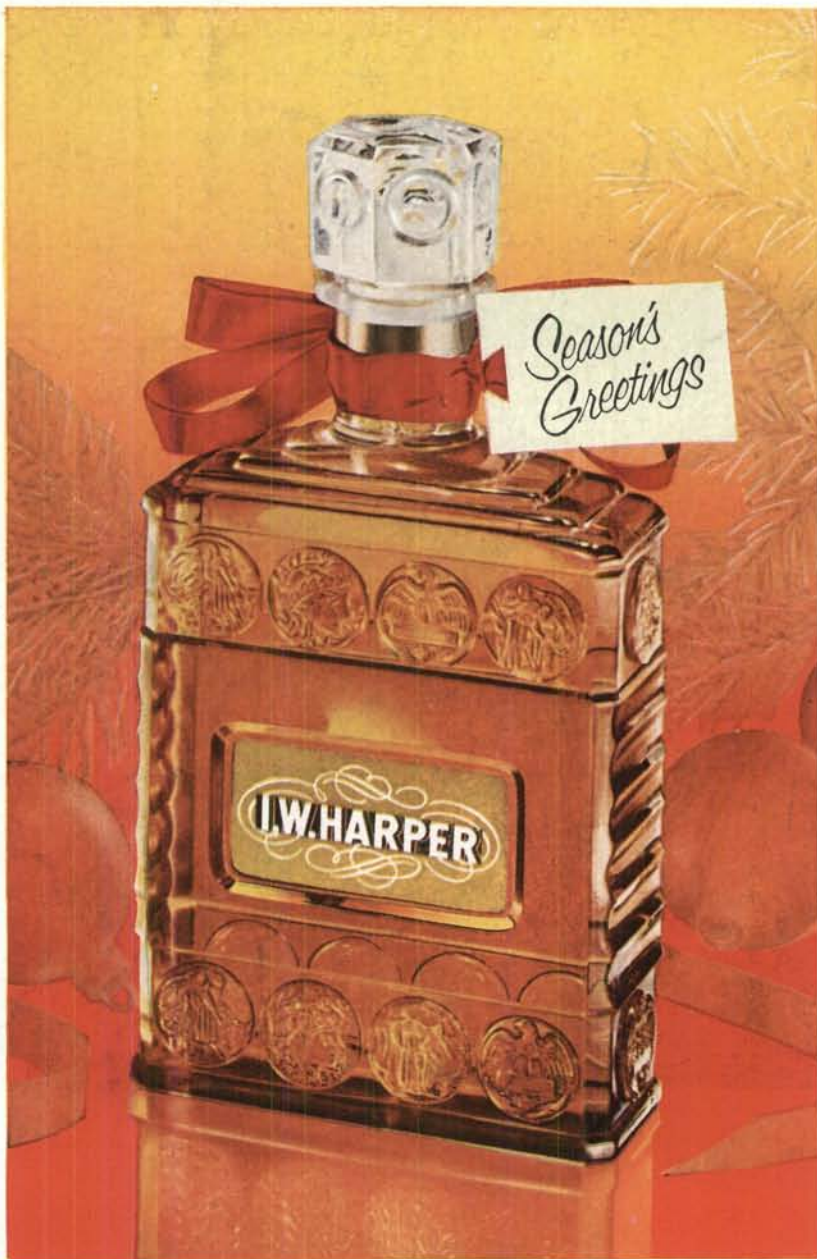
The Diaghilev I Knew
by STRAVINSKY



GIVE THE MOST PRIZED
GIFT OF THE YEAR

*The
Finest Whiskey
that money
can buy*

IN THE MAGNIFICENT
GIFT DECANTER



DELUXE DECANTER IN RICH VELVETY GIFT BOX AT NO EXTRA COST



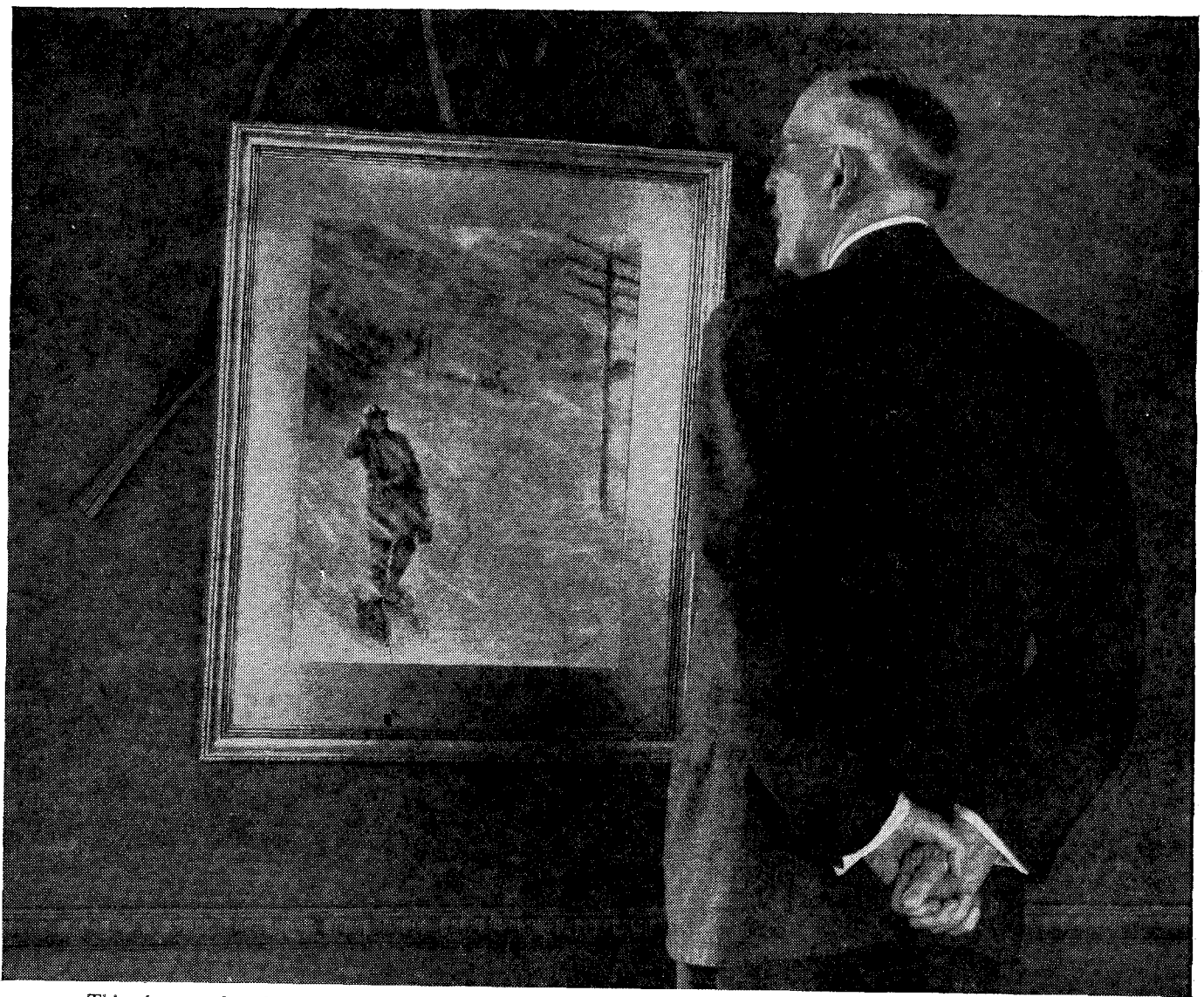
*...it's always
a pleasure
J.W. Harper*

I.W. HARPER
The Gold Medal Whiskey

THE *Prized* BOTTLED IN BON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT *Bourbon*

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • I. W. HARPER DISTILLING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This photograph, taken recently, shows Angus Macdonald looking at the famous old painting, "The Spirit of Service," for which he posed after the great blizzard of 1888. Mr. Macdonald, now 88, has been retired on pension for many years.

Angus Macdonald Broke a Trail

Many telephone men and women have known the test of storm and fire and flood. One of the first was a young lineman named Angus Macdonald.

The year was 1888. The telephone was only twelve years old then, and Long Distance lines had just been placed in service between New York and Boston. Angus Macdonald was working on these lines when the great blizzard of '88 struck.

For three days and nights it snowed, piling drifts as high as houses, blocking roads, stalling trains. The wind and cold kept most folks inside their homes.

But Angus and other telephone men were out on snowshoes throughout the storm. Day and night they patrolled the lines, climbing poles and mending wires to keep the service going.

Out of their deeds was born a painting and a name for the skill,

courage and resourcefulness of telephone men and women. Angus Macdonald was asked to pose for this painting, "The Spirit of Service."

Today you will see this picture in many telephone buildings throughout the country.

Today, too, you will still see the determination of telephone people, no matter what problems may arise, to get the message through.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NOVEMBER ATLANTIC

Ninety-five years of continuous publication

VOLUME 192 1953 NUMBER 5

Atlantic Reports: Washington — Indonesia — Egypt

Life on Other Planets	HARLOW SHAPLEY	29
The Diaghilev I Knew	IGOR STRAVINSKY	33
For a Continental Defense	JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR., and A. G. HILL	37
The Girl on the Bus. <i>A Story</i>	WILLIAM SANSOM	42
To the Queen. <i>A Poem</i>	ROBERT GRAVES	47
Can We Invest in Turkey?	CLARENCE B. RANDALL	48
My Husband Was Elected	THE MAYOR'S WIFE	51
Russian Assignment	Vice Admiral LESLIE C. STEVENS	54
<i>The Atlantic Serial</i>		
After Dinner	A. P. HERBERT	63
The Growth of Competition	SUMNER H. SLICHTER	66
Dawning. <i>A Poem</i>	JOHN HAY	70
THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC		
On Producing Young Conductors	JOHN N. BURK	71
Jazz Today	WHITNEY BALLIETT	76
Custom or Ready-made?	JOHN M. CONLY	82
ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF		
The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	94
Books the Editors Like		98
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	102

Cover sketch of Igor Stravinsky by Julia Corey

1 YEAR \$6.00 2 YEARS \$11.00 3 YEARS \$16.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, November, 1953, Vol. 192, No. 5. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy. \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1953, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

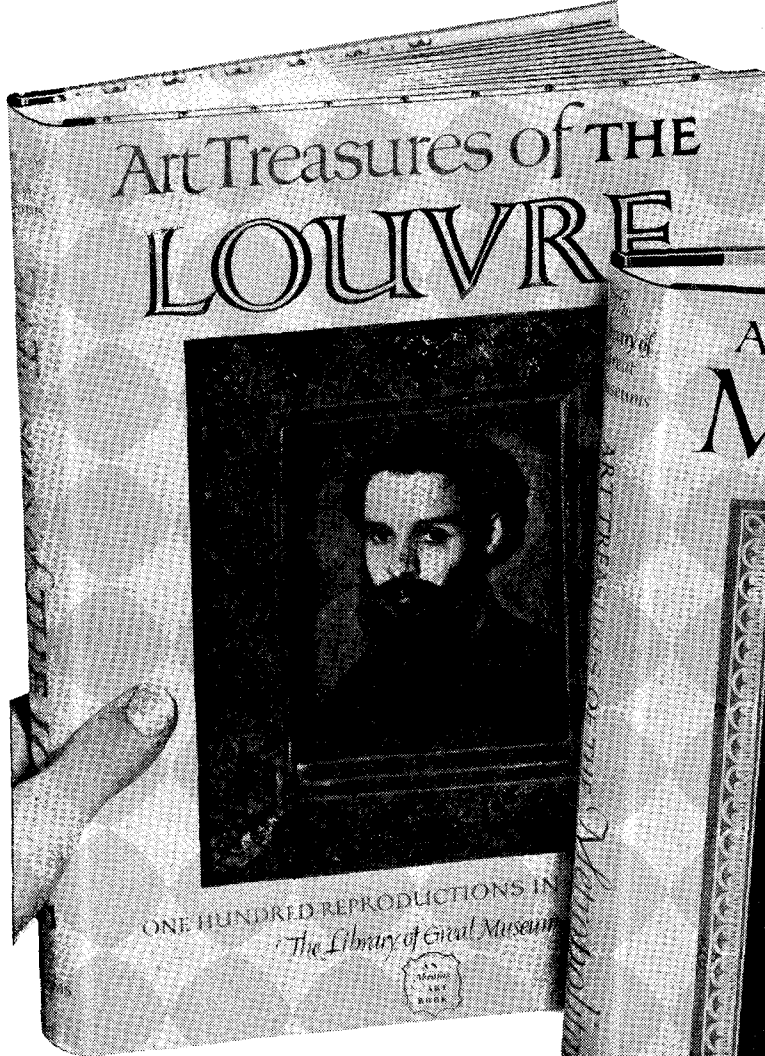
Given.... TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE Book-of-the-Month Club

... WHO JOIN NOW AND BUY AS FEW AS **SIX BOOKS** DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF MEMBERSHIP

THE COMBINED RETAIL PRICE OF THE TWO BOOKS IS:

\$25.00

Volumes shown here greatly reduced—ACTUAL SIZE: 10"x13"



230 full-color reproductions of paintings every cultivated person should be familiar with

Two Beautiful Books to Grace Your Home

THESE exceptionally beautiful companion volumes contain the very heart of the priceless collections of the world's two greatest art museums. Each masterpiece is commented upon individually by the museums' own curators. Will provide endless hours of enjoyment and instruction, for young people as well as adults, and for beginners as well as the connoisseur.

PRIVILEGES AND CONDITIONS OF THIS SPECIAL OFFER

THIS extraordinary opportunity is simply a dramatic demonstration of the Book-of-the-Month Club's unique Book-Dividend system—through which you earn valuable library volumes, free, merely by ordering the new books you are anxious not to miss.

★ **AS A MEMBER YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS WITHIN YOUR FIRST YEAR OF MEMBERSHIP** from among the Club's selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would not enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ART TREASURES OF THE LOUVRE AND ART TREASURES OF THE METROPOLITAN AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection as a new member, please see coupon.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS YOU WILL RECEIVE, FREE, WITH EVERY SECOND BOOK YOU BUY** a beautiful or useful library volume—over and above ART TREASURES OF

THE LOUVRE and ART TREASURES OF THE METROPOLITAN. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend given to members. During the year, the volumes thus given away will have an average retail value of around \$6.00 each.

★ **YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

★ **GOOD SENSE FOR READING FAMILIES.** Frequently you buy a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, not knowing it is such, and often pay more for it than you would as a member. Why not buy from the Club these selections you would buy anyway? You will usually pay less for them. (A small charge is added to cover mailing expense.) You will share in the Club's Book-Dividend plan. And, not least, you will actually get and read the new books you are anxious not to miss, but which you frequently do fail to read.

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS
by Charles A. Lindbergh
Price (to members only) \$3.95 | ☐ TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE
by Alan Paton \$3.50 |
| ☐ THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA
by Ernest Hemingway \$3.00 | ☐ ANNAPURNA
by Maurice Herzog
Price (to members only) \$3.55 |
| ☐ THE SILENT WORLD
by Capt. J. Y. Cousteau with
Frédéric Dumas
Price (to members only) \$3.95 | ☐ CHARLES DICKENS (2 vols.)
by Edgar Johnson
Price (to members only) \$4.95 |
| ☐ THE SILVER CHALICE (special
de luxe edition)
by Thomas B. Costain
Price (to members only) \$3.55 | ☐ THE CAINE MUTINY
by Herman Wouk \$3.95 |

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

A411

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, ART TREASURES OF THE LOUVRE and ART TREASURES OF THE METROPOLITAN (a \$25.00 value) immediately, with the purchase of my first selection indicated above. I agree to purchase at least six monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Club selections and Special Members' Editions—I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend* then being distributed. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership.

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. State.....
(If any)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



EXPERIMENTS in carrying first-class mail by air are only one indication of the changes being wrought by Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield. In contrast with the political role usually expected of a former chairman of the Republican National Committee, Summerfield has ignored politics in order to concentrate on sprucing up the mail service with business methods. He was bitterly disappointed at the failure of Congress to raise mail rates to help reduce the postal deficit, but he has proceeded with the consolidation of small post offices and similar measures to bring greater efficiency. In the process he has won admiration in a city accustomed to look to the Postmaster General for partisan speeches and not much else.

In promoting the first-class-mail-by-air plan, Summerfield naturally has run into resistance from the railroads, and there is much dispute over the meaning of comparative rates. His thought has been, however, to employ unused plane capacity at far lower cost than the usual air mail charges, and in this he has had the cooperation of the air lines.

Summerfield also figures that with the average person who sends a letter, say, from New York to Chicago, the time of delivery rather than the time of collection is what is important. On this theory it may be possible to bunch mail for next-morning delivery instead of dispatching it by dribblets every hour.

Better relationships within the Post Office itself are largely the work of the youthful Deputy Postmaster General, Charles R. Hook, Jr. Hook, an expert on labor relations and a member of the War Labor Board, was most recently vice president for personnel of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway.

Summerfield came to know him when Hook helped out on the Eisenhower campaign.

Summerfield and Hook together busied themselves with modernizing the antiquated procedures of the Post Office. One of their first concerns was to improve the use of transportation. Asking themselves who in private business would have the most experience in expediting mass shipments, they concluded that it would be the transportation director for Sears, Roebuck. Accordingly they went to the Sears head, Robert E. Wood, and persuaded him to release John C. Allen to become the Assistant Postmaster General in charge of transportation.

Hook's railroad background also helped him fend off railroad protests about the air mail plan. When a group of railroad representatives descended on him to ask how he, a railroad man, could do this to them, he replied coolly that he was working for the government and that he was sure that everyone would support efforts to improve the mail service.

What Durkin tried to do

The departure of Labor Secretary Martin P. Durkin wrote failure to the efforts of the Administration to enlist the help of organized labor in revision of the Taft-Hartley Law. The real difficulty was not a split between Durkin and President Eisenhower, but the inability to agree on amendments that would be acceptable to the Labor Committees on Capitol Hill.

At best the appointment of a Democrat from the ranks of labor was a gamble. Yet Durkin was loyal to the President and made every effort to frame workable modifications in the law. Durkin's implication that pledges to him had been broken

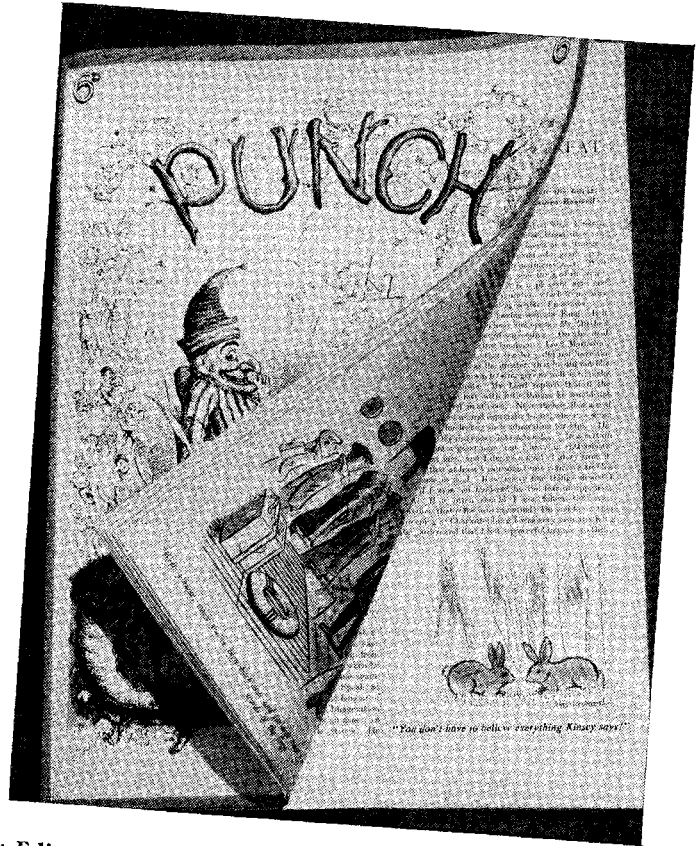
A year of the New Punch

COSTS ONLY

\$5.25

FOR 54 ISSUES

Within the familiar covers of England's famous humour magazine, Editor Malcolm Muggeridge presents a publication that is topical, challenging, controversial—and funny.



PUNCH is one of the world's most civilized magazines. Often whimsical, sometimes witty, sometimes sardonic, rarely cynical and never bitter, it has mirrored the curious gentleness of British manners for one hundred and twelve years as one of the world's funniest magazines.

Today Punch is still a wayward mixture of the old and the new, of the uproariously international and the whimsically British. The magazine that first said "You pays your money and you takes your choice" (1846), that coined the phrase "bedside manner" (1844), is, in modern times, the magazine that unleashed on the world the explosive social philosophy of Stephen Potter's *Lifemanship*, and the meticulous convolutions of Rowland Emmett's *Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway*.

SOME RECENT CONTRIBUTORS TO THE NEW PUNCH

Noel Coward
Lord Kinross
Cyril Connolly
A. P. Herbert
Geoffrey Gorer
Anthony Powell
Beverly Baxter

John Lehmann
John Betjeman
Marjorie Riddell
P. G. Wodehouse
William Sansom
Richard Gordon

Punch's New Editor

A year ago Malcolm Muggeridge came to preside over Punch's traditional editorial conferences. (He is the eighth editor since 1841.) A former foreign correspondent, author, literary critic, and newspaper editor, Muggeridge has a simple concept of an editor's duty: get good contributors, and get the best out of them.

Some of the most famous names in English letters now appear in Punch, as well as new writers, exciting to discover. With them are the drawings of Punch's famous stable of cartoonists—David Langdon, Sprod, Bernard Hollowood, Rowland Emmett, Fougasse, Giovannetti.

Only \$5.25 a Year

In the last year or two quite a few Americans have latched on to an extraordinarily good thing for themselves and their friends—a year's subscription to Punch for only \$5.25, including postage from England. Why don't you join this growing circle of Punchophiles? Your name on the coupon and a check for \$5.25 will do the trick.

Please note that Punch makes no "special offers," "free gifts to new subscribers," or other something-for-nothings. We are loyal to our regular readers, and this offer

to you will not be undercut to anyone else by special offers or deals.

A Unique Christmas Present

There is no need to hoard the enjoyment of Punch to yourself. Pass along old copies to your friends. Better still, take out gift subscriptions so that they can share your fun without stealing your copies. Be sure they are intelligent, discriminating, with a flair for the out-of-the-ordinary; otherwise they may be somewhat baffled—and Punch is too good to waste on those who don't understand it. Each of these friends gets a special gift and in your name.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

To: British Publications, Inc., Dept. P-16
30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

Please send 52 weekly issues of Punch, the Double Summer Number (July), and the Winter Almanack (November) to me and/or to the names listed separately. I enclose \$5.25 for each subscription.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

List your gift subscriptions separately. A special Christmas gift card goes to each one in your name.



The Atlantic Report on Washington



seemed to stem from misunderstanding and naïveté on his part. Proposals for labor legislation revision have been in the hands of a committee composed of the Secretaries of Labor and Commerce, the chairmen of the Senate and House Labor Committees, and the special counsel to the President. It is this broad group that must pass on whatever program is evolved.

Thus the elaborate nineteen-point plan for Taft-Hartley revision, which leaked to the press and caused great consternation on Capitol Hill because of its concessions to the union position, actually was a draft initiated by the Labor Department rather than a proposal that had final White House approval. The impasse that brought Durkin's resignation arose from the failure to agree on two principal points he regarded as essential: relaxation of the present total ban on secondary boycotts, and the restoration of Federal paramountcy over union shop regulation. The AFL in particular is concerned over laws which prohibit the union shop in twelve states.

The Administration faces a rocky road in relations with labor. The problem is complicated by the fact that Senator Taft was perhaps the most sympathetic majority member of the Congressional Labor Committees, and that almost any revision of the Taft-Hartley Law would now be regarded as New Dealish.

A good neighbor goes visiting

Favorable reactions are still coming in from Milton Eisenhower's tour of Latin America. The sore spots remain — particularly communism in Guatemala, authoritarianism in Venezuela, and tangled economic relations in Chile. Dr. Eisenhower's efforts to promote more favorable conditions for United States investments could not be expected to yield immediate tangible results. But on the intangible side the visit of the President's brother was regarded as a great courtesy, and it did much to diminish the feeling that the United States has neglected Latin America at the top level.

Nowhere was the reception more dramatic than in Perón's Argentina. The Eisenhower group found Perón eager to promise better relations and a more favorable climate for American investment without any major concessions from this country.

Perón called at the American Embassy, entertained the group at receptions and sports events, and even showed up at the airport after a farewell visit. Almost immediately anti-American attacks

in the Perón-dominated press moderated and some restrictions on American news agencies were lifted. Perón seemed anxious to blame his troubles on the Truman Administration. "We generals understand each other," he remarked in referring to President Eisenhower.

The State Department views this sudden warmth as the pay-off of the policy of strict correctness pursued by Ambassador Albert F. Nufer. The recommendation that Ambassador Nufer be retained in Buenos Aires actually had been decided upon before Perón requested it, but it pleased the Argentine dictator. While hoping for genuinely better relations the State Department is aware, however, that Perón's obsequiousness can be turned off as quickly as it was turned on.

Our strength in Korea

American military forces will remain in Korea at substantially their present strength until there is definite evidence of lessened tension. Of the seven American divisions now in Korea, one or two may be pulled back in reserve to augment the three divisions (the Third Marine Division recently rejoined the Far East Command) in Japan. But no large reductions in manpower are imminent.

Exclusive of South Korean troops, United Nations strength in the Far East has been about 400,000 men, counting supply and service units. Apart from air and sea power, the other fifteen participating UN members have furnished about 45,000 ground troops. The expectation is that these contributions will be maintained at approximately present strength.

The need for new American troops will be somewhat reduced, however, by the longer period of service now required before GIs are eligible for rotation. Previously a soldier qualified for rotation after 9 months of combat service. In practice, because of rest periods out of the lines, the rotation time varied from 10 to 12 months. With the cessation of hostilities the period was raised to 16 months.

This compares with the average of 16 to 17 months of service for draftees stationed in Germany. To cut down on the turnover, there has been a strong effort to compose the forces in Europe as much as possible of Regular Army men with three-year enlistments. Seventeen months of actual duty is about all that has been obtainable from men inducted for two years, in view of the time consumed in training and in "pipelines" to and from overseas theaters.



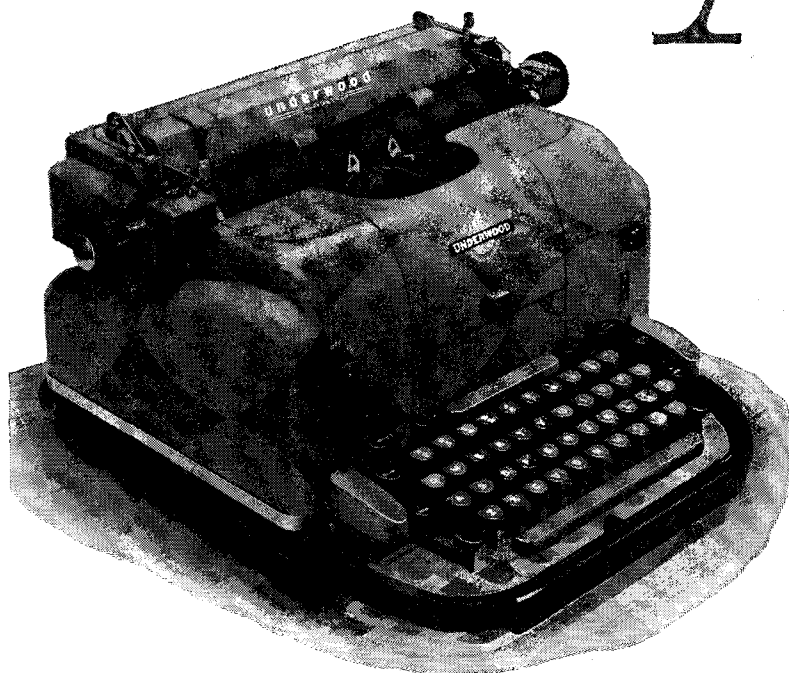
Question:

*I wonder how she stays
"Fresh as a Daisy"...
after a day's work?*



*Don't you know?...she has
an Underwood Electric!...
It's a cinch to type on!*

Answer:



Your days will be brighter . . . your work lighter, too . . .
with an Underwood Electric at *your* finger tips.

So don't buy any typewriter until you try the new
Underwood Electric . . . on your own work, in your
own office . . . and see for yourself. No obligation what-
soever. Mail coupon today.

Underwood Corporation

Typewriters . . . Adding Machines . . .
Accounting Machines . . . Carbon Paper . . . Ribbons
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Underwood Limited, Toronto 1, Canada
Sales and Service Everywhere

Underwood Electric

. . . made by the Typewriter Leader of the World

A-11-53

Underwood Corporation
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

☐ I am happy to accept your invitation to try the
Underwood ELECTRIC . . . without obligation
on my part. Please have your representative tele-
phone for an appointment.

☐ Please send literature before I arrange a demon-
stration.

Name _____ Phone _____

Firm _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Pronunciation Guide to FRENCH Wines

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec



Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	<i>Bow Joe lay</i>
Chablis	<i>Shah blee</i>
Chateau Yquem	<i>Shot-oh Ee-Kem</i>
Chateaufort	<i>Shot-oh Neff</i>
du Pape	<i>du Pop</i>
Chambertin	<i>Sham bear tan</i>
Graves	<i>Grahv</i>
Haut Sauternes	<i>Oh So tairn</i>
Macon	<i>Mah kon</i>
Medoc	<i>May dock</i>
Montrachet	<i>Mawn Rah Shay</i>
Pommard	<i>Poe mahr</i>
Pontet-Canet	<i>Pon tay Kan nay</i>
Pouilly Fuissé	<i>Poo yee Fweesay</i>
Prince Blanc	<i>Prance Blahn</i>
Prince Noir	<i>Prance Nwahr</i>
Sauternes	<i>So tairn</i>
St. Emilion	<i>Sant Ay mee lee on</i>
St. Julien	<i>San Jeu lee en</i>

your Quality Guide to all these wines
is the name

B&G
(The finest wines)
of FRANCE

By BARTON & GUESTIER, Established 1725
Browne Vintners Co., Inc., New York City.
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.

Part of the problem in Korea is uncertainty over what President Syngman Rhee may do. Training of South Koreans is continuing, and the plan is to turn over more and more of the defense job to Korean forces. However, there has been some fear — just as there was apprehension before the Communist aggression in June, 1950 — that without restraining influence Dr. Rhee might launch a military adventure of his own.

Even though Administration officials hold little hope that the political conference on Korea will soon produce a permanent settlement, they believe that the absence of actual fighting may reduce tension. If the atmosphere improves, it may be possible gradually to cut the number of United Nations troops in Korea.

Respecting the political conference itself, the State Department has made some progress in assuaging the resentment caused by the American "victory" in the vote to exclude India. What looked like a breach among the Western Allies at the special session of the United Nations was more a tactical misunderstanding than an open conflict. British diplomats in particular felt that if Ambassador Lodge had explained privately in advance the American difficulties with Syngman Rhee, the fight could have been avoided.

Korea and Indo-China

Meanwhile, there is reason to think that another purpose in maintaining strong forces in Korea is to pin down Chinese Communist troops so that they cannot be used for aggression elsewhere. The French have been leery of direct Chinese intervention in Indo-China when the fight against the Communist Viet Minh is stepped up. The Indo-Chinese war is immensely unpopular in France, and there is widespread demand for abandonment of the campaign.

Yet prevention of Communist conquest of Indo-China is regarded in Washington as strategically as important as the stand in Korea. The Administration has been walking a tight-rope, balancing the need to keep France in the war against the need to end corruption in colonial administration and to encourage the reforms necessary to win popular allegiance in Viet Nam, Cambodia, and Laos. Secretary Dulles's clear warning to

The Passing of the Paleface

People used to go to Florida or California in the winter because they were (a) filthy rich, (b) 77 years old, (c) owners of a yacht which might be bruised by floating ice.

Today, everybody's in the sunshine, either down south, or on a sunny ski slope, or for long weekends at what were once only summer homes, but are now year-round holiday houses. There's so much tan around, a white face looks positively conspicuous.

It's part of the Big Change in American life which has come with the winning of time and mobility. HOLIDAY is the bible of that new life . . . a magazine devoted to helping you make the most of the hours you have won from drudgery . . . a magazine designed to make your life fuller, richer.

Many people consider that the best writing appearing anywhere today is in HOLIDAY. And it's on the most pleasant of subjects . . . *your pleasure.*

Communist China, and the grant of \$385 million in additional American aid to France for the defense of Indo-China, were designed to buck up the French government. The hope is that greater real independence for the Indo-China states will result in genuine local support of French troops. There is no thought of sending American ground forces in the event of Chinese intervention, but the Administration has implied that it will not hesitate to use sea and air power against China proper if that should become necessary.

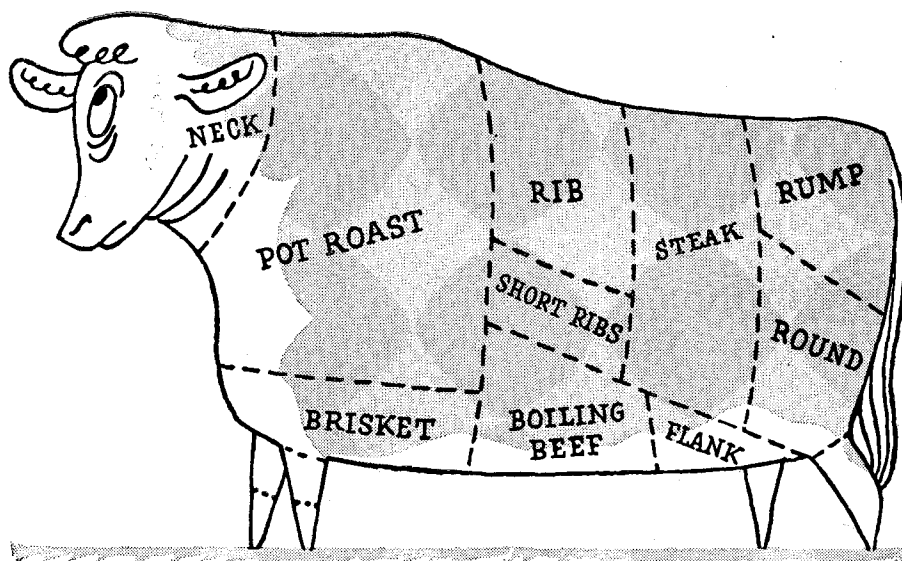
Mood of the Capital

The selection of Governor Earl Warren to succeed the late Chief Justice Vinson was greeted in Washington as a happy solution. It brings to the Supreme Court a liberal Republican of impressive popular appeal. The pressure of important cases, particularly the issue of racial segregation in the schools, outweighed the break of precedent in the nomination of the Chief Justice while the Senate was in recess.

When considering Warren's lack of judicial experience, the President was faced with the fact that most of the eligible Republican judges were in their late sixties—the result of twenty years during which Republican judicial appointments could be counted almost on one hand.

For a time the President and Attorney General Brownell reportedly toyed with elevating Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson to the top spot and appointing Warren to the post Jackson would have vacated. In the final choice the administrative ability and physical fitness of the 62-year-old Warren counted for more than his legal background. As in the case of Vinson, his challenge will be to bring cohesion to the Court.

Washington is also watching the Democrats' struggle for a united front in the Congressional campaigns next year. Declining farm prices and higher interest rates have afforded preliminary issues on which to attack the Administration. But the impression of harmony produced at the September rally in Chicago was more apparent than real, because the split between the New Deal group and some of the Southern leaders over the party loyalty pledge was glossed over rather than healed.



How much meat will America eat today?

☐ 650,000 pounds ☐ 6,500,000 pounds ☐ 65,000,000 pounds

It sounds incredible, but you and other Americans eat an average of 65 million pounds of meat every day.

This is enough to fill 2,500 refrigerator cars, which would make a train more than 18 miles long!

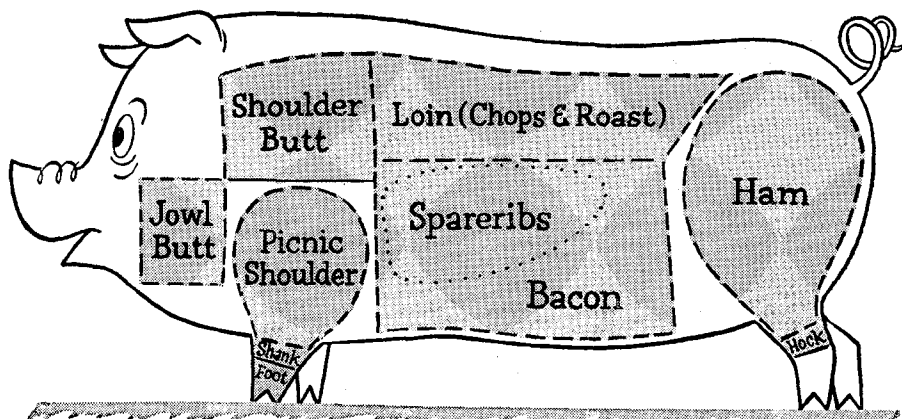
Just as incredible is the operation of the complicated system of meat distribution. It puts all this meat *where* you want it, *when* you want it, and

in the *vast variety* in which you want it.

More than 4,000 meat packing companies throughout the U. S. help get this job done. And official government figures show that they do it for a profit so small... only a fraction of a cent a pound... that if it didn't exist at all, there would be no appreciable difference in the price you pay for meat.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.



Indonesia

THE problems of Indonesia in these closing months of 1953 are, like chapters in a well-arranged textbook on history, neatly divided into categories. There are the urgent, immediate questions — foreign policy, internal politics, falling prices of raw materials, the threat of a Communist coup, and the danger from a rebellion by extremist Moslems. Despite the knotty appearance that they present, all of these tangled affairs stand a fair chance of being straightened out within the next few years.

Above and beyond them, however, lie a completely different set of problems divorced from the pressure of immediacy. These involve the relationship between the natural resources of the country and its explosive growth of population. To these matters, few people are devoting any thought. About them fewer still are taking any action. Indonesians use their immediate troubles as an excuse for ignoring the threat of greater difficulties ahead.

It is nearly two years since a foreign minister roused an editorial storm in Jakarta by signing a mutual security agreement with the United States. He was accused of abandoning the nation's precious neutrality. The newspaper tempest toppled the cabinet, but successive governments have quietly continued to accept American aid, first from the Mutual Security Administration, later from the Technical Cooperation Administration, and now from the Foreign Operations Administration.

Such is the singular dichotomy between the official view of Indonesians on foreign affairs and their off-the-record attitude. For public consumption the nation is neutral between East and West. Politicians of all parties pay lip service to the necessity of steering a firm course between capitalist imperialism and Communism.

No escape from geography

Actually even the most impassioned of the neutralist orators realizes, and admits in private, that the country can't escape from geography. The 3000-mile-long archipelago lies in the Western orbit. Like it or not, the armed might of the United States and her allies is protecting Indonesians

from Communism, a system of government which the great majority of them fear and hate.

An American visitor in personal contacts with Indonesians meets nothing but friendliness and cordial hospitality. At the same time in the newspapers, in political speeches, and in official interviews he finds a marked belligerence against the West. In Europe and America, article after article on Indonesia seems to have been compounded from correspondents' resentment at this chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, plus their anger at the petty irritations of Jakarta life — visa difficulties, intransigent customs officials, unapproachable cabinet ministers, lack of transportation, bad hotels, wretched food, mosquitoes, and heat, heat, heat.

As in so many cases in the countries of Southeast Asia, life outside the capital is far less frustrating and far more interesting. Except among the Dutch, few Westerners are aware what a large and beautiful country Indonesia is. Jakarta (known for three hundred years under the Dutch as Batavia) is on a seacoast plain near the northwest corner of Java. Half an hour's drive to the southeast start the knobbly green hills that cover most of the island. Across the first scenic range of tea-bush-covered mountains lies the little city of Bandung. To its comfortable hotels heat-stricken Jakartans repair for cool weekends. Farther on, in Central Java, is Jogjakarta, center of the Javanese culture that dates back to the Indonesian empires of a thousand years ago.

More than 65 million of the 80 million Indonesians live on Java and Sumatra. The Indonesians' five sevenths of Borneo, third largest island in the world, is a vast, undeveloped area of swamps and mountains. Celebes, Flores, the Moluccas, and the Lesser Sundas are too far from the center of the country to carry much weight.

In all these lightly settled regions there is a strong feeling of separatism and a dislike of the Javanese. The dislike is mutual. The Dutch favored these eastern outposts of the Indies, especially Amboina in the Moluccas, as a source of native troops. The Javanese, who bore the brunt of the



How Great is a Magazine?

A magazine is as great as the place it occupies in the minds of its readers. And in their hearts. The New Yorker has achieved stature because it has attracted a body of readers who feel deeply about it, who sense a kinship with it and with its aims. The New Yorker enjoys an intensity of readership which is one of its most valued assets.

There are undoubtedly many reasons which account for the enthusiasm people feel for The New Yorker. One of our subscribers explains it this way:

"In real sincerity, as long as you keep printing The New Yorker, there are many Americans who have a spokesman. The documentary material is unmatched. But most of all and really important is your ability to puncture the false and, with simplicity and good humor, to exalt the true."

Because The New Yorker is addicted to humor and consecrated to truth it is read the world over by people with civilized minds, who turn to it for enlightenment and encouragement, as they would to an old and tried friend. The vigor of their devotion is the test of the magazine's success and the measure of its greatness.

THE
NEW YORKER

NO. 25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

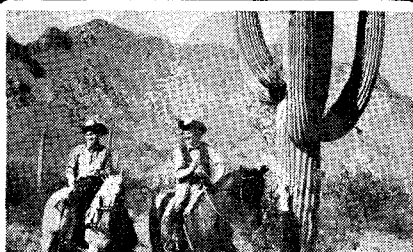
Can your climate pass this- Tucson Sunshine Quiz?



IT SHOWS YOU HOW TO TRADE
FROSTBITE FOR SUNTAN!



COULD YOU STROLL IN THE SUN TODAY? ☐ YOU CAN IN WARM, DRY, SUNNY TUCSON!
Gardens bloom all winter in Tucson because there's more sunshine than in any other resort city. Come now... miss cold weather entirely this year. Plentiful accommodations are available at sensible rates.



LIKE TO RIDE TO ADVENTURE? ☐ YOU'LL LOVE TUCSON'S DESERT TRAILS!
Sun-enchanted Tucson is a sportsman's paradise. You can ride... golf at fine country clubs... swim in open pools... trap and skeet shoot... attend major sports events, Indian fairs and rodeos. Bring your camera. Tucson is picturesque!



DO YOUR YOUNGSTERS NEED SUNSHINE? ☐ THEY'LL GET IT ALL WINTER IN TUCSON!
Let them grow strong and healthy while attending Tucson's accredited ranch or public schools or University of Arizona. You'll all return home feeling better, looking better. Send coupon for free booklet now, and come to Tucson soon.



SEND FOR FREE COLOR-PHOTO BOOKLET!
TUCSON SUNSHINE CLIMATE CLUB
5303-B Pueblo, Tucson, Arizona

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Tell me about ranch _____, resort _____, hotel _____,
motel _____, apartment _____, accommoda-
tions for _____ people to stay _____ days. I plan to visit
Tucson (dates) _____

revolution, haven't yet forgiven the islanders for their loyalty to Holland. But all the islands are held together by ties of trade and tradition. There is little chance that Indonesia will fall apart of its own weight.

Political cleavage

The control of this tremendous country, with the sixth largest population in the world, is centralized in Jakarta. The important politicians and officials live and work in the capital, visiting outside it only on occasional tours of inspection. To a great extent the men who rule the country seem to be isolated from the people. There has never been an election. Members of parliament were selected by President Sukarno under a strange system of rewards and balances. He awarded seats to the various political parties on a basis of their contributions to the revolution and of the strength he himself presumed they would have if an election were held.

No member of parliament, therefore, has any responsibility to a bloc of the people as such, or more than a rather tenuous loyalty to his party. The number of small parties resembles that in the French Chamber of Deputies, but the task of forming and maintaining a cabinet in Indonesia is, if such a thing is possible, even more difficult than in France.

At the moment there are two main political blocs. On the one side are the Nationalist Party and the Communists. On the other are the Moslem Party, or Masjumi, and the moderate Indonesian Socialists. The smaller parties fall into orbits of the four important ones like so many satellites. In between the two blocs the president fills a strange role.

The constitutional rights of the president in Indonesia haven't yet been settled. In strict theory he is supposed to be above politics, like the king of England. But 52-year-old Sukarno (like many Indonesians he has only one name) isn't the sort of man to divorce himself from politics. He is a fiery speechmaker, and every time he makes a speech he injects partisan elements into it, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other.

Brother Karno

To the ordinary Indonesian rice farmer, "Bung Karno" (Brother Karno) is the personification of the

revolution. The intellectuals, however, are beginning to grumble that he is still fighting the battles of the forties, that he is homesick for the revolution. He is a consummate egoist. His clothes are exquisitely tailored, and he uses pancake make-up as though he were going to appear on television. But his influence is still strong in the thousands of villages.

After a prolonged cabinet crisis last summer the Nationalist Party (PNI) was able to form a government with the former ambassador to Washington, Dr. Ali Sastroamidjojo, as premier. During his stay in America Dr. Ali was a popular speaker before chambers of commerce on the subject of Indonesian-American friendship and the desire of Indonesia for foreign investors to help develop the country. He would have a hard time now explaining to those audiences how he reconciles those policies with his present dependence on the support of the Indonesian Communist Party.

For the better part of a year the Nationalists and the Communists have maintained their informal alliance against the Masjumi. Most observers are agreed that if an election were held the Masjumi would win hands down. Villagers would vote as the imams, their religious leaders, direct. At the moment in this artificially created parliament the Nationalist-Communist bloc can muster just enough votes to defeat the Masjumi and the Socialists.

Terrorists on the loose

The particular issue on which the Nationalists and the Communists combined to agitate against the Masjumi was the terrorists. Guerrilla groups are active in widespread sections of the islands. In parts of West Java, Central Java, Southern Celebes, and Borneo the situation is almost completely out of control. Some of the groups are nothing but bandits, but most of them claim allegiance to an organization called Darul Islam.

Darul Islam is a loosely knit federation of religious fanatics whose aim is a Moslem state in Indonesia organized after the manner of Pakistan. Its leader, Kartosuwirjo, has never acknowledged the authority of the republic. He maintains a state of war, raiding villages, burning, and looting to force the government to adopt a theocratic policy.

Don't give a "Ho-Hum" Gift this Christmas!

for the people you like best — and yourself too. . . .

GIVE MEMBERSHIPS IN THE AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB

Beautiful, Unusual, Useful Gifts Mailed From All
Over The World For Only \$2⁰⁰ each — POSTPAID, DUTY FREE



You can make this Christmas unforgettable for friends and family with *Memberships in the Around-the-World Shoppers Club*! Christmas can come 3, 6, even 12 times during the coming year to the lucky people on your list—and at a price so low you can afford to give many more gifts than you thought possible.

Just imagine the excitement of your friends as they begin receiving mysterious packages from abroad, with colorful stamps and exotic postmarks—all sent in your name! Each gift exquisitely made, charmingly different and in perfect taste . . . representing the many fascinating cultures of the world.

Surprise Gifts Sent Each Month From Distant Lands

One month your recipient may receive a rare example of Florentine sculpture or a beautiful silk Indian sari; other months may bring an old-world woodcarving from the Black Forest, a piece of precious Belgian glassware or a chic product of La Belle France. Enclosed with each package will be a colorful illustrated brochure describing the origin and significance of the article—adding even more glamour to each gift!

How the Around-the-World Shoppers Club Can Send These Gifts for Only \$2.00 Each

American dollar credits abroad are magic. And the Club commands fabulous bargains at the great International Fairs as well as in the markets and bazaars of native artisans who still create in ancient hand-craft traditions. Through the Club's enormous buying power and prestige, Memberships cost only \$6.00 for 3 months, \$11.50 for 6 months, \$22.00 for 12 months, postage paid, duty free, direct from the place of origin. Every article *value-guaranteed*: if available in the U.S., each would retail at from \$3.50 to \$6.00!

Gifts That Remind Your Recipient Of Your Thoughtfulness Again and Again!

The glamour of most Christmas gifts quickly fades with familiarity but the pleasure of Around-the-World Shoppers Club Membership is experienced month after month with the arrival of each new gift from abroad.

Giving gift Memberships is easy.

Just complete the coupon below, using an extra sheet, and mail. At Christmas-time each recipient re-



ceives a handsome card announcing his Membership, and soon after he will enjoy his first gift from abroad. However, because so many of our gifts are made by hand and supplies are limited, we urge you to mail the coupon at once. You can be sure your friends will be enchanted with their gifts, for these are the things *you* would choose if you were travelling abroad! *And here is our guarantee:* if you are not delighted upon receipt of the first gift, we will refund you the total amount paid on the membership. Rush your gift list today!

A COMPLIMENTARY MEMBERSHIP FOR YOU

Every time your gift Memberships total 36 months, you, or anyone you name, receives a FREE 6-month Club Membership. Simply add the name to your list, and indicate.

The U. S. Post Office Dept. charges a service fee of 15¢ for delivery of foreign packages, which is collected by the postman and cannot be prepaid by the Club.

Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 201
71 Concord Street, Newark 5, N. J.

Around-the-World Shoppers Club

READ WHAT MEMBERS SAY ABOUT THE CLUB

"I have enjoyed your international treasure hunt" so very, very much. I think a membership would make a wonderful present to give someone!"
—K.K.H., Melrose Park, Ill.

"The whole family gathers round when the latest package arrives. You are doing a wonderful job . . . Each gift is a real bargain!"
—R.R.B., Montville, Conn.

"Just anticipating the coming of a 'surprise gift' has been great fun and a real life!"
—S.K.F., Troy, N. Y.

"Your gifts show exquisite taste in their selection. I am more than pleased and I feel urged to tell you so."
—M.Z., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Thus far I have received two articles—and am still speechless with surprised pleasure!"
—J.S.S., Winston-Salem, N. C.

(NOTE: All original letters on file in our office)



Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 201
71 Concord Street, Newark 5, N. J.

Please enroll as Members the persons whose names and addresses appear on the attached sheet (be sure to indicate whether each is to receive a 3-, 6- or 12-months Membership and how you wish each gift acknowledged).

Each 3-months Membership \$ 6.00
Each 6-months Membership 11.50
Each 12-months Membership 22.00

I enclose
remittance for \$.....

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

NOTE: 6 months Membership FREE every time your Gift Memberships total 36 months.

REFERENCES: Franklin-Washington Trust Co., Newark 2, N. J.



They're falling for Us



"WE SEEM TO GAIN MORE FRIENDS EVERY DAY, WHITEY!"



"WE SURE DO, BLACKIE. THAT'S BECAUSE PEOPLE KNOW THAT THE QUALITY AND CHARACTER OF BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



Many of the members of his bandit gangs are veterans of the guerrilla forces of the revolution. They find outlawry more profitable than working as farm laborers in their home villages. The Indonesian army, only one step removed from the guerrilla stage itself, does little to hinder their activities. One battalion sent to capture a Darul Islam gang turned around and joined the outlaws en masse.

Dr. Ali has announced a program of increased activity against the terrorists, and organization of a general election in May, 1955. So far he has done nothing to push either phase of the program. The terrorists appear to be as big a problem for the new cabinet as they have been for all its predecessors. And it seems unlikely that any Nationalist cabinet will press for an election that would almost inevitably result in a victory for the opposition.

The Dutch make money

Since returning to Jakarta from Washington the premier has continued his invitations to Western capital to help develop the country. Foreign capital now invested here is protected under the Round Table Agreement of 1949, the peace treaty between Holland and Indonesia. In return for the grant of sovereignty, Indonesia agreed to guarantee all property rights of foreign investors. Most of these, of course, were Dutch.

Thanks to the Round Table Agreement, the Dutch emerged from their defeat in very good shape. They no longer govern the country, but their profits since 1949 have been immense. As one Dutch businessman put it, 1951 was the best year Holland ever had in the Indies since the Dutch East India Company first appeared on the scene in 1602.

The Dutch now feel that the atmosphere is growing more and more unfriendly. They will stay in business while they can, but they have no desire to reinvest their profits in Indonesia. Many Dutchmen and Dutch businesses have made enough money to set themselves up with a new start in Ethiopia, Canada, or Latin America.

More oil

The foreign investors with the biggest stake in Indonesia are three of the great oil companies, two of them American. Standard-Vacuum (a com-

bination of Jersey Standard and Socony-Vacuum) and Royal Dutch Shell had well-established fields in South Sumatra long before the war, as well as huge refineries side by side on the Musi River near Palembang.

Caltex (California Standard and The Texas Company) was just ready to drill in Central Sumatra when the war broke out. The Japanese obligingly drilled the wells and then, unable to get the oil out of the country, capped them. When the revolution died down in 1949, Caltex moved back in and put \$70 million into developing the field. Production got under way last spring. Indonesia is now producing 20 per cent more oil than it did before the war.

All three companies are operating cautiously. Caltex and Shell still have special contracts with the government allowing them to use their foreign exchange as they see fit. Stanvac's similar agreement ran out nearly two years ago. Like any other foreign firm, however, it is permitted to take its profits out of the country. Oil executives are confident that the government, with the example of Iran fresh before its eyes, won't try to buck the world oil industry by nationalizing, unless, of course, the Communists should come to power.

Industrial slump

The foreign exchange situation of the country as a whole is bad because of the world slump in the prices of rubber and tin. The slump has hit the national budget hard. In 1950 and 1951 there were whopping surpluses, but last year the country was taken by surprise with a 3-billion-rupiah (\$300 million) deficit. Even with drastic economy cuts, the deficit for this year looks about the same.

This depression has brought forcefully home to Indonesians the dependence of their basically agricultural economy on world commodity prices. Despite their revolution, they are not masters in their own house. They find themselves caught in a vicious circle. Without foreign capital they cannot industrialize. Without industrialization they cannot stabilize their economy. And while their economy is unstable they cannot attract foreign capital.

The government has cut down on its imports by raising tariffs to as high

TRADITIONAL AMERICAN FRIENDLINESS

Goes to sea aboard the
s.s. Independence and s.s. Constitution



*Food so good that
everyone gets that
friendly feeling...*

*Bedrooms convert to
living rooms for
friendly gatherings*



Friendships blossom in the many gay and intimate gathering spots like this Circular Lounge



*Air Conditioning
makes friendly
indoor weather*

*87% rain-free days
makes friendly
outdoor weather*



See your friendly Travel Agent or

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

GREAT CRUISE OF 1954—Mediterranean, Egypt, INDIA ... 65 days ...
19,000 miles ... s.s. INDEPENDENCE ... Feb. 4 to Apr. 10 ... from \$1,750.

INDEPENDENCE ★ CONSTITUTION To Gibraltar • Cannes • Genoa • Naples
EXETER • EXCALIBUR • EXCAMBION • EXOCHORDA To Barcelona • Marseilles
Naples • Alexandria • Beirut • Iskenderun • Latakia • Piraeus • Leghorn • Genoa



DANGER SIGNS

Some warnings you can't miss—they're obvious to everyone.

But when it comes to investing—to an individual stock or a complete portfolio—it may take an expert to spot early warnings.

Maybe there has been a recent change in management, a slight drop in earnings, some alert new competitor...

Maybe a program you planned for safety now looks a bit speculative, a few favorite stocks carry far too much weight, the diversification and balance are somewhat distorted.

Danger signals like those the average investor might miss. But, the man trained to look for them should catch them at a glance.

Here at Merrill Lynch, for instance, our Research Department points to thousands of such signs for investors each year... is happy to do so for anyone who asks.

And whether you do business with us—or don't...

Whether you'd like to ask us about one stock, ten, or your complete portfolio—there's no charge for this service, no obligation.

We'll be happy to send the most revealing review we can of your particular situation. Simply address your letter to—

WALTER A. SCHOLL,
Department SR-58

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE**

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 104 Cities

as 200 per cent on all except the most necessary purchases abroad. This drastic move has enabled the ministry of finance to hold the line against devaluing the rupiah.

Necessary foodstuffs are still imported tariff-free. It seems shocking that an agricultural country like Indonesia should have to buy more than 5 per cent of its food abroad, including the Asian staff of life, rice. This unfortunate necessity is a direct result of the plantation system. For a century the Dutch reserved the best lands of Indonesia for export produce—coffee, tea, coconut and palm oils, and, of course, rubber. The Indonesian government does not plan to turn estates back to rice production, but all expansion into new lands will be in the direction of making the country self-sufficient in food.

What long-range planning there is about the future of Indonesia is being carried on by a commission of UN specialists under contract to the government. The leading spirits of this National Planning Bureau are three Canadians—Benjamin Higgins, a Harvard-trained economist; Nathan Keyfitz, an expert on problems of population; and Douglas Deane, a naturalized Australian who is specializing in a field known as "transmigration," involving the surplus population of Java.

Too many people

There has been no census since 1930, and all statistics are vague. But the Planning Bureau figures that there are now more than 80 million people in the country, 5 million more than the official government estimate. The birth rate runs around 41 per thousand; the death rate, 20. These

figures indicate that each year there are 1.6 million more Indonesians than there were the year before.

The problem of overcrowding is most acute in Java, where 55 million people are packed together. The average density of population is more than 1000 to the square mile. There is plenty of potentially good farming land in Sumatra and Borneo, but most of it is jungle or undrained swamps, with no roads, no villages, and no neighbors. Land-hungry as they are, the Javanese do not have the pioneering spirit. They are waiting until the government takes action to prepare new homes for them and to move them.

The Dutch recognized the overcrowding on Java as long as fifty years ago, when only 20 million people were living on the island. They started a "transmigration" program in 1906. But in nearly half a century only 350,000 people have been resettled. Last year, for instance, 18,000 men, women, and children were moved to Sumatra. This year the figure has been doubled, and next year the goal is 90,000. But all these are insignificant numbers compared with the growth in population.

Despite the progress of modern science, Indonesians today are not living as well as their fathers and their grandfathers. Most of the 80 million people are subsisting on a diet of rice and vegetables, 1200 to 1500 calories a day, the level of a concentration camp. Indonesia is a poor country, a have-not among the other Asian have-nots. No matter what her leaders do to pull her through the crises of the moment, the future of her people looks dark.

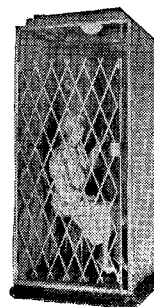
IT'S BEST TO Climb Stairs Sitting Down

Whether or not you have a health handicap, you can add energy to your days and years to your normal life span by eliminating the strain of stair-climbing. A home elevator will give you the modern convenience of one-story living in any type house... and the cost is only that of one of the lower priced cars.

Write for full information and name of nearest dealer

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA

Pioneers of simplified passenger lifts for the home
2205 Paxton Blvd. Harrisburg, Pa.



INCLIN-ATOR is a low-cost installation for straight stairways. Operates on house-lighting circuit. Folds against wall when not in use.

"Elevette" can be installed in stairwell, closet or corner and operates on house-lighting circuit. Custom-built to fit space. Completely safe for all ages.

"SO! HERE YOU ARE, OPHELIA!"



© 1953
St. Marys Woolen Mfg. Co.

"You're not asleep. You're faking there
among the pumpkins, under the sunflower tree.
I know because once I took a last, sweet taste of free
outdoors, myself. I thought: 'Let the foolish ones learn
how to grow the finest, strongest fleece!' When the St. Marys man
came he took their fleece and he rejected mine. It was the
most terrible day of my life...and I won't let it happen to you!
Wake up now and come along..."

St. Marys

BLANKETS
ST. MARYS, OHIO

TWIN, REGULAR AND KING SIZE BLANKETS • BABY BLANKETS • ST. MARYS FABRICS • THREE WEAVERS HANDWOVEN TROWS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Egypt

BRITISH diplomats who have come to know General Naguib say that though his public utterances have run to wild abuse and threats of "forthcoming battle," in private he is an intelligent and on the whole reasonable negotiator. The Sudan Agreement, for instance, was made possible by Naguib's abandonment of Egypt's reiterated claim to sole sovereignty of the Sudan.

The crux of the matter is that the Naguib regime has, to some extent, a split personality. By Middle Eastern standards, it is a responsible and unusually progressive reformist movement, whose leader realizes that Egypt's future, in the economic sphere at least, hinges on close coöperation with the West. On the other hand, Naguib and his associates are all passionate nationalists.

Then, too, Naguib governs as chairman of a board rather than as absolute boss, and he has to take into account the viewpoint of the extremists in the military junta. One of its members is a former terrorist; another was interned by the British in World War II as an Axis agent; several have been associated with the fanatically xenophobic Moslem Brotherhood. Naguib himself is undoubtedly sincere when he stresses that his aim is to arrive at dignified and amicable relations with the Western world; some of his arrests have clearly been aimed at weakening the Moslem Brotherhood's influence. It remains an open question whether the General's more civilized orientation will prevail.

Suez: largest military depot

Behind the scenes, constructive compromises and concessions were made in September by both sides in the informal talks about Suez. Britain agreed to withdraw, as rapidly as transport facilities permit, the reportedly 80,000 troops stationed in the Canal Zone. She will be allowed to maintain about 4000 technicians until Egyptian personnel can be trained to take over the billion-and-a-half-dollar base.

The Egyptians demanded a three-year limit on the tenure of the British technicians; the British argued that it would take ten years before replacements can be relied on to operate efficiently the complicated installations of the world's largest military

depot. Still more crucial was the difference over definition of the area on which an attack would automatically entitle Britain (and her allies) to reactivate the Suez base. The British wished to include Greece and Turkey, Iran, India, and Pakistan. The Egyptians insisted on limiting the area to the Arab States, and on leaving it up to the Arab League to decide whether an attack on any neighboring state warrants the return of foreign armies to the Canal Zone.

The tremendous residue of hostility and suspicion left by British colonialism throughout the Middle East tends to make even farsighted Egyptians regard Soviet expansionism as a secondary issue to the so-called "violation" of their soil by British troops. Thus the British argument that maintenance of a topflight base at Suez is a vital contribution to Egypt's security makes little impression on the Egyptians. And all schemes to enlist the Arab world in a defensive alliance against Russian imperialism look, when filtered through the prism of Arab nationalism, like cunning attempts on the part of Western imperialism to prolong its domination of the Middle East.

The land program

In Egypt's internal affairs, Naguib's Agrarian Law continues, a year after its passage, to be the most hotly discussed issue. The sketchy reports published in the American press have conveyed the misleading impression that the land program, by breaking up the great estates, would rapidly work miracles for the peasantry. Actually the peasantry, while they have benefited from a minimum wage law — the first ever passed in the Middle East — have so far been virtually untouched, materially, by the land redistribution program; and it will be several years before its results can be reliably assessed.

Its tremendous importance, to date, is that it has brought to the wretched fellahin something they have not known for centuries: a sense that the government is on their side and that the future may be brighter.

In 1950, the distribution of land in Egypt presented a more feudalistic picture than in 1900: the

very big landowners had increased their share of the total acreage, and that of the very small proprietors had shrunk. About 2 million farmers owned roughly an acre or less, and had an average income of \$23 per annum. At the other end of the scale, some 2000 landowners owned 20 per cent of Egypt's 6 million cultivated acres.

The new Agrarian Law, which allows no person to own more than 200 acres, will bring about the forced sale of 1.2 million acres, for which compensation is to be paid in 3 per cent government bonds redeemable in thirty years. The expropriated areas will be sold to the most deserving smallholders in lots of 2 to 5 acres at the price paid by the government plus administrative expenses. Payment will be spread out into thirty yearly installments.

So far the government has taken possession only of the former royal estates. The rest of the redistribution process is to be completed in five years. The effects of the land reform on the wealthy proprietors can be roughly suggested by the following case. Before passage of the Agrarian Law, a proprietor who owned 500 acres of good Delta land and rented them out had a net income (after taxes) of \$40,000; his net income from the 200 acres he is allowed to keep, plus the interest on his government bonds, will amount to \$15,000.

Foreign agricultural experts, while completely in sympathy with the social aims of the land program, feel that it has certain practical weaknesses. The most important is that, from the standpoint of efficiency, it represents a retrogressive trend. It will break up the bulk of the cultivated area into holdings of around 5 acres; and in an agricultural system such as Egypt's, which lives by irrigation and where crop rotation is vital, large-scale cultivation is vastly more productive.

The government has attempted to get around this problem by setting up societies for agricultural coöperation, which will provide the ignorant peasant farmer with expert advice and needed equipment, and will organize coöperatives in the villages.

Help from the U.S.

The root of Egypt's misfortunes is that its population has long been expanding at a vastly greater rate than

CONCERT HALL SOCIETY

INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT THIS

Special Introductory Offer

...ANY ONE OF THESE LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

Only \$1⁰⁰ (WORTH \$4.67 RETAIL)

MOZART Piano Concerto in D, K. 537 ("Coronation Concerto")

OR

SCHUBERT Symphony No. 8 ("The Unfinished")

OR

BEETHOVEN { Sonata in C Minor, op. 13 ("Pathétique") and Piano Sonata A-Flat, op. 110

HERE is an extraordinary opportunity for music lovers! We will send you your choice of one of these delightful recordings—the Mozart concerto brilliantly performed by the celebrated pianist Frank Pelleg; the Schubert Symphony by the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra, and the Beethoven sonatas by the noted Beethoven interpreter, Grant Johannesson. These recordings represent the ultimate result of the latest high-fidelity recording techniques—yet you may have any one of them for only one dollar!

We make this special offer to demonstrate the remarkable quality of Concert Hall high-fidelity recordings. We will also send our free brochure telling how you can obtain our new series of recordings available nowhere else at any price!

Membership Limited to 3000

Only 3,000 members can own these limited-edition recordings; and right now only 275 subscriptions are still available. The whole interest-

ing story is told in our free brochure, which we will send with the LONG-PLAYING record described above. Enclose dollar with coupon. If not delighted with record, return it in 5 days; your dollar will be cheerfully refunded.

Concert Hall Society, Inc. 211
507 West 56th St., New York 19, N. Y.

I enclose \$1. Please send me the high fidelity LONG-PLAYING record checked below. If not delighted, I may return it in 5 days for refund of my dollar. Also send, free, your brochure describing the new 1953-54 series of Limited Edition recordings.

☐ Mozart ☐ Schubert ☐ Beethoven
(This special offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada)

Name..... (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

it's
the
flavour
...always
right



TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM

86 PROOF • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Schleffelin & Co., New York

Business or pleasure?

Travel

**CANADIAN
NATIONAL**

to anywhere in
Canada



Ask about Canada's 10
top Maple Leaf Vacations

at your nearest CNR office in: Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Mo., Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, Passenger Department, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que.

MODERN AFRICA

explore the exceptional trade and investment opportunities

Have you investigated the possibilities in African raw materials and markets for your business? In Africa, below the Sahara, are found more than 80 essential raw materials. Here, too, is a tremendous industrial development—and a constantly growing market for heavy and consumer goods.



enjoy a wonderfully relaxing vacation aboard the s.s. African Enterprise or s.s. African Endeavor

The "happy ships" of the Farrell Lines give you 17 glorious, relaxing days on the fair-weather route between New York and Capetown . . . perfect comfort, fine food, pleasant surroundings. Comfortable accommodations, too, on our modern cargo ships to South, East and West Africa.

See your Travel Agent for full information, or

FARRELL LINES

Only American steamship company linking the United States with all THREE ocean coasts of Africa

26 Beaver Street, New York 4, N. Y.

its resources; the only real answer to this is increased productivity. The Point Four program is far too modest in scale to bring about any striking changes in the over-all picture, but it has proved itself a valuable stimulus to the Egyptians, and has set an encouraging pattern of friendly coöperation both on the official level and out in the field. The Egyptian government has complemented the U.S. dollar contributions with a slightly larger sum in local currency.

Tractors driven by Egyptian officers have been breaking up the hard-packed soil of a 40-mile strip of desert near Alexandria, which the Egyptians hope, with Point Four aid, to convert into grazing land. In another attempt to expand pasture farming, techniques learned in restoring the American dust bowl have been employed on a 2500-acre test area, which has been planted with forty different varieties of edible grasses. Egyptian farmers were paid a premium to try out a rust-resistant wheat seed, and found that their output increased in some cases up to 20 per cent.

U.S. experts have calculated that Egypt could save a million dollars a year lost because of animal disease. They have inaugurated a successful program of vaccinating chickens, and are importing Rhode Island Reds. Egyptians have been trained in the operation and maintenance of two helicopters purchased by their government; and the helicopters have been invaluable for locust dusting and spraying cotton against leaf worm. The Egyptian government has drafted an ambitious plan to build a second giant dam near Aswan which would irrigate another million acres.

Other Point Four activities include nurses' education; the training of 200 Egyptian technicians in the United States; the introduction of sanitary facilities to Egyptian villages; and assistance in reclaiming a large stretch of marshland near Cairo, where it is hoped to settle 16,000 families on farms.

Expanding Egypt's resources

The Naguib government, for its part, shows a decidedly keener awareness than its predecessors of the urgency of developing Egypt's resources. One of the primary goals of the Agrarian Law was to disengage much of the huge wealth invested in land

and make it available for investment in industrial projects. To eliminate the endless talk and rivalry between ministries over new industrial projects, the government has created a National Production Council directly responsible to the cabinet.

It has also revised some of the regulations that discouraged foreign investment. A new mining law eliminates the provision that oil and mineral leases could be granted only to Egyptians. New provisions applying to foreign capital permit (with certain reservations) the transfer of profits out of Egypt and, after five years, the repatriation of the original investment.

Democracy or dictatorship?

It is still too early to judge whether Naguib's Revolutionary Movement will harden into a fascistic dictatorship or evolve in the direction of liberal democracy. Naguib took over the premiership only after Aly Maher, the Premier he had appointed, had for seven weeks played the old game of talking reform and doing nothing.

There is no doubt, too, that the General, before dissolving the political parties, gave them a genuine opportunity to carry out a house cleaning. One of the paradoxes of Middle East politics has been that the parliaments, so far from being a democratic force, have been strongholds of corruption and resistance to change. The party in Egypt which had the vote of the masses, the Wafd, was the most flagrantly compromised by dishonesty and by opportunistic maneuvers with the Communists. Thus Naguib's decision that the military junta would govern Egypt until further notice was not in itself a setback for democracy. It actually increased the prospects of a decisive break with the old iniquities and the old inertia.

In addition to the reforms already mentioned, Naguib has abolished one of the most far-reaching economic curses of Egypt: the system of family wakfs or endowments. The endowment was unsalable and untouchable, and as time went by, the number of beneficiaries would grow so large that each one's share of the interest was minute. Meanwhile, the land or building constituting the wakf would go to seed because of no provisions for upkeep and repairs. The wakf system,

in effect, froze a substantial part of the country's resources and condemned them to deterioration.

Unfortunately, the Revolutionary Movement, though its goals appear to be laudable, has shown a disturbing weakness for totalitarian techniques. It has marshaled its most active adherents into the National Liberation Rally, the only authorized political party. It has gone in for mass meetings and slogans such as "Unity, Discipline, Work." Its top foreign advisers are Germans. And recently, accusing the press of complicity with "imperialist enemies," it threatened tightened censorship and purges.

The "Blessed Revolution"

These fascistic strains have been more in evidence since the regime — after its startlingly easy beginnings — has had to cope with considerable internal difficulties. The decline in the market for Egyptian cotton, accompanied by the need to import food at high prices, has made the economic situation tough. Private business has been stagnant owing to the dislocations and uncertainties caused by a change of regime. And there has been some disillusionment among the fellahin, who had been oversold on what the "Blessed Revolution" was going to do for them.

Unprejudiced observers are still inclined to ascribe the more disturbing aspects of the new regime's behavior to lack of self-confidence rather than to any pronounced totalitarian bent. The members of the military junta are men between thirty and forty with no experience of government. All things considered, their record has not been a bad one.

Every foreigner in Cairo agrees that there remains an area of acute uncertainty about the Naguib regime, though it has been in power for almost a year and a half. Two things, however, can be said with certainty about Egypt's new leadership. The first is that the "Blessed Revolution" has given the Egyptian masses a distinct psychological lift. The second is that — in a region where corruption and callous reaction have been the norm among the governing classes — Mohammed Naguib is a leader of exceptional decency. He is incorruptible, immensely hard-working, and passionately devoted to the welfare of Egypt's barefoot millions.

Does The Bible CONTRADICT Itself?

You might think so, from the variety of meanings people take from it today.

Divorce and remarriage, for example, is widely prevalent among Christians. And some try to justify it by Holy Scripture. Yet Jesus said: "What God has joined together let no man put asunder" (Mark 10:2-12). And St. Paul tells us: "For the married woman is bound by law while her husband is alive ... that a wife is not to depart from her husband; and if she departs she is to remain unmarried ..." (Rom. 7: 2-3).

Confession to a priest is scoffed at by many Christians. "We confess our sins to God," they say. But if Jesus wanted us to confess directly and privately to God, why did He say to the Apostles: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose sins ye retain they are retained" (Jn. 20: 21-23)?

The Bible says that Christ did establish a church. For He told his Apostle Simon: "... thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." But what church is it? Did Christ mean that just any church was His Church? Or did He give His Church marks by which men might recognize it?

All Christians agree that faith in Christ is absolutely essential to salvation. But some believe that faith is the *only* essential. Catholics believe the words of St. Paul that God "... will render to every man according to his deeds" (Rom. 2:6) ... and the words of Jesus: "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father" (Matt. 7:21).

Christians also take from the same words in the Bible, varied and often conflicting opinions on many things — for example: on the need for and effects of Baptism, and the real or symbolic



Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. Is it any wonder that sincere people, trying to understand what Christ meant to tell us, are confused?

Catholics are often accused of opposing the Bible. This, of course, is ridiculous, for the Catholic Church is the mother of the Bible. And Catholic teachings are sometimes called "unscriptural," which will be found equally untrue by any one who takes the trouble to investigate.

We believe, in fact, that a correct understanding of Catholic teaching will convince you of this and bring new joy and understanding to all who truly seek Christ's way. We shall be happy to send you a free pamphlet on several Bible questions commonly misunderstood by many. It will come in a plain wrapper ... and nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet No. B-42.

FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled
"Does The Bible Contradict Itself?" B-42

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI



ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

A Correction

SIR:

In the September *Atlantic*, Report on the World Today, Washington, we read:—

"He [Strauss] and the immediate past AEC chairman, Gordon Dean, successfully argued the case for the H-bomb against the opposition of David E. Lilienthal and Dean Acheson."

I speak only of myself. As to me, the statement is not only untrue, but states the exact opposite of the fact. It so happened that the President of the United States asked the advice, upon the question referred to, of his Secretary of State, the undersigned, the Secretary of Defense, and the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. The Secretary of State was the chairman of the group. It reported to the President unanimously in favor of the development program, which he approved, announced, and put into effect.

These are the facts, not too difficult of ascertainment.

DEAN ACHESON
Washington, D.C.

Beethoven and Weingartner

SIR:

The leisure of a long train ride, as I am returning East after concerts at the Hollywood Bowl, prompts this letter in reference to John M. Conly's review (August *Atlantic*) of Beethoven-Weingartner: *Hammerklavier* Sonata, Op. 106.

I performed the work last winter with my orchestra in Rochester, and there are, as Mr. Conly says, many places which sound Brahms-like and Wagner-like.

The reasons are twofold: the composition itself and the orchestral treatment. In the classical concept the thematic material was decisively influenced by the medium in which the work was to be molded. There was no separation of "composition" and "orchestration" such as we have today as a result of composers' embarrassment as to where to turn. And while Beethoven freely transcribed his own works for other media, this does not mean that his original thematic material was not critically sifted and adapted to the one mold at which he aimed.

There is no orchestral composition of Beethoven which has themes comparable to those of Op. 106. When I say "comparable" I refer to certain basic thematic patterns, which Beethoven used repeatedly, as did every composer of personality and definite character. For example, look at the opening cello theme in Op. 59, No. 1, and compare it with the first theme of the Cello-Piano Sonata in A Major; and compare both with the two opening themes of the Violin Concerto. There is a pattern visible there.

If I try very hard to find where Op. 106 comes from in Beethoven's earlier writing, I could mention the first movement of "Les Adieux," but that first movement of Op. 81 also has some Brahmsian touches, especially in the way the technical distribution of the piano writing is worked out.

So, since 106 was not written with orchestral possibilities in the composer's mind, the transformation of the work into an orchestral piece will hardly sound like Beethoven. The themes are not orchestral themes; the holds in the opening statement

are totally unknown to orchestral music of Beethoven (holds on rests, that is; holds on notes we have of course in V and VI right in the beginning). The key of the slow movement never appears in Beethoven's orchestral music; and with a key such as F sharp minor quite a bit of individual character appears; there is no orchestral work of Beethoven with an adagio movement in 6/8 time; no case of a final movement in 3/4 meter; all these things have a bit to do with our associations and recognitions. Basically, it is the composition, resembling no composition of an orchestral work by Beethoven, that produces the un-Beethoven symptoms.

But in the end, I have to say that Weingartner's claim about using the Beethoven orchestra is only technically correct; there is no instrument used which Beethoven did not use—that much is true. But look at the slow movement; there are two lengthy places where the celli and basses part in their roles and the basses are doubled by the contrabass; I do not recall a single spot in Beethoven where that happens. And, of course, since Beethoven never wrote certain passages for orchestra which he wrote for his late piano works, it is hard to sustain the contention that everything Weingartner did is "within" Beethoven's orchestral technique.

All told, I greatly admire the orchestral version of Op. 106—otherwise I wouldn't perform it. That I have some slight reservations about it is merely a personal detail, taking away very little of Weingartner's great merit. In two spots in the last movement, Weingartner unaccountably "lost" the fugato subject, and



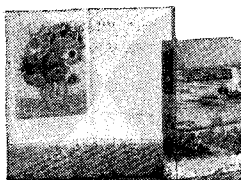
ALL THREE of these
beautiful, beautiful books
will be yours FREE

if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club at this time!

THERE ARE three beautiful, *beautiful* books in the portrait above. They have been out-of-print for seven years. That fact has made some thousands of people unhappy. Many of these people have been advertising widely in the attempt to locate copies of these books for their collections. So now it will make them happy, to learn that we are planning new printings of all three—and there is reason for it to make *you* happy, too.

For these are not only beautiful books, they are famous books. They are "fictionized biographies" of three of the greatest painters that ever lived. One is Irving Stone's classic story about Vincent van Gogh, *Lust for Life*. The second is Hendrik van Loon's classic story about Rembrandt, *R.V.R.* The third is Merejcovski's *The Romance of Leonardo*.

These justly-famous Heritage editions are profusely illustrated *from the works of the painters themselves!* The illustrations are arranged so that they appear at the proper points in the stories of the painters' lives; and they are wonderfully reproduced by three different processes!



NOW WE are preparing new printings of these three books. They will be placed on sale in the retail book shops for \$11.85 per set,

in the growing series called The Heritage Illustrated Bookshelf. But, because they were first distributed to the members of The Heritage Club, the directors feel that the members of the Club hold a kind of partnership in the plates from which these reprints are being made. So a copy of each book is going to be given to each member of The Heritage Club, to inaugurate a new system of Bonus Books—in the distribution of which, even a limited number of Trial Members are going to share!

Now you may know that the membership rolls of The Heritage Club are not often publicly opened to new members.

Yet, we will give you a complete set of these three beautiful, *beautiful* books—if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club at this time.

Why?

WELL, IN THE FIRST PLACE, we have persuaded the mills which produce our fine papers to increase their allotment to us—with the result that, of six of our recent publications, we have obtained from the printers about a thousand extra copies. So, in the second place, we have decided to take in one thousand new members: to try the Club out for just six books.

But we want to enroll this limited number of people with an even more limited expenditure upon expensive advertisements such as this one! We want to cut down our advertising expenditure by offering this irresistible inducement to you, to become one of these new members. If you do, you will during the coming six months obtain six beautiful, *beautiful* books—at the same price as ordinary rental library fiction.



IF YOU OBTAIN a trial membership in The Heritage Club at this time, you will not only share with all of the members in the distribu-

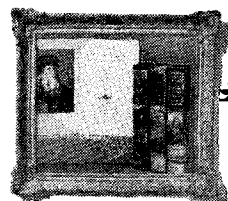
tion of the three "fictionized biographies," you will also obtain a copy of *The Complete Andersen*: all of Hans Christian Andersen's 165 stories put into a single enormous volume for the first time, translated by Jean Hersholt and illustrated in colors by Fritz Kredel; and *The Book of Job* with the wonderful miniature-paintings by Arthur Szyk; and *The Essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, the First Series and the Second Series in one volume; and *Nicholas Nickleby* by Charles Dickens, profusely illustrated by the English painter Steven Spurrier; and *The Georgics of Virgil* with wood-engravings by the Italian, Bruno Bramanti; and the great Dutch book, Erasmus' *Praise of Folly*, actually printed in Holland!

Or, if any of these books should not be of interest to you, you may choose substitutions out of a long list of other Heritage books-in-print. In short, you may obtain only the books you want, and yet you may obtain them at a price which is a bargain.

Then, after the trial period, you can decide whether you want to continue your membership. Obviously, we think you will!

FOR THE MEMBERS of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." Yet each of these books—because of the cooperative nature of the Club's system—costs each member only \$3.65! or only \$3.28 if payment is made in advance!

A Prospectus has just come off the presses. You are invited to send for a copy. One of the remaining Trial Memberships will then be reserved for you until you have had time to study it—and your reservation will also be entered, for the complete set of three Bonus Books! It seems safe to say that never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books. The coupon below gives you the opportunity to put this statement to the test:



Bonus Coupon

TO THE HERITAGE CLUB,
595 MADISON AVE., New York 22

Please send me a copy of the Prospectus describing the limited number of Trial Memberships which you are offering at this time. I understand that you will reserve a Trial Membership for me, and that I am entitled to a complete set of the three Bonus Books, without cost, when I send my formal application.

NAME PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

A-186

A gratifying am't

of the celebrated 20 year old
Martin's FINE & RARE

Scotch Whisky has been shipped to us from
the Scottish Highlands and is For Sale
at better spirit shops, taverns, hostelrys,
and gentlemen's clubs — Respectfully,
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.,
NEW YORK, N.Y., importers thereof.

20 years old.
86.8 proof



ALBERT LYND'S QUACKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* remember
Albert Lynd's hard-hitting
article last year
and will welcome this
timely, fighting, fully-
substantiated book that
exposes the whole state
of public education to
public scrutiny.

At all bookstores • \$3.50

An *Atlantic Monthly*
Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

there I remedied the lapse by restoring
the full subject to such representation
that it could be distinguished.

ERICH LEINSORF
Larchmont, N.Y.

"A New Look at Air Policy"

SIR:

"A New Look at Air Policy"
(September *Atlantic*) by Thomas K.
Finletter, former Secretary for the
Air Force, carries one excellent sug-
gestion over which there should be no
argument, and that is his recom-
mendation for free discussion of this
important subject of air power, atomic
power foreign policy.

Since it deals with a matter that
carries in it the fate of our nation,
there should be a reply. While some-
one of the stature of Lewis W. Doug-
las would be the proper one to tell
the other side of this question, as an
editor who has seen much of war and
revolution all over the world, and
who has a record of calling the shots
as accurately as anyone on Soviet
intentions, I cannot help making
these few points:—

1. When Mr. Finletter writes: "A
war may now be decided in the first
weeks or days of combat," he restates
the old German-Japanese hope for
starting a war. Suppose a number of
our cities are knocked out in the first
few days of combat. Will the nation
that responded to Pearl Harbor the
way we did give up without striking
back?

2. This question is best answered
by explaining what we would still be
able to do after such an attack. In
addition to the operating bases of our
strategic air force in Tucson, Omaha,
Riverside, Sacramento, and Maine,
in our own country, we also have
Fairbanks and Anchorage in Alaska,
Japan, Okinawa (backed up by re-
serves on Guam), Turkey, Greece,
Cyprus, Saudi Arabia, North Africa,
Britain (where we now have B-47
jets in addition to B-50s), Iceland,
Greenland, Labrador, and Newfound-
land. We also have our Navy's fast
carriers in the Atlantic, Mediter-
ranean, and Pacific, from which at-
tacks can be launched.

From these bases, no matter how

hard our country is hit, we can go
into the Soviet Union from every
direction of the compass to retaliate.
And the Soviets know it!

Mr. Finletter fails to explain that
air power is not merely planes; it is
planes plus bases.

In contrast the Soviets, for a sneak
attack, have only their Siberian bases
from which to reach some of our cit-
ies. No doubt, within two or three
years they will have many planes that
will be able to make the round trip.
At least we should give them credit
for that much.

They will be able to make their
attacks from one direction only, the
north, while we will be able to go in
from every direction of the compass.
Just as some of the Soviet planes will
get through, so we may assume that
some of ours will too. I have heard
General LeMay say so confidently.

We do thus have the means of
delivering a "terrible counter atomic
blow"; and as such, our Strategic Air
Command plays its role as a deterrent
to Soviet ambitions better than most
people realize.

3. As to the prospects of an attack
on the United States, Stalin in 1946,
and again in 1951, specifically cau-
tioned his countrymen that the time
would not be ripe for world-wide ex-
pansion of communist power until
the capitalist powers had exhausted
themselves in war. In all probability,
the Soviets will never deliberately
precipitate a war until they are sure
they can win it.

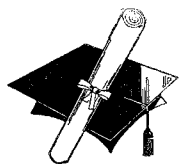
4. Secretary Forrestal was a cham-
pion of the balanced force doctrine,
and President Eisenhower has shown
by every act since the end of World
War II that he is one, too. When Mr.
Finletter says that no military man
would approve of present policy, he
ignores that our present policy has
behind it the wisdom of a military
man of unquestioned competence.

Events have since proved the wis-
dom of this policy, and should give us
a better understanding of the kind of
work we are going to have to do in
the future all over the world.

WILLIAM R. MATHEWS, *Publisher*
The Arizona Daily Star
Tucson, Ariz.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give
old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label
from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street,
Boston 16, Mass.



Summer Camps



Look Now to Next Summer

While last summer is still on your child's mind, stimulate him with new and challenging ideas for next year. Give him a summer at camp to work towards and look forward to.

The right camp must be chosen carefully, with all phases of your child's personality and development taken into consideration. Selecting a camp is not like selecting a new toy for him — a matter of "getting the same kind his playmates have." The camp must be as carefully chosen as a school or college; for even though a child spends only two months of the year at camp, these months are among the most formative periods of his development. Impressions made at that time will last all his life, and you want to help make them wholesome ones. Camping has become an accepted part of a child's educational process. Good camps are in demand and are filled to capacity early every year. If you are a forward-thinking parent, you will ensure an enjoyable summer for your child by doing your investigating early and making a final decision now on next summer's camp.

A good camp will not only teach your child self-discipline, skills, and good habits but also an attitude toward life based on good sportsmanship, cooperation, self-reliance, and self-improvement. These basic qualities are present in each camp's program. Yet the manner in which they are presented to the children differs in every single camp. Your problem is to find the camp whose program

will provide the best conditions for your child's self-expression — the group that will inspire him to accomplish things and, of course, the group to which he will most readily adjust. The two months at camp are too important to have him waste them trying to make adjustments; and, as the child cannot possibly know what camp is best for him, the adults who do know and care must decide for him.

As you will see by the announcements on this page, many camps specialize in certain activities. Perhaps your child would do best in a specialized program. Not only the size of the camp is important but also the number of children in each age group. It is important, too, that the program for each age group be segregated.

Stimulation, inspiration, challenge, and relaxation — the balancing of these four constitutes a well-run program which, if chosen wisely and early for your child, will help him grow physically and mentally during a *happy* two months off from school. A good camp can do all this because it is directed by professionally trained and experienced men and women. We venture to say that no matter how well trained and devoted you are, no parent can do as complete a job during one summer as a well-run camp.

We will gladly make suggestions to you if you will write explaining in detail just what you seek for your child. Address: Educational Counselor, The Atlantic, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

GIRLS

QUANSET SAILING CAMPS

Cape Cod camp for girls 5 to 18 featuring daily sailing on beautiful Pleasant Bay. Races, Tennis, Crafts, Archery. Riding included in fee. 4 age groups. Adult Sailing School June and September. 49th year. Catalog.
F. A. HAMMATT, SOUTH ORLEANS, MASSACHUSETTS

DOMINICAN CAMP FOR GIRLS

On beautiful Lake Erie. Historic Kelleys Island, Ohio. Girls 7-17, five age groups, resident chaplain, all land and water sports. We stress household and other womanly activities useful for life. Exceptional rates for eight weeks, \$150.00, catalog.
ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

KINIYA

On a Bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. For girls 6-17. 36th Season. Riding for every girl every day — wonderful trails — own stable. Sailing, swimming, canoeing, water skiing, archery, riflery, dramatics. Separate division for girls under 10. Booklet.
MR. and MRS. JOHN A. WILLIAMS
CAMP KINIYA, MILTON, VERMONT

WAUKEELA CAMP

In the heart of the White Mountains, Eaton Center, N. H. Riding, tennis, swimming, and other land and water sports, camping trips, crafts, dramatics, dancing. Girls 6-16, grouped by age. Counselor Training Course for girls over 16. 33rd year. Catalog.
HOPE A. ALLEN, Director
52 NISBET STREET, PROVIDENCE 6, R. I.

MEADOWBROOK RIDING CAMP

For fifty girls 7-16 on lake in Meredith, N. H. Daily riding and Stable technique under expert instruction. Horse show, overnight pack trips, all outdoor sports program, crafts and art (watercolor and oil painting).
LILAH M. PALMER
Box 94, HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

FARWELL

Carefree summer for girls 6-17. On beautiful Vermont lake. Enr. 120. Schooled saddle horses. Sing, log cabins. Tennis, Swimming, Canoeing, Dramatics, Crafts, Gypsy Trips. Fee includes riding.
MR. and MRS. R. DULANY FURLONG,
1623 CANTERBURY RD., RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

CAMP NORFLEET

Milton, Vt., on Lake Champlain, 60 girls, 4 to 20. Distinguished staff for music, art, dramatics, ballet, modern dance, French. Concerts, plays. All sports, riding, canoeing. Counselor training. Trained nurse.
36 EAST 67 STREET
NEW YORK 21, RE 4-1486

BOYS

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS

Fun and Adventure in the Woods. 29th year. Boys 7 to 17. Three age groups. Private lake near Old Forge. Program adapted to individual. Canoe and mountain trips. Horsemanship, riflery. Inclusive fee. Resident nurse. Booklet.
WILLIAM H. ABBOTT, Director,
Box 2383, FAYETTEVILLE, N. Y.

CAMP ZAKELO

Harrison, Maine. 27th Year. Five separate divisions. Boys 6 through 16. Private and group instruction in all camp activities. Interesting trips. Modern equipped camp in beautiful natural setting. Nationwide Clientele.
ZAK ZARAKOV, 393 CLINTON ROAD
(Longwood 6-6200), BROOKLINE, MASS.

CO-EDUCATIONAL

ARNOLD WESTERN RANCH

Summer adventure and fun for boys and girls, 8-17. Four or eight weeks ranching and camping in heart of Rocky Mts. Separate living areas, carefully supervised. Pack trips. Ranch activities. National enrollment. For illus. booklet, address:
MR. and MRS. CHARLES G. ARNOLD
163 E. PEARSON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



You won't be able to resist the bargains at

MARBORO'S ^{tenth} anniversary SALE

outstanding **BOOKS** beautiful **PRINTS**
Sensational savings! Many titles in limited quantity! Act now!

ORDER WITH THIS COUPON TODAY

marboro book shops Dept. A-6, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the items circled below:

☐ Enclosed find \$_____ ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ Charge my account

20	21	30	81	82	83	84	85	94	97
98	99	101	102	103	104	107	111	123	170
171	214	251	255	262	388	433	506	530	545
547	583	638	648	649	650	658	686	691	729
747	756	778	783	798	804	805	806	809	818
827	830	869	900	905	913	914	915	916	917
920	922	923	928	936	937	958			

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

New York City residents add 3% city sales tax. A few cents extra for C. O. D.
Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U. S. A. and possessions.

GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return item purchased within 10 days and money will be refunded.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY—VISIT THE CONVENIENTLY LOCATED MARBORO BOOK SHOPS

47 West 42nd Street
(near Stern's)

8 East 59th Street
(off Fifth Avenue)

144 West 57th Street
(near Carnegie Hall)

756. STUDIO ASIA.

Written and illustrated by John Groth. A famous artist correspondent writes on the Korean war and the turbulent East. Nearly 150 magnificent drawings, 18 of them double page spreads. A splendid gift. Pub. at \$4.95. **Only 1.49**

506. VENUS IN FURS.

By Leopold Von Sacher-Masoch. First general edition of this dramatic and gripping story. "Comparable to *La Bas or Torture Garden*." **Only .97**

658. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SUPERSTITIONS.

By E. and M. A. Radford. Superstitions in existence throughout the world presented in a single encyclopedia for the first time. Any superstitions related to any subject can be found easily. There are 2,300 superstitions listed—230,000 words. Pub. at \$6.00. **Now only 1.98**

818. UNUSUAL WORDS.

By Edwin Radford. An alphabetically arranged collection of unusual expressions and words with the story of how they came about. Everything from "above board" to "zounds". Pub. at \$3.75. **Now only 1.98**

99. DEGAS: BALLERINA IN BLUE.

Incomparable silk-screen reproduction of the celebrated Edgar Degas ballet figure. This delicate sketch of a young ballerina against a brilliant cobalt blue background has been perfectly reproduced by America's finest silk-screen craftsmen on a high-quality hand-made stock. This superb "Seated Ballerina" measures 24" high x 18 1/4" wide—ideal size for framing. Pub. at \$7.50. **Only 1.98**

798. FEININGER ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

By Andreas Feininger, history-making *Life* photographer. This encyclopedic volume authoritatively and comprehensively covers the technique and art of making a photograph. Includes equipment, materials, the darkroom, functions of the camera, processing of negatives and prints, creative control, contrasts, color, space, perspective, lighting, motion, composition, the picture story, and hundreds of other subjects. Handsomely bound, 8 1/2" x 11". Originally \$15.00. **Now only 6.88**

914. MAGIC CURTAIN.

By Lawrence Langner. The founder of The Theatre Guild tells of his fabulous life and career in a book studded with behind-the-scenes stories and anecdotes of great stage successes, colorful personalities and memorable events in the American theatre. With 113 wonderful photos. Pub. at \$6.00. **Only 2.98**

920. BEARDSLEY MISCELLANY.

Ed. by R. A. Walker. Biographical and critical essays on the celebrated fin-de-siecle illustrator, including much valuable and important material previously unpublished. In addition, there are selections from Beardsley's own writings and many of his best illustrations. Handsomely produced, limited to 500 numbered copies. Pub. at \$8.50. **Only 3.98**

922. VOICES OF SILENCE.

By Andre Malraux, Trans. by Stuart Gilbert. "Malraux's history of art is not simply one of his best productions but perhaps one of the really great books of our time."—Edmund Wilson. 672 pages, boxed. Illus. with 15 full-color plates and 450 in black and white. Delivery early November.

Special Pre-Publication Price **22.50**

388. INDEX OF AMERICAN DESIGN.

By Erwin O. Christensen. Fabulous 9" x 12" volume containing 378 beautiful pictures (117 in full color) of American design sources. Explanatory text. Pub. at \$15.00. **Only 7.88**

928. KON-TIKI.

By Thor Heyerdahl. "One of the great adventures of our time"—*Life*. With 80 photographs of the voyage. Originally pub. at \$4.00. Unabridged, hard bound reprint edition. **1.00**

729. NEW APPROACHES TO DREAM INTERPRETATION.

By Dr. Nandor Fodor. Recent findings by a famous psychoanalyst in the analysis of birth dreams, number dreams, telepathic dreams, conception fantasies and various nightmares. Pub. at \$5.00. **Only 1.98**

691. THE COCKTAIL HOUR.

By Master Chef Louis P. DeGouy. A master's gay assortment of little quick temptations—savory tidbits, exotic appetizers and drink concoctions. More than 1100 recipes to give a sparkle to the cocktail hour. Nearly 400 pages. Pub. at \$4.50. **Only 1.98**

830. LOST BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

Suppressed by the early Church Fathers, these Apocryphal Books are here revealed with all their mystery and prudery stripped away revealing fascinating hidden beauties of the Lost Books. 562 pages, profusely illustrated. **Only 1.98**

936. THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

By Clement C. Moore. Designed and illustrated by Bill Martin. Full-color, giant size, 10" x 13" edition of the classic, complete with a 21-piece "whirly-twirly toy," a mobile which brings the story to life in an ever changing pattern of color and pictures. **Only .97**

170. AMERICAN PAINTING.

By Virgil Barker. Vast in scope, illustrated with 100 fine reproductions, this beautiful volume covers the history of painting in our country from its origins in the 17th century to the splendid modern figures of Homer, Eakins, and Ryder. Over 700 pages, 7" x 10". Pub. at \$12.50. **Only 5.88**

958. NOBLE ESSAYS.

By Sir Osbert Sitwell. The fifth and final volume of one of the richest and most versatile biographies of our time. Sir Osbert delineates an era and himself through people of exceptional talent, wit, and genius: writers and artists drawn to him in England's golden day. 356 pages. *Pub. at \$4.10. Only 1.49*

806. ALICE IN WONDERLAND & THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

By Lewis Carroll. Two handsome volumes with the famous Tennie illustrations colored by Fritz Kredel. Slip case. *Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98*

30. UTRILLO: MONTMARTE.

A superb full-color reproduction of one of the most charming Paris street scenes ever painted by Utrillo. Print measures 20" high x 14" wide. Ideal for framing. *Pub. at \$10.00. Now only 1.98*

650. SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT GREECE.

By Hans Licht. Thoroughly explains the sexual background of the philosophy and art of Ancient Greece. Deals with marriage customs; the human figure; festivals; Greek literature; sexual relationships; prostitution; homosexual love; etc. Beautifully bound. 556 page volume. Illustrated. *Only 5.88*

262. DICTIONARY OF WORD ORIGINS.

By Joseph T. Shipley. Stories of the words we use—how they grew across centuries and countries. Thousands of word histories, old and new. *Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98*

805. INTRODUCTION TO KIERKEGAARD.

By Regis Jolivet. Translated from the French. The acknowledged father of present-day Existentialism, Kierkegaard has not had until now an introduction to his life and thought. This book supplies that need. *Pub. at \$4.00. Only 1.49*

804. IDEAS & BELIEFS OF THE VICTORIANS.

Edited by Harman Griswood. This 448-page historic reevaluation of the Victorian Age contains articles by H. N. Brailsford, Lord David Cecil, R. H. S. Crossman, Julian Huxley, Ronald Knox, Harold Laski, et al. *Pub. at \$4.00. Only 1.98*

214. MODERN ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

Ed. by William H. Mikesell. Twenty-five of the nation's most eminent psychologists discuss diagnosis and treatment of all abnormal psychiatric conditions. 880-page volume. *Pub. at \$10.00. Now only 2.98*

649. SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

By Otto Kiefer. Sexual activities in early Rome clearly and analytically explained. Authentically discusses Roman sadism in sex, free love, savage spectacles, marriage, religion, philosophy, literature, etc. 379 page volume. Illustrated. *Only 4.88*

94. DEGAS BALLET DANCERS.

With startling authenticity, these 10 superb reproductions capture all the poetic imagination and delicate understanding of Degas' prized ballet sketches. Each plate measures a full 17" x 13" . . . each is printed on a color-tinted paper individually chosen for the particular subject. Frame them for your home—you'll find no finer portrayal of the ballet's rare grace and beauty! *Pub. at \$7.50. Only 2.98*

103. DUFY: BOATING ON THE RIVER.

A fresh, gay, witty, characteristic interpretation by the late lyricist of French art. "Boating" portrays a lovely summer day with all the charm that has made Dufy one of the most popular of French moderns. Extra-large 18 3/4" high x 23 3/4" wide reproduction. *Pub. at \$10.00. Only 1.98*

905. THE ROBE.

By Lloyd C. Douglas. One of the most popular novels ever published in America. First time at a reduced price! *Orig. \$3.75. Now only 1.98*

123. CHINESE WATERCOLORS.

Set of 6 charming color prints portraying brilliant Oriental birds perched on exotic fruits and flowers—against textured backgrounds of silk. Flawlessly reproduced from the famous Tung Lai-Chen originals. 11" x 15" portfolio. *Pub. at \$15.00. All 6 prints Only 2.98*

101. MODIGLIANI: BRIDE AND GROOM.

Every brush stroke is evident in this magnificent full-color 19" wide x 24" high reproduction of Modigliani's distinctive portrait of two lovers. The perfect conversation-piece for that important wall in your home! *Pub. at \$10.00. Now only 1.98*

433. THE MELVILLE LOG.

Edited by Jay Leyda. Documentary life of Herman Melville told with excerpts from his letters and writings. Large 900-page, two-volume boxed set. Illustrated with photographs of the celebrated writer and his friends and family. *Pub. at \$12.50. Only 4.88*

251. MATHEMATICAL BASIS OF THE ARTS.

By Joseph Schillinger. A work of revolutionary implications in aesthetics, this book formulates the basic laws of mathematical logic underlying all art structures. Illustrated. *Pub. at \$15.00. Only 2.98*

778. THE WISDOM OF CONFUCIUS.

Ed. and translated with notes by Lin Yutang. The wisdom of the East is in this book. A large (6 1/2" x 10 1/2") gift edition illustrated in color by Jean Yee Wong. *Special 1.49*

171. THE BOOK OF AMERICAN CLOCKS.

By Brooks Palmer. The novice collector of antiques as well as the expert horologist will take endless pleasure in this fine panorama of American clocks and watches. More than 300 illustrations. 7 1/4" x 10 1/2". *Pub. at \$10.00. Only 4.88*

917. SIGNS, SYMBOLS AND SIGNETS.

By Ernst Lehner. Over 1350 of the leading signs, symbols and seals developed through the ages. Includes gods and deities, astrology, alchemy, magic, heralds, monsters and imaginary figures, etc. Luxuriously printed, 9" x 12" volume. *Pub. at \$8.50. Only 4.98*

104. PICASSO: THE WHITE CLOWN.

You have never seen this famous Picasso painting in a more striking reproduction. It has been hand-screened in full color by the skilled silk-screen process on an elegant, textured cocoa brown stock. 13" wide by 20" high—a size preferred by home decorators for framing. Limited quantity! *Pub. at \$10.00. Now only 1.98*

107. TAMAYO: SILK-SCREEN PRINT.

The dynamic intensity and extraordinary color-sense of Rufino Tamayo are well exemplified in this magnificent silk-screen reproduction of his famous *Watermelon Eater*. 28" high x 21" wide. From the collection of Marvin Small. An exclusive Marboro reproduction. *Only 3.88*

916. ALPHABETS AND ORNAMENTS.

By Ernst Lehner. A treasury of letters and alphabets, scripts, title pages, ornaments, decorative forms, fleurons and border designs. Over 750 illustrations of the past 500 years. Beautiful 9" x 12" volume. *Pub. at \$10.00. Only 5.88*

913. ART SCHOOL SELF-TAUGHT.

By Matlack Price & A. Thornton Bishop. Virtually a 3-year art school course in one gigantic 7 1/2" x 10 1/2" volume. Begins with an appreciation of Fine Art—extensively covers advertising art, photography, packaging design, interior decoration, fashion art, etc. 448 pages. Complete index and extensive bibliography. *Pub. at \$10.00. Only 4.88*

111. DUFY: BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

Redecorating? This beautiful reproduction of Raoul Dufy's *Mediterranean at Nice* will add an enchanting note to any room in your home. The famous Casino at Nice with its palm trees and sandy beach is pictured against the azure Mediterranean Sea. Reproduced by the superbly colorful silk-screen process, this 22" wide x 18" high print is ideal for framing. *Pub. at \$15.00. Only 3.88*

85. KLEE: SILK-SCREEN PRINT.

Fascinating reproduction of Klee's *Harlequin*. No matter how long you look at this 20" wide x 24" high painting, you will never tire of the bright colors and exciting design. Decorators recommend this print to add a note of brightness and life to any room. *Pub. at \$7.50. Only 1.98*

583. AMERICA'S SIXTY FAMILIES.

By Ferdinand Lundberg. This bombshell of a book tells the fantastic story of the lords of wealth and their glittering clans. "A magnificent introduction to our plutocracy."—Charles A. Beard. 578 pages. *Special .97*

102. PICASSO: PIERROT.

This rare, full-face clown portrait by the contemporary master enjoys an unparalleled reputation among connoisseurs. His rich palette of glowing reds, yellows, greens and browns gives this superb reproduction a brilliant gem-like quality. 18 3/4" wide by 23 3/4" high. *Pub. at \$10.00. Only 1.98*

747. HISTORY OF RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHY.

By N. O. Lossky. A comprehensive and complete survey of the development of Russian philosophical thought—the only such history in the English language. 416 pages. *Pub. at \$10.00. Special 3.88*

21. LAUTREC: MOULIN ROUGE.

Absolutely perfect facsimile of *Moulin Rouge*—the famous Lautrec Dance Hall Poster. This faithful silk-screen reproduction measures a giant 31 1/2" high x 23 1/2" wide plate size. *Pub. at \$20.00. Only 2.98*

20. TEN JAPANESE PRINTS.

Reproduced from the originals in the *Metropolitan Museum of Art*. All the subtleties of shading and delicate pastel beauty of the full-color originals reproduced in the minutest detail on large 11" x 17" unbacked sheets. These 17th to 19th century prints include Hokusai's celebrated *Great Wave Off Kani-gawa* and other famous works by Shunsho, Hiroshige, Harunobu, etc. Accompanying text by Alan Priest. *Pub. at \$7.50. Now only 2.98*

686. CIRCUS SURPRISE.

For boys and girls 5-10 yrs. Fascinating fun with exciting stand-up cut-outs. Makes a wonderful 8-ft. long circus parade to march across the floor! Easy to make—educational—loads of fun. 13" x 10". *Only .88*

545. DICTIONARY OF WORLD LITERATURE.

Edited by Joseph T. Shipley. A survey of the forms and techniques of the various literary arts, their principles and problems, arranged in dictionary form for ready reference. Prepared with the collaboration of 260 scholars, including G. A. Borgese, Andre Maurois, Lewis Mumford and Allen Tate. New and completely revised edition. 453 pages. *Pub. at \$7.50. Only 2.98*

648. EINSTEIN—THE WORLD AS I SEE IT.

No other book is so complete a key to the understanding of Albert Einstein's personality. Charming, witty comments and intimate revelations bring Einstein's great heart and mind to life. Here are Professor Einstein's own views on the world around him, and on his scientific labors. New abridged edition. *Pub. at \$2.75. Only .97*

915. THE DANCE HAS MANY FACES.

Edited by Walter Sorell. An extraordinary series of twenty-nine essays that cover all phases of the dance—history, choreography, music, scenic design, ethnologic aspects, dance creation, dance aesthetics, etc. Written by a cross-section of famous American and foreign dance experts. 50 illustrations of dance sketches, costume designs, dancers, scenery, choreographic notations, etc. *Pub. at \$5.00. Only 2.98*

98. RAOUL DUFY: SILK-SCREEN PRINT.

Words alone cannot do justice to this truly remarkable reproduction of a gaily-dressed Harlequin in a Venetian Plaza. Using 12 separate colors silk-screen artisans have created an incredibly faithful reproduction that captures the rare decorative quality and luminosity of the impressive Dufy original. 18" wide x 24" high. *Pub. at \$15.00. Only 2.98*

MIRO MURALS.

The daring and brilliance of Miro's figures in red, black, white, green and chartreuse are skillfully imposed on a background of graded blues and whites. Each mural reproduction measures 3 1/2 feet long by 9 inches high. Used together, the three sections make a magnificent frieze 10 feet long. Ideal with or without framing for den, game room, foyer, or any modern decor.

81. MIRO MURAL #1. *Only 2.98***82. MIRO MURAL #2.** *Only 2.98***83. MIRO MURAL #3.** *Only 2.98***84. ALL THREE MIRO MURALS.**

Pub. at \$45.00. Special only 7.88

638. SHORT NOVELS OF COLETTE.

Edited by Glenway Wescott. "Colette's descriptions of the actual physical manifestations of a love affair make Lady Chatterley seem one-dimensional."—*New York Times*. Six complete novels, 775 pages. *Special 3.49*

97. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: SEATED CLOWN.

Now you can have a superb true-to-the-original reproduction of *La Clownesse* (The Seated Clown) for your home. The dramatic use of pinks and yellows with black has been handled in Lautrec's inimitable manner. 17" x 22". *Pub. at \$10.00. Only 1.98*

869. THE SEXUALLY ADEQUATE FEMALE.

By Frank S. Caprio, M.D. An eminent psychiatrist discusses the physical and emotional causes of frigidity in women. Discusses the measures needed to overcome them and tells how to maintain true happiness in marriage. With case histories. *2.98*

900. WORLD BOOK OF MODERN BALLET.

By John Martin, dance critic of the *New York Times*. America's leading authority presents an informative and entertaining commentary on all the principal ballets, ballet companies, dancers, choreographers, and movements that have made ballet one of the notable arts of our time. The refreshingly critical text is complemented by 160 superb photographs, many in color. *Pub. at \$6.00. Now only 2.98*

255. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF LITERATURE.

Edited by Joseph T. Shipley. First overall survey of the literature of every culture and country in the world! African, Aramaic, French, German, Chinese, Romanian, English, American and all the rest! Written by hundreds of experts. Special 133 page section containing biographies of all the world's great writers. 1188 pages. *Pub. at \$12.50. Only 4.88*

783. PHOTOGRAPHY ANNUAL: 1953

By the editors of *Photography Magazine*. A selection of the world's greatest photographs in a handsome hard-bound volume. More than 300 reproductions—many in color of prize-winning photos and examples of striking photographic techniques. Represented are the works of a vast array of current photographic masters. 1953 edition. *Pub. at \$3.00. Only .97*

937. THE SILVER CHALICE.

First time at a reduced price! Thomas B. Costain's best-selling novel of the Cup of the Last Supper in its original edition. *Pub. at \$3.85. Only 1.98*

827. UNDER THE SEA-WIND.

Again Rachel Carson brings to the reader the special mystery and beauty of the sea which she caught and translated so memorably in "The Sea Around Us." *Pub. at \$3.50. Only 1.49*

809. WORLD OF GREAT STORIES.

Ed. by Hiram Haydn and John Cournos. 115 stories, the best in modern world literature. Almost every great writer is included and there are surveys of each of the literatures of the countries of the world, with biographical and other important data. *Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98*

530. THE EUROPEAN COOK BOOK.

By Bob and Cora Brown. Now you can make *Zucchini, Risotto, Arroz con Pollo, Canard en Chemise* and hundreds of other tasty dishes from France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Clear, simple recipes for entrees, desserts, soups, sauces, etc. Special chapters on wines and menus. *Pub. at \$3.95. Only 1.98*

547. BARON AT THE BALLET.

Photographs by Baron de Meyer. Introduction and commentary by Arnold L. Haskell. A magnificent collection of 280 photographs, 8 in glowing full color. Large 8 1/2" x 11" volume. *Pub. at \$10.00. Only 4.88*

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

The man with 248,404 different names



Idly toying with pencil and paper, we just figured out what it would cost to buy yourself a certain electric manufacturing company. Complete with factories, machines, raw materials in the bins, and so forth.

Write your check for 2 billion dollars, please. (That's at recent price per share quoted on the Stock Exchange.) But don't send the check to the company. It doesn't own the stock.

You'd have to buy back the stock in bits and pieces from 116,000 women share owners. And 83,000 men. You'd have to get in touch with about 25,000 trustees and guardians. And a few thousand insurance companies, universities, hospitals and pension trusts to buy back the stock *they* own.

We wouldn't blame these people if they didn't sell to you. They don't have to, you know. Maybe they want the stock for the same reason you do.

Not even a thousand millionaires, each putting in a million dollars, could "own" General Electric. The "man" who owns General Electric has 248,404 names. There are that many owners on the books.

Simple mathematics can shoot a large round hole in the childish misconception that America's basic companies are owned by a few lucky people.

Suppose there were the fantastic total of 100,000 millionaires. Even they couldn't buy the "people-owned" businesses on which America depends for goods. But already six and a half million individuals have a direct investment in America's production.

The only thing bigger than America today will be America tomorrow. And the only collection of people rich enough to finance this growth and share in its success is the public.

You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL  ELECTRIC



What effect climate has on life and the conditions under which life might be supported on other planets was a subject explored recently by a group of scientists including HARLOW SHAPLEY. As Paine Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Harvard Observatory, Harlow Shapley became internationally known for his famous studies of the Galaxies. The article which follows is part of a book, Climatic Change, by Dr. Shapley and others, to be published in December for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences by Harvard University Press.

LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS

by HARLOW SHAPLEY

ALTHOUGH climate is chiefly a matter of winds, ocean currents, sunshine, rains, and snow, it involves also the responses of plants and animals to these physical factors. Plants grow on the mountainsides and control the evaporation and contribute to the cloudiness. One industrious animal affects the weather by diverting the water courses, thereby producing lush vegetation in arid regions. Clearly life and climate interact on each other. If life had never appeared on the earth's surface, the local climates would have been different from those which have prevailed. And if the climate had everywhere been unchanging throughout geologic time, the variety of life we know — the millions of species — might not have come about; possibly the organisms would never have got their start in the dim pre-Cambrian ooze.

Did life start once or many times? Did spores or other pansperms get across space from somewhere to impregnate our otherwise infertile planet? What climatic violence can man and other biota withstand as the sun dies down or flares up? Did a wretched climate do in the doughty dinosaur, or had his class run its full cosmic race when it settled down from the living into the fossiliferous rocks?

To begin with, let us evade a close definition of life. The reader probably knows what we mean by life, even if we cannot clearly define it. Rather we start astronomically, and ask about this livingness elsewhere in the universe. What chance is there for

life like ours in other planetary systems, in this or any other galaxy? And if there are other life-infested planetary surfaces, is that life "high" or "low"? Are we alone?

Some theories suggest that nearly every star has its system of planets; that they are a natural by-product in the origin of stars. But it is likely that more than half of all stars are double, and the gravitational perturbations in most double systems would eject planets or absorb them, or permit to exist only those that are far out in a dim and death-dealing cold, too remote from the stellar heat sources to permit biological experimentation. Theories of planetary origin that depend on the collision or near collision of two stars would make planetary systems exceedingly scarce because of the dramatic isolation of stars, one from the other. Collisions among stars of our Milky Way system are well-nigh impossible in these days; but in the crowded days of the birth of our Galaxy, when the now expanding Metagalaxy was young and violent, the planet-making collisions could be and probably were numerous.

Let us be skeptical and suppose that, in whatever way they come, only one star out of a million is blessed with a family of planets. This number is chosen on the basis of knowledge of the separations and motions of stars. We can see only a few thousand with the naked eye, and on the ungenerous hypothesis of only one in a million, probably not one of the visible neighbors has a planetary family.

Copyright 1953, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

But there are a hundred billion telescopic stars in our Galaxy, and therefore one hundred thousand of our galactic stars would qualify for planets and for life. But such a high probability of life in our Galaxy would hold only if planets and life were always associated, and certainly they are not. Of the nine planets in our system, only one is definitely suited to the sort of higher life we practice. Mercury and Pluto are unquestionably barren. If the earth's orbit had been eccentric like that of a comet, or if its mass had been as small as that of the moon or as big as that of Jupiter, the living spark might never have survived, or never have flashed up in the first place. The atmosphere, temperatures, and other properties must be just right.

Suppose we skeptically guess that only one star family out of a thousand has a planet with the requirements of suitable distance from the star, of near-circular orbit, of proper mass, salubrious atmosphere, and reasonable rotation period — all of which are necessary for life as we know it on the earth. That is, we assume that of the hypothecated one star in a million that has planets only one family in a thousand has a planet suitable for the life experiment. It will require, therefore, a billion stars, on the average, to produce one life-bearing planet.

Maintaining our stubborn skepticism, we may argue that even in this one-to-a-billion chance, the first step (Creation?) may not actually have been taken — the step that starts organisms off in the persisting way; and we may further argue that if life did start, it may not have persisted long enough for the complicated biochemistry that leads to high mammalian life; or there may have been some intervening volcanic activity or sidereal collision that would totally erase the elementary biology. Very well; let us grant, then, that among the suitable planets only a single one out of a thousand goes all the way to the higher life.

Does this final one-out-of-a-thousand chance rule out life everywhere in the universe except on this one planet, which is located near one of the hundred billion stars at the edge of this one galaxy among the billions of galaxies? No, life is not ruled out even by these stringent demands. The odds against life are found to be $10^6 \times 10^3 \times 10^3 = 10^{12}$ — that is, the odds are a trillion to one against any given star supporting life of the "high" sort. But the total number of stars in the sidereal universe is in excess of 10^{20} , and therefore we compute (by subtracting the exponents) that there must be at least 10^8 other planets with a long history of high-life forms. These one hundred million life theaters, scattered throughout the Metagalaxy, indicate that the life phenomenon is widespread and of cosmic significance. We are not alone.

And we should recognize the possibility, of course, that the animal, vegetable, or other organisms on remote planets may have far "surpassed" the terrestrial forms. Men, bees, and crows may be ridicu-

lously primitive compared with some planets' biota.

Let us return to the solar system and its climatic problems. The existence of life on Mars is still an open question although astronomers have for years rather uncritically assumed that the seasonal color changes on the surface must mean that life is present. An observer looking at the planet Earth from a moderate distance, say a scientist on the Moon, would also see our winters come and go. He should be able to locate the positions of the poles of the earth by watching the alternating color changes due to winter snowfall and summer melting in our northern and southern hemispheres. He would note that we have much water on the surface, in strong contrast to the small amount on Mars, where it is weakly recorded by the skin of hoarfrost in the polar caps. The color changes on the surface of the earth, visible to the observer on the Moon, could be quite independent of vegetable or other life. Even in the absence of snow, the moisture on desert lowlands should produce color that would fade out with the drying up in the annual rainless season. Fog on a lifeless desert could produce a widespread color change. In other words, variations in the color of Mars do not necessarily mean that vegetation is present. The Martian problem is still open.

2

SOME of the climatic changes on Mars can be readily deduced. The surface is relatively free of high elevations and certainly free of large bodies of water. Air and water currents must be relatively uncomplicated. The mass is low, and the air is rare even at the Martian surface. The inclination of the equator to the plane of the orbit is like that of the earth and consequently the seasonal phenomena are similar. The rotation of the planet is a little more than 24 terrestrial hours; the year is 1.9 terrestrial years, and the months may be ignored because the two little moons are ineffective, both tidally and photometrically. We can predict the daily and annual meteorological changes from our own experience after making allowance for the low temperatures and the weak effects of air currents on the lowland elevations. The orbit of Mars has an eccentricity of 0.093, compared with 0.017 for the earth; and therefore the Martian temperature (and climate) will be somewhat affected by the fact that Mars is 26 million miles nearer the sun at perihelion than at aphelion — a change of 18 per cent in the distance. The perihelion effect on the earth's temperature and climate is relatively small, in comparison with the many other contributing factors to terrestrial climatic change, for the perihelion to aphelion difference in distance is only 3.4 per cent.

If we knew how life got started on our own planet, we could better guess whether the Martian conditions have been hostile or friendly to the origin of organisms. Certainly the mean temperature is pain-

fully low, the atmosphere at the surface is rarer than on our highest mountaintops, and both oxygen and water vapor are scarce. Carbon dioxide has been detected and we all agree that argon, produced by the radioactivity of one of the isotopes of potassium, is almost certainly a constituent of the thin Martian atmosphere. The dominant gas presumably is nitrogen, which has not yet been recorded. Could it be detected without going to the planet? Dr. Rupert Wildt of Yale suggests that Martian aurorae may at some time be observed, and, if so, they would probably indicate the presence of a deep but low-density atmosphere composed mostly of nitrogen surrounding the dry, cool planet.

The Moon, of course, is lifeless, waterless, and essentially airless. Hydrogen, helium, nitrogen, and oxygen gases would all leak away from the surface of this small-mass satellite. The Moon might not permanently retain by gravitation even the inert argon, produced radioactively from Potassium 40. Very little of it could get to the surface in the absence of water erosion and volcanic action. The writer interpolates the suggestion, however, that the ever-impinging meteors, with their consequent explosions, would produce, throughout the three or more thousand million years that the Moon has been under meteoric bombardment, various gases, including some that are relatively so heavy that they would not easily escape from the surface. The meteoric impacts would also release from the surface some of the entrapped argon. The Moon must therefore have an atmosphere, but in quantity perhaps not many lungfuls and in character not very salubrious.

The cloud-shrouded surface of the planet Venus remains as yet something of a mystery. In general, the students of planetary atmospheres find little likelihood of life of the terrestrial sort on that planet, notwithstanding its earthlike mass and its fairly suitable location with respect to the sun. Is it covered with oceans of water? Does the rotation period permit an equable night and day alternation? Is the oxygen situation suitable for air-breathers? Some of the astrochemists have positive answers to some of the questions of this sort, but doubts still prevail and we must await improved technologies before we penetrate the shroud and agree on the living conditions on the planet Venus.

The other planets of the solar system are too hot or too cold, and they have other limitations. For example, Mercury is too hot on the sun side, too cold in the endless night of the hemisphere that is never exposed to the sun; and life of our sort would be impossible in Mercury's twilight zones because of the lack of atmosphere and water. Jupiter, Saturn, and the other distant planets, out in the icy cold that is inevitable so far from the sun, have poisonous atmospheres, heavy with methane and ammonia; and they have other hostile characteristics.

Earth-sized planets have of course never been

detected around other stars. Even though the probability of their existence is high, their discovery is with present techniques impossible for at least two good reasons: first, the dominating glare of a star overwhelms the feeble reflection from a near-by planetary surface; second, a small planet cannot gravitationally disturb the motion of a star to the point where the deviation from rectilinear motion could be detected by a terrestrial observer. A very large planet, larger than our greatest, can of course produce a measurable effect on the motion of a star. That is the situation with respect to the near-by star 61 Cygni, and perhaps one or two others; but such disturbances in the motion cannot be found and used to predict the existence of an unseen giant planet if the star is more than 30 light-years distant. Frequent and accurate measuring of the motions of near-by stars for the next century or two should uncover half a dozen systems like 61 Cygni — perhaps many more if large planets are common — but it would take much longer to demonstrate earth-size planets among the neighboring stars. These times could be shortened, of course, if highly accurate techniques of position measurement were developed.

3

CLIMATE is not the only important factor that determines the possibility of life on a planetary surface. The following are necessary for the origin and continuance of life: —

1. Water, the practical solvent for living processes, must be available in liquid form. The kind of life we are talking about and thinking of does not live in uncondensing steam or in unmelting ice. The basic requirement, therefore, is that the living planet must be at a proper distance from its star — in the liquid water belt — not as close as Mercury is to the sun nor as remote as Jupiter. There is the fanciful possibility that a planet could be independent of the gravitation and radiant energy of a star, and be loose, alone, and wandering in interstellar space, with its necessary heat generated by its own radioactive mineral constituents. Such a planet would have no proper day and night; it would probably be entirely dark except for weak starlight and luminescence incited by radioactivity; it would have a strange atmosphere, be devoid of tides, and have a most unusual climate and certainly an exotic biology.

2. The planet must have a suitable rotation period so that the nights do not overcool nor the days overheat.

3. The orbital eccentricity must be low to avoid excessive differences in the insolation as the planet moves from perihelion out to aphelion and back. Most cometary orbits would be lethal for organisms.

4. The chemical content of air, ocean, and land surface must be propitious, not perilously polluted with substances inimical to biological operations.

5. The controlling star must not be variable by more than 4 or 5 per cent; it must not be a double star, and of course must not be subject to catastrophic explosions like those of the novae.

6. Finally, life must get started, and it must establish a tenacious hold on the seas, shores, or inland. Once firmly established it apparently can diversify, spread, and much of it meet and survive the changing climatic and physiological situations. The records show, however, that thousands of highly developed organic forms have faded into oblivion as the eons unfold.

There are a number of other conditions that life like ours requires, such as a planetary mass sufficient to hold a good oxygen-rich atmosphere and freedom from excessive bombardment by short-wave radiation and meteors; but a good deal of variation from present terrestrial conditions can be allowed if enough time is given for the gradual adaptation of the animals and plants to prevailing conditions. If oxygen is scarce, a modified breathing apparatus would be required; and other adjustments would be needed by plants if carbon dioxide had a greatly different availability.

Certainly many adjustments could be made by organisms on a planetary surface to physical conditions unlike those we experience, but the major requirements still stand. The most important requirement is, of course, that life must in some way get started.

Certain primitive biochemistries must operate in the narrow zone between the inanimate and the living. The classic treatment by Oparin of the conditions for the origin of life is a good starting point. Contributions to various phases of the life problem by Schroedinger, Bernal, Urey, and C. G. Darwin have their greatest significance, perhaps, in showing that some of the leading physical scientists are currently concerned with speculations on the most primitive organic operations.

Neither biologists nor astronomers have much interest in the pansperm hypothesis, which visualizes life sprouting on the earth's surface from seeds (spores) that have floated in from other planets. Even if such a seeding were possible, it merely transfers the basic question — "Life, what is it and how did it start?" — to some still less accessible place than our pre-Cambrian sediments. Experiments have shown that some spores can long survive at interstellar temperatures and can resist a reasonable amount of ultraviolet radiation. It takes an ingenious imagination, however, to get the spores away from their distant hypothetical homes and across the light-years to a planet such as this.

The protozoologists and biochemists appear to agree on one important and to me rather incredible point — namely, that if microlife were once started and established it would prevent later origins. This fact would indicate that all the myriads of forms now existing came from pre-Cambrian ancestors.

But even if we accept the conclusion that there was only a single epoch suitable for organic "success" in those Archeozoic times some two or three thousand million years ago, it would not follow that we of the mammal stock must be lineal descendants of pre-Cambrian sponges. Temperature and chemical conditions in Archeozoic times could have been propitious for life's origin simultaneously in several well-separated places on the planet. Several starts, spreads, and upward developments could have been made in ancient days before the total planetary surface was overrun and new originations of life out of the inanimate were blocked. Incidentally, it is easy to believe that we ourselves may someday accomplish the creation of life by a magic synthesis in the biochemical laboratory.

One of the most interesting recent contributions in the field of the origin of terrestrial life has come through studies by Dr. Harold C. Urey and others of the evolution of a planetary atmosphere. Undoubtedly there were gradual changes in the ancient atmospheres. The methane and ammonia that are now dominant in the gaseous envelopes of Jupiter and Saturn were not strangers to the early atmosphere of this planet.

In pre-Cambrian times, Urey argues, conditions would have been much more favorable than now for the origin of life. The primitive oceans, much less extensive than those of today, might have been a 10 per cent solution of organic compounds, which would provide a very favorable situation for the origin of life. "Many researches directed toward the origin of life have assumed highly oxidizing conditions and hence start with the very difficult problem of producing compounds of reduced carbon from carbon dioxide without the aid of chlorophyll. It seems to me that these researches have missed the main point, namely that life originated under reducing conditions or as reducing conditions changed to oxidizing conditions, and it was only necessary for photosynthetic pigments to become available as free oxygen appeared."

The arguments for the origin of life under reducing conditions before oxygen became too dominant in air and soil have been outlined by Oparin, who visualizes the steps from organic compounds to colloidal compounds, and on to the most primitive of living organisms. Somewhere and sometime the trick of using sunlight effectively by photosynthesis entered the biological enterprise that has now populated the earth. Early in the Paleozoic Era living forms came ashore, learned to take their oxygen raw, and to run, crawl, and fly over the earth's surface. At that moment they became immediately and directly dependent on the climate. Ever since, in an empirical way, the plants and animals have studied the climate and climatic changes, and made adaptations that range from the desiccation of simple plants in the desert dry season to the extraordinary adjustments of migratory birds and animals.



IGOR STRAVINSKY was born on the outskirts of St. Petersburg in 1882. His father was the leading bass singer at the Imperial Opera. At the age of nine the boy was allowed to take piano lessons, but his parents disapproved of a musical career and later sent him to study law at the University of St. Petersburg. Upon his graduation in 1905, he broke away to learn composition from Rimski-Korsakov; and by 1914 he had achieved international fame as a musical innovator with *The Firebird*, *Petrouchka*, and *The Rites of Spring*, which were commissioned by Diaghilev for his *Ballets Russes*. For nineteen years he was Diaghilev's favorite composer. This record of their friendship has been translated by Mercedes de Acosta.

THE DIAGHILEV I KNEW

by IGOR STRAVINSKY

I

THE ever-growing interest shown by the American public in the art of the dance, the success with which the finest choreographic spectacles have met, and the increasing talent and skill of the performers give me an opportunity to recall the impressive figure of a man who not only contributed greatly to the world-wide spread of this art, but, by sheer inspiring energy and breadth of cultural initiative, raised the prestige of the ballet to undreamed-of heights. I am speaking of my late friend, Sergei Diaghilev.

Nineteen years of close collaboration, of affection and mutual friendship, enable me to draw a portrait far more accurate than the characterizations of some writers of questionable impartiality who knew him but slightly. I met Diaghilev in the autumn of 1909 when he approached me with the commission to compose music for *The Firebird*. Until then he had displayed in St. Petersburg a prodigious activity in the world of art, struggling stubbornly against the prevailing state of cultural ignorance and of provincialism. I had, of course, known for a long time about the magnificent results obtained by his excellent artistic publications and his brilliant exhibitions; however, our personal relations began only when he commissioned me to write *The Firebird*.

Living in the same city, I naturally had more than one occasion to meet him, but I never sought these occasions. From all I had heard of him, I imagined him haughty, arrogant, and snobbish. To tell the truth, I found, after I met him, that the reputation people had given him was not entirely without foundation. He had many unsympathetic traits — which, however, were not the essence of his nature. They were simply a defense that he felt was useful in order to protect himself from the stupidity of

people and to keep them at a distance. But I never saw him rude to anyone. No matter with what class of people he chanced to meet, he was always very well bred. To use a Russian term, he behaved like a *barin*, which means a *grand seigneur*.

I think the expression "Russian *barin*" characterizes Diaghilev's nature and explains his amazing activity as the inspirer, promoter, and organizer of a long series of artistic events, such as the revue *Mir Iskousstva*, numerous art expositions, the historic exhibition of portraits at the Palais de Tauride in St. Petersburg, the Russian concerts at the Opéra in Paris, the Russian operas — especially *Boris Godunov*, given for the first time in Paris in 1908 — and finally the creation of the Russian Ballet.

It is only by understanding the nature of a cultured *barin* such as used to exist in Russia (a nature generous, strong, and capricious; with intense will, a rich sense of contrasts, and deep ancestral roots) that we can explain the character and originality of Diaghilev's creations, so different from the average artistic enterprises. Apart from his intelligence, his culture, his extraordinary artistic flair, and his sincere enthusiasm, he possessed a will of iron, tenacity, an almost superhuman resistance and passion to fight and to overcome the most insurmountable obstacles. Born to command, he knew how to make people obey him by sheer prestige and authority, without recourse to violence. He displayed characteristics of the enlightened despot, of the natural leader who knows how to drive the most unyielding elements, at times using persuasion, at others, charm. His passionate devotion to the cause he served and to the ideas he was then promulgating and his complete disinterestedness and lack of personal ambition in all his enterprises won the hearts

of his co-workers. Working with him, they realized, meant working solely for the great cause of art.

2

THERE are people who insinuate that Diaghilev's Ballets Russes were merely transplanted from the Imperial Russian Ballet just as it existed in St. Petersburg and Moscow before him; that Diaghilev's role was solely that of a clever impresario. This is not only a grave error but a flagrant injustice, revealing only the ignorance of whoever makes such an absurd statement. In Diaghilev's repertoire of about fifty works, only three ballets — *Le Pavillon d'Armide*, *Les Sylphides*, and *Carnaval* — had been produced in St. Petersburg before he began touring Europe; even these were entirely revised before he gave them during his first two seasons in Paris. Later, when he returned to the classical dance, he also revived two acts of *Swan Lake* and of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Princess*. Everything else in his repertoire was created by him with the help of collaborators of his own choice. It was he who selected subject, composer, decorator, choreographer, and cast. It was he who directed and supervised the entire production. To every spectacle his personal touch gave originality and value.

One must not forget that, at the time when Diaghilev made his first tour in Europe, the repertoire of the Imperial Russian Ballet consisted mostly of heavy productions in four acts and many scenes, where the worst mingled with the best. Composed in an old-fashioned manner on insipid subjects, presented with rich but conventional *décor* and costumes and without the slightest care for harmonious ensemble, they were, nevertheless, admirably executed by first-class soloists and corps de ballet. But the choreography of these ballets had congealed into immutable forms from which all attempts at renewal and all inspiration seemed excluded. As for the music — with the exception of a few ballets by Tchaikovsky and Glazunov — it was even less than mediocre and very often hopelessly banal.

The merit of Diaghilev was that he was able to breathe new life into the ballet, to change its form, to coördinate the different elements of which it was composed, to make it completely homogeneous, and to raise it to the highest degree of art. During the first years he was tremendously helped by the admirable staff of young Imperial artists that he could call upon, and among whom were already the great future stars. Who does not know the names of Karsavina and Nijinsky? And who does not know Bolm or Fokine? The latter had just made his debut as a choreographer in St. Petersburg, where conservatives of the old guard feared his audacious innovations. In Diaghilev's organization Fokine found a vast field of activity where he could use his talents to their fullest.

Later, at the beginning of the First World War,

most of these artists were obliged to return to their country; and it was then that Diaghilev was forced to recruit a troupe of his own, which during those difficult years he trained with the aid of the celebrated Professor Enrico Cecchetti. Among this group of artists were Nemchinova, Sokolova, Massine, Woizikovsky, Dolin, and Lifar. When, after the Russian Revolution, some of the artists of the old Imperial Theatre succeeded in reaching foreign lands, Diaghilev met them with open arms as he had always been a fervent admirer of the classical school of the dance, which he considered an indispensable base for all choreographic art. It was then that he engaged the celebrated Olga Spessivtzeva for the leading role in *The Sleeping Princess* which he produced in London. He saw in her the pure incarnation of the classical dance. At this same time he engaged the charming Danilova and George Balanchine, whom he recognized at once as a great choreographer and who, in later years, produced most of his ballets.

I am relating all this to make it clear that the Ballets Russes are the *creation* of Diaghilev and his collaborators. Nothing of the kind ever existed before him and it is to him that we owe the recent development of choreographic art in the entire world and the universal admiration which it inspires. To confirm my statements let me say that up to the present moment Diaghilev's repertoire is still the foundation of most of the ballet companies which have tried to succeed him. And what a strange thing! These ballets are given in nearly every country in the world — with the exception of Russia! As far as I know, only *Petrouchka* (produced there ten years after it was created) has remained in the repertoire. *The Firebird* and *Pulcinello* were also given, but not for long. Truthfully, no one is a prophet in his own country!

Like all great personalities, Diaghilev had devoted friends and at the same time violent enemies. He also had his own likes and dislikes, and never concealed the latter. What he detested most was banality, incompetency, and lack of *savoir-faire*. Often he showed these dislikes by his disdainful attitude. In his work he was an autocrat and hated to share responsibility. Nevertheless, he asked advice from his friends and from anyone whose judgment he admired. But once he made a decision, nothing could change him. This despotism, while it enabled him to achieve results he could not have obtained otherwise, often roused his co-workers to indignation. Quarrels were thus very frequent, at times turning into dramas.

He was incredibly jealous toward his friends, especially those of whom he was fondest. He would never permit them to work for anyone else. If they did he considered it treason. And yet he was always on the lookout for new talents, which he seemed to discover where no one else would have guessed their existence. He constantly changed his

staff and collaborators. The old-timers felt hurt and frowned upon the newcomers, not realizing that they were taking the same jealous attitude which they had criticized in Diaghilev. All this caused much painful discord and prolonged ruptures. Fortunately they did not last forever.

Diaghilev knew how to create round him amazing activity and an artistic atmosphere that was like an electric current which stimulated all his associates into work, sharpened their fantasy, and made any task seem worth doing. One forgot effort and fatigue. Carried away by this fever of work, one became intoxicated with the sense of participation in a creation pure and disinterested.

As a result those among Diaghilev's co-workers who had left him dramatically would always feel a nostalgia for his laboratory, for that perpetually boiling caldron of work; and fascinated by its irresistible charm — forgetting griefs and grievances — they were always ready to return. As for Diaghilev, although his fits of temper could be terrible for the moment, he never held a grudge, and when his friends and artists returned to him, he always took them back as if nothing had ever occurred.

He loved music passionately and understood it very well. But his tastes varied and did not always agree with mine. He had certain preferences to which he always remained inwardly faithful, but sometimes he sacrificed them for the sake of opportunity. For instance, he did not dare for a long time to produce Tchaikovsky's ballets, although he adored his music, merely because the supposedly advanced set in Paris — which, he felt, had to be considered — held that composer, for reasons still mysterious to me, in disgrace and contempt. But he never made any concessions to the so-called great public. On the contrary, it often gave him pleasure to amaze and shock them.

If one were to ask me what music impressed him the most, I would say, without speaking of my own (the number of my works he produced speaks for itself), that he loved best old Italian music and that of Gounod and Tchaikovsky. It was with real joy that he used to study in the libraries — especially in Italy — old scores and manuscripts of Pergolesi, Domenico Scarlatti, and Cimarosa. What a thrill it was for him when he discovered in Cimarosa's *Le Astuzie Femminili* a dance divertissement with Russian motifs entitled *Ballo Russo!* This was because Cimarosa had been for many years Master of the Chapel at the court of Catherine II. Diaghilev produced this opera in its entirety, later only giving one act, which he called *Cimarosiana*.

He became enthusiastic over Gounod when we went together to several performances of the opera *Philémon et Baucis*, which was produced in 1923 at the Théâtre du Trianon Lyrique in Paris. This gave him the idea to bring back to the fore this delightful composer. Diaghilev did research among Gounod's forgotten works and I still remember with what

delight he listened to *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, which he found and which I played to him with as much pleasure as he had in hearing it. The following year he produced with great care these two operas in Monte Carlo, but his dream of a Gounod "revival" failed in the face of an indifferent and snobbish public who did not dare applaud the music of a composer not accepted by the *avant-garde*.

The time that I saw Diaghilev the most enthusiastic was when — feeling that the moment had at last arrived when he could give to the public a composer whom he had never ceased to love — he produced in London, with unprecedented splendor, Tchaikovsky's ballet *The Sleeping Princess*. I never saw him work with such ardor and love! After long and painstaking preparation, in which I also took an active part, the ballet was finally produced with a brilliant cast, including the most celebrated stars of the Imperial Ballet, and with magnificent sets and costumes designed by Bakst. But a catastrophe took place. At the end of the second act when the actors were meant to sleep, an enchanted forest, with trees and foliage, was supposed to rise slowly out of the ground to hide the background. In St. Petersburg this was wonderfully arranged, thanks to the perfect machinery and competent stagehands. At the Alhambra in London, however, all the equipment was much more primitive. So, at the beginning of this scene, the audience suddenly heard a great cracking noise, the machinery stopped working, and the end of the act was completely ruined.

This unhappy occurrence no doubt contributed to the lack of success of the performance. Diaghilev was in despair. That night, probably because he had worked so hard and used so much vitality, he had a nervous breakdown. He sobbed like a child and all of us around him had difficulty calming him. With his usual superstition, he saw in this incident a bad omen and seemed to lose all confidence in his new creation, to which he had given so much of his soul and energy.

3

DIAGHILEV loved splendor, sumptuousness, and brilliance. He loved to do things in the grand manner. Unfortunately he never had adequate means to satisfy his tastes. How happy he was whenever he did have sufficient money! He had extreme pleasure in organizing a grandiose pageant in the palace at Versailles in the summer of 1923. A committee was formed in Paris to arrange a series of festivals in Versailles. Diaghilev was given the necessary funds to provide a spectacle in the chateau's celebrated Gallery of Mirrors to depict the court of Louis XIV. He immediately started work, building at one end a stage made almost entirely of mirrors. Even the staircases leading to it on both sides had steps made of mirrors. Diaghilev composed a magnificent program of dances and songs. Every performer was

richly dressed in the Louis XIV style. The famous Gallery of Mirrors was flooded with light. The jewels of the top ladies of fine society sparkled under it. Every seat had been reserved long ahead of time. Everyone heard about this unique evening. It was talked about for months as the "event" of the season, never to be forgotten or duplicated.

Diaghilev was a worthy descendant of a long line of Russian *barins* who did not know the meaning of the word *economy*, and who, in order to satisfy their slightest whims, went into debt with nonchalance and inconceivable unconcern. He inherited their same generous nature, only his fancies led him into the realm of art and culture. Had he been a millionaire he would surely have ruined himself, but no doubt he would have enriched our artistic inheritance with accomplishments still more beautiful and grandiose than those he was permitted to produce. Alas! He never had enough money at his disposal. Before the war, when he was quite wealthy, he spent his money without concern but always on his productions. Later he went through very hard times, especially at the beginning of the Russian Revolution, when his compatriots were looked upon as though they had the plague. He lived in dire poverty with his troupe and was unable to leave Spain for a whole year. After that he became more careful of his expenditures.

Even during his most prosperous periods he never spent money on himself. During the last years of his life I always saw him living in a little modest hotel room, often without a bathroom. In former days he had a valet, but when he was without funds the valet left him and he never had another one. The few jewels he possessed had been given to him. As time passed he either lost or sold them. He never had a car. His suits were often shabby, and someone had to remind him to buy a new one or to order a new hat. (His head was so large that he had to have his hats made to order.) He never saved any money. Had he wished to do so, he could not have done it, as his undertakings always cost more than they made. Everything he did was idealistic. Commercialism was entirely foreign to his nature.

He was extremely obliging. I never remember his refusing a service to anyone, and they were asked of him very often. The well-known Russian hospitality was deeply rooted in him. When he had money he loved to keep "open house," and then his companions were indeed numerous. It would be difficult to count the number of people who took advantage of him and who lived on him. I know — and I can prove it — how often he came to the aid of friends, relatives, and even people who were not close to him. But he never spoke about these things, and as, in most cases, the people themselves never mentioned them, these facts remained unknown.

Diaghilev had remarkable health. His endurance and powers of resistance were incredible. Inactivity

was torture to him. Resting or doing nothing depressed him deeply; for this reason he was always active. Because he depended upon his Herculean strength he overtaxed his health. When he was past fifty, and in spite of the advice of his doctor, he would not change his way of living. At the same time he had a terror of illness and old age, and of death. The slightest cold made him miserable. He was frightened out of his wits by a sea voyage. Even the Channel crossing frightened him. The one trip he made to the United States was a nightmare to him — but then, it was during the war.

His fear of contagion was legendary and often made him ridiculous. For example, at the beginning of this century, when there were not yet any automobiles, there were in St. Petersburg a number of cases of a disease contracted from horses, the mere idea of which practically made him ill. He would not go out walking but always took a carriage and kept the windows closed. Venice became his favorite city because it had no horses. Luckily, when automobiles came in, he got over this nonsense.

One can gather, from all this, that Diaghilev was terribly superstitious. After several trips to Italy, and influenced by his Italian valet, he added many Italian superstitions to his already numerous Russian ones. His pockets were always full of little objects that were supposed to bring good luck or protect him against the "evil eye." They were usually coins or little pieces of horns or coral.

Less than two months before his death an accident happened which would have confirmed all his apprehensions. After the last performance in Paris, Diaghilev went to his usual restaurant for supper. Several artists were supposed to join him, among them Lifar, who remained behind at the last moment in his dressing room to find a package which he had left on the shelf, over the coat rack. As he did so, an object fell from the shelf and broke into a thousand pieces. It was a big mirror belonging to Lifar which someone had placed on the package. According to a Russian superstition, a broken mirror is an omen that a person very close to one will die. To prevent this, one must gather up the pieces and throw them into running water. This is what Lifar did — he threw the pieces into the Seine. Naturally no one breathed a word to Diaghilev. If he had known!

Diaghilev died and was buried in Venice. He had the good luck to end his last days in the country which, after his own, he loved more than any other in the world and in the city which he preferred above all others. According to the people who were with him during his last moments, he became delirious from fever and suddenly began to sing. They were melodies of Tchaikovsky. Thus in delirium, and at the threshold of eternity, he unconsciously recalled that which he had loved the most and which he never ceased loving.

More Facts

No institution in the country has made a greater contribution to our national defense than Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of which JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR., is President. Collaborating with him in the writing of this forthright article is A. G. HILL, Professor of Physics at M.I.T. and Director of the Lincoln Laboratory, which is operated by M.I.T. for the three branches of the military service and which is devoted to technical aspects of air defense.

FOR A CONTINENTAL DEFENSE

by JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR., and A. G. HILL

I

Now that we know that the Soviets have achieved a thermonuclear explosion, the defense of our homes, our cities, and our lives is given a new and awful urgency. Long carried on behind closed doors, the debate on the issues posed by our present vulnerability to atomic attack should now come into the open, for our government must have — and knows it must have — the help of informed public opinion in dealing with the problem.

The President and our military leaders are the only ones who can adequately brief the American people on the true nature of the threat we face and the means to meet it. Because of the part which research and technology have played and are playing in our defense, however, the special knowledge and outlook of the scientist and engineer have relevance in the current discussion of defense against atomic attack. Without assuming any military expertness, we seek to examine our defense policy from this special point of view. How vulnerable are we, and what are the issues involved in forming national policy to deal with the threat?

Within the limits prescribed by national security, our vulnerability can be described this way. One hundred atomic bombs dropped on selected targets in North America could kill or injure not just hundreds or thousands but millions of people. A grim calculation by informed experts can forecast the number of millions of casualties. This calculation leads to the conclusion that America might not survive this kind of attack even though we were able in the meantime to destroy our enemy.

If there should be a surprise air attack on the United States next week, next month, or even within a year, our defending forces would be able to intercept and destroy only a small percentage of the invading planes. This is not adequate to prevent the delivery of one hundred bombs. This is not adequate to ensure the continuity of our government or the maintenance of vital industrial activity. This may not be adequate to ensure the continuity of the United States.

Competent authorities, both military and scientific, agree that these macabre hazards are real; they are not bogeymen summoned out of a fertile imagination to induce Congress to vote more funds. They are brutally real, deadly reasonable calculations of the threat we face.

It is unlikely that the Soviets are yet able or ready to launch this kind of fatal attack on the United States. It is almost certain that within a few years, at most, they will be able to launch such an attack — unless our defenses are enormously improved. Competent opinion holds that even at the present time, the Soviets may have the capability of delivering a crippling atomic attack on the United States.

The American people must know and understand the possibilities. It is sometimes said that the facts will produce panic. Even if this were true, it would be better that we be frightened than that we remain serenely ignorant and vulnerable. The facts may frighten a few people, but they will produce determined action by most. The American people need facts in order to reach resolute conclusions. In the debate so far, the facts have not been adequately available because of understandable security restrictions. Not only have the facts been inadequate; they sometimes have been inaccurate and misleading — misleading because they were bootlegged facts and assembled piecemeal by people who have no direct access to authoritative sources.

In advocating a stronger defense of our continent against atomic attack, we are mindful that this is but one part of a comprehensive military responsibility. We visualize that this total responsibility consists of five major tasks, which we list without attempting to suggest relative priority: —

1. Control of the high seas
2. Defense of the North American continent
3. Capability to mount a devastating counterattack on an enemy's bases and homeland
4. Our share of the defense of Western Europe
5. Control of sudden outbreaks such as the Korean attack

We cannot neglect any one of these major tasks and still have a coherent military plan and policy in the world we live in today. We cannot concentrate either on offense or on defense and have a sound plan and a capability designed for the threat we face. These are truisms, yet we find ourselves at the present time wide open to the delivery of atomic bombs by air.

There are three principal reasons why we are in this predicament: 1) we have traditionally tended to favor offense in our military planning; 2) we have underestimated the time required for the Soviets to achieve a strong atomic capability; and 3) we have assumed that a reasonable air defense of the North American continent was beyond our technical and economic means. These attitudes and assumptions, now challenged by the Soviets' achievement of the H-bomb, have led us so far to give low priority to the continental defense of North America.

With determination and skill, our Air Force has created its Strategic Air Command, or "SAC," as a great offensive striking force ready at any moment to launch an atomic counterattack on an enemy. Our Navy is also readying its air arm as an atomic striking force. Our capability in atomic weapons, coupled with our possession of these powerful air offensive forces, is an essential part of our military defense, our diplomatic strength, and our leadership. It is unquestionably a mighty deterrent to a would-be attacker — assuming that potential attacker to be a rational power, not a mad or desperate or capricious dictator. We cannot forget, however, that three times since 1914 we have been involved in a war started by a dictator who thought he saw the chance for victory in a surprise assault.

In view of the prime importance of this offensive strength and in the face of the evangelical zeal which SAC commands, it has proved difficult outside as well as inside the military establishment to introduce the concept of continental defense as a normal and natural partner of offense. There has been a fear, for example, that adequate air defense would undermine air offense. One of the immediate problems is to dissipate this deep-seated fear that attention to air defense on any substantial scale must inevitably weaken SAC and other offensive forces by diverting from them both attention and funds. We must achieve a stronger defense without weakening or subordinating our offensive power. We know of no informed, thoughtful advocate of a strong air defense who is not convinced of the importance of SAC and of an over-all offensive power so great that it will provide a strong deterrent to the Soviets. We must continue to have creative thinking and planning for offensive power.

One of the chief concerns of those who advocate a stronger air defense is that SAC be protected to do its job. It must be defended if it is to be effective, and there is great apprehension that it is now vul-

nerable to severe damage by an air attack on its bases.

We need versatile military forces, competent both for offense and for defense. This poses grave problems of allotting matériel, money, men, and attention. The balancing of the branches of our military services may require enlarging present budgets; if achieved within present budgets it most certainly would require some drastic reallocations of funds within the government as a whole. In seeking a balanced military force, we must also squarely face the effects of additional expenditures on our economy; we recognize the hazard of spending ourselves into bankruptcy.

There are other current misapprehensions and false issues in regard to air defense. The unfortunate impression has been created that the Air Force has little interest in air defense; that it is narrowly-mindedly committed exclusively to the offensive concept embodied in SAC. As we shall later show, this seems to be a misreading of the Air Force position. Both within and without the Air Force, there are those who disagree vehemently about the degree of emphasis which should be given to offense and defense, but those who are really informed will not share in any charge that the Air Force has no real interest in the creation of a defensive system against air attack.

The statement has been given currency that a few scientists, naïve in the ways of military operations, have promised complete security from an air attack. This is rubbish. No informed and competent scientists who have considered the problem have concluded that a perfect defense is possible or probable. They hold the view that our present low defense capabilities can be improved manifold. We have the technical resources to accomplish this if they are mobilized and put to use. It is this improvement that scientists advocate, not the building of a perfect system with all the astronomical numbers that this implies. The estimated percentage of invading planes which can be shot down once we have some of the improvements now under development is secret information. It is not 100 per cent, or even 95 per cent, but it is a great gain over our existing powers of attrition. Let no one be under the misapprehension that a perfect air defense is technically or economically feasible. Let it be equally clear that we are not helpless in greatly improving our defense.

Although present laboratory developments and military plans promise substantial gains in the future, these gains are not enough. We need still further to step up research and development to ensure further gains after those now under development have been applied. Able teams are at work, but they all could be strengthened by the addition of more of our first-rate scientists and engineers. We also need imaginative studies to seek new concepts for distant interception and for augmenting the offensive capabilities of SAC. The improvements

which we might thus achieve could spell the difference between America saved and America lost.

2

THE furtherance of air defense has been made more difficult by the creation of another false issue — the alleged ineradicable conflict between the scientific mind and the military mind. The impression has been given that it has been the scientists and engineers who have advocated air defense over the strenuous objections of the generals. The argument has been frequently heard that the scientists have a guilt complex for having developed the atomic bomb and that this guilt complex leads them to denounce and to deny offensive concepts and to take refuge in the Maginot Line complex of an idealized defensive system.

There may be some scientists who are motivated in this manner, but their number and their influence are insignificant. There are many considerations which have led scientists who are knowledgeable in military matters to advocate a greater emphasis on air defense than we have so far accepted or achieved. One of these considerations has been the knowledge that there were important technical developments which make an improved air defense more feasible.

There are other and quite subtle considerations which have led scientists to believe in a strong air defense. Perhaps the most compelling has been their understanding of the catastrophic implications of atomic bombs in the hands of a dictator, of atomic bombs made steadily more powerful and destructive, of atomic bombs so powerful that several of them would be equivalent in tons to all the bombs dropped by the Allies on Germany in World War II. This understanding leads the scientists to think in terms of forthcoming or potential innovations in warfare, to be preoccupied with the warfare of the future. This understanding has led the scientists to the conviction that we must miss no bets in planning for the defense of our country, that we need all the offensive and defensive strength that we can muster. It has given them the conviction that a really determined scientific effort may produce, as it did in World War II, wholly unexpected additions to our weapons and our concepts.

This point of view, however, is not unique to the scientists. In the face of charges that the Air Force has been indifferent to air defense, the fact should be made clear that it was the Air Force three years ago that induced a group of scientists to tackle the problem of air defense, a responsibility they were reluctant to undertake until urged by Secretary Finletter to do so. It was General Vandenberg himself who wrote the letter which set in motion a substantial research undertaking by civilian scientists in the field of air defense.

It is creating a dangerously false issue to charge either the military mind or the scientific mind with

having a warped or distorted point of view. This charge has been made too often and too indiscriminately, and the effects have been damaging to the officer personnel of the services. There is now extensive agreement and cross-fertilization between scientists and military personnel of the Army, Air Force, and Navy in regard to air offense and defense.

To aggravate or to promote differences between our military personnel and other professional groups in the nation is a vicious game, and those who play it in the hope of weakening the opposition to their position or concept may be opening a dangerous fissure in our national security. The same hazard exists in efforts to set one group of scientists against another, or to discredit those who advocate unconventional views on means to security.

In World War II, the Germans gave a convincing demonstration of failure properly to utilize the resources of science and of a cultivated incompatibility between military planners and scientists. We should diligently seek to prevent such a catastrophe in the United States.

Another aspect of the air defense problem which has been subject to much loose discussion is the cost of improving our air defense. Public discussion of an early-warning net has hit upon the figure of twenty billion dollars or more as the cost of such a system. This estimate has been credited to a group of scientists who participated in a summer study project and whose report suggested that such an early-warning system might now be technically feasible. This group estimated no such figure. It did conclude that an early-warning line could be built at a cost which is high but which was very much less than twenty billion dollars. As a result of this summer study, pilot-plant studies are now under way which should yield a conclusive estimate of the total cost of such an early-warning system. The twenty-billion-dollar figure bears no recognizable relationship to any informed estimate which has yet been made, and it has misled many people in their appraisal of air defense possibilities.

The problem of cost of an early-warning system is inseparable, however, from the broader question of the cost of an effective *over-all* air defense system. We have already invested billions of dollars in providing our existing air defense with its interceptor planes, its antiaircraft guns and guided missiles, and its radar screens. Can we realize any effective defense from this investment? We have the public statements of our Air Force leaders as to our present severely limited capacity to down invading planes. It would seem, therefore, that we are faced with making an already huge investment of men, matériel, and systems really workable. If we can give our present system better eyes to detect low-flying aircraft which the existing radar doesn't see; if we can give our interceptors and our antiaircraft — as well as our civilian defense — time to get set to fight an invading force; if we can improve the ca-

pace and speed of our communication and control systems so that our generals can properly, amply, and quickly exert the functions of command — if we can do these things by further technical development, then we shall have a sound basis of appraising the proposed expenditures. We cannot isolate air defense from the whole military system to protect the continent of North America, which of course embraces land and sea power.

Our real problem and decision are not concerned with any one separate concept, such as early warning, but the whole system of air defense and what will make it effective as a system. Actually, there is evidence that effective early warning could reduce expenses and uncertainties in other parts of the system and thus partly offset its own cost. Only the concept of an effective over-all air defense system is meaningful when we consider capital and operating costs, and we should not be misled by charges that an adequate early-warning system would cost twenty billion dollars or some other figure that could only impoverish other arms of our military services.

The brutal conclusion is inescapable, however, that an adequate program for continental defense will be costly to the nation and will require sacrifices. Nevertheless we are not convinced that the costs need be a backbreaking burden to the country. We are convinced that this cost may be small compared with the risks — the loss of whole cities. We hasten to add that we advocate no particular budgetary allotment or solution. We seek only to point out the budgetary implications of current technical developments.

3

LET us now turn to a more specific examination of the technological aspects of air defense.

Electronic technical improvements essential to air defense are being systematically pursued by a variety of groups, and particularly and concentratedly by the Lincoln Laboratory at Cambridge and Lexington, Massachusetts. This laboratory is operating under an Air Force contract, but it is a tripartite organization working for and with all three military services, with each service sharing in the cost and in the management, and the Air Force providing the bulk of the funds. This laboratory is not limited in its program to early warning or any other component. It carries on its activities from both the components and systems points of view. Out of this project, and from others in industry — as, for example, in the Bell Telephone Laboratories — are coming certain promising developments. These cannot be guaranteed to come through as originally conceived; the only certain answer implicit in research is that certain answers may emerge, but not necessarily the ones envisaged.

Technically, the problem of defense, apart from the destruction of the enemy's bases, requires put-

ting the defensive weapons (interceptors, antiaircraft guns, or guided missiles) in position to destroy the invading planes and giving these weapons a high probability of effectiveness.

In these days of high-speed aircraft and guided missiles, the time for defensive combat to take place is very small, and there is seldom opportunity for a second shot if the first shot misses. It is, therefore, important to receive and analyze the information about the striking force extremely rapidly, and to deliver to the defensive forces in very short time the necessary instructions to put this force on target. In order to accomplish this, technological developments for rapid data processing of information are absolutely necessary and are being pushed toward the solution of the air defense problem. Having successfully brought the defensive weapon close to the enemy bomber, the kill potential of the interceptor weapon must be great enough to ensure a high probability of the bomber's destruction.

Since the time of engagement is very short, since there is seldom an opportunity for a second pass at a target, and since the results of leakage through the air defense net are devastating, it is necessary to spread out the defenses in a series of zones or lines. A series of defensive weapons prevents any one of the weapons from becoming overloaded by a very heavy raid.

First, we need reliable early warning which can assuredly tell us that an actual attack is on its way or that a very serious and powerful feint is being made — the system giving this information without turning in false alarms. Such early warning not only serves to alert the defense but allows the civilian population and other military forces such as SAC to take proper defensive action. The warning should come hours and not minutes before the attack. Second, we need the ability to harass and destroy the attacking forces at long ranges from their targets. Third, we need an area defense in the regions of large population and industrial concentrations. Finally, we need short-range weapons such as antiaircraft guns and short-range guided missiles near the targets of greatest importance. Such a system, where each zone of defense can reduce and upset the striking forces and where the effect of a disastrous saturating raid is greatly reduced, can provide a measure of defense which is economically and technically feasible.

The solution of such a systems problem requires the very close coöperation of both military and technical persons. Technical developments are not useful to the military until they have been carefully adapted to military needs. Similarly, military concepts of defense must be guided by and based in part upon new technical developments.

One more word on the technology of continental defense. Atomic attack may not be confined to air or to delivery by manned aircraft. Defense against other methods of bomb delivery must not be neg-

lected. Technology already promises to give us a better defense against submarine delivery — provided current developments are aggressively carried through to operational use. Delivery by intercontinental missiles is a future threat, but we must not be complacent about its being far in the future. The possibility of clandestine importation of atomic bombs must not be underestimated. We believe, however, that the aspect of defense which warrants special attention immediately is defense against delivery by manned aircraft.

4

WE COME now to some of the broader considerations which bear upon an adequate air defense. In the atomic arms race in which we are engaged, we have sought to make sure that this nation stays ahead, that we produce more and bigger bombs and better ways of delivering them. While we can derive satisfaction from our capacity to stay ahead, we cannot at the same time assume that this will provide us with security. As the former Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Gordon Dean, and others have repeatedly pointed out, some point will be reached in the atomic arms race when relative atomic strength will be substantially less meaningful than it is now. This is true because the enemy will have enough — enough to cripple us if bombs can be delivered. Since the country with the lesser supply will have enough, simply adding to our atomic strength will not, under those conditions, ensure our security.

As we approach this condition, defense becomes increasingly important along with our capacity to deter. The knowledge that we have a good defense can add to our power to deter, combined with SAC and other arms. As the atomic race plunges on, air defense — the defense against the enemy's delivery of his atom bombs — becomes inescapably more important.

The argument is heard that the advocates of a stronger air defense are isolationists, and that they seek to have America hide behind some mysterious electronic wall where she will maintain herself in lonely splendor and without entangling responsibilities. The reverse is actually true. Those who have a deep philosophical conviction that a stronger air defense is essential, reason from a different premise. They see the leadership of the United States strengthened by the world knowledge that we are prepared to repel as well as to invade. In the event of war, there is scant hope for our friends if we destroy our enemy and find ourselves destroyed.

An adequate defense can also add something to our bargaining powers at the international table. It provides another weapon for the arsenal of the

free world. Moreover, if we can solve some of the problems, especially the technical problems, related to air defense, we can make a further important contribution to the success of NATO — to the defense of Europe. Our European allies look with dismay and horror at the prospect of an atomic war fought, not alone with the Soviets, but in Europe itself. If we and they are to prevent this, we will need more economical and more advanced methods of keeping the Russians out of Europe, and air defense improvements can help. A better air defense for North America can mean a better defense of Europe. Where does the defense of our allies or the confidence in us which brings us allies — where does this kind of defense differ from offense?

Our present and ultimate aim must of course be the prevention of war. A better defense will help in achieving this goal. Moreover, we might be more willing to enter into some agreement on the control of atomic weapons if we felt we had some reasonable means to detect treachery that might conceivably occur despite solemn covenants. If the Communists knew they would have great difficulty in breaking through our defense and in achieving a surprise, and that they would in turn be crippled by our retaliatory blow, they might be more amenable to some understanding.

These are factors which remove from air defense the tag of isolationism and which give it significance in the matrix of international relations. For these reasons it bears an important, if subtle, relationship to the sum total of our defensive efforts — the achievement of genuine peace.

As we in the United States examine the issues inherent in the air defense debate, we need above all to have more facts. We need more quantitative information about the threat we face. We need to have placed before us the qualitative considerations which affect our policy-making. When the recent Kelly report on continental defense was summarized in part in a news release, certain of its grim conclusions about the present threat to America were made less grim. The time has come for boldness and plain speaking. The American public is not well served by withholding facts that are vital to the decision-making of a democracy and to its self-preservation.

In resolving the issues posed by Russia's possession of the H-bomb, our government will need the calm and courageous support of all Americans. The problem is immense in all phases, in its military, budgetary, technological, and political aspects. It cannot be adequately handled by the Department of Defense alone, or by the Administration alone, or by Congress alone. It requires the mobilization of the best wisdom and highest competence available in the nation.



An Atlantic Story



WILLIAM SANSOM "can make you see, hear, taste, touch, and smell to his order," wrote Eudora Welty when she had finished reading *South* with its lustrous descriptions of the Mediterranean. From Mr. Sansom's new volume, *The Passionate North*, a collection of short stories drawn from the harsh panorama of Scandinavia and the Western Isles of Scotland, the Atlantic has selected two narratives. The book will be published this month by Harcourt, Brace.

THE GIRL ON THE BUS

by WILLIAM SANSOM

SINCE to love is better than to be loved, unrequited love may be the finest love of all. If this is so, then the less requited the finer. And it follows that the most refined passion possible for us must finally be for those to whom we have never even spoken, whom we have never met. The passing face, the anguish of a vision of a face, a face sitting alone in front of you so endearing and so moving and so beautiful that you are torn and sick inside with hope and despair, instant despair . . . for it is hopelessly plain that no word can ever be spoken, those eyes will never greet yours, in a few minutes the bus will shudder to a stop, and down some impersonal side street she will be gone. Never to be seen again.

It is due to such an encounter that I find engaging the story of my friend Harry. Only Harry's girl was not on a bus, she passed on skis.

It was one late January afternoon when Harry was walking out at Haga. The snow lay thick, and everywhere over the fine rolling park groups of Stockholmers had sought out the best slopes for an afternoon's skiing. The sun was already low and yellow over the firs; it sent a cold tired dusk across the snow and one could feel the pleasantly weary, flushed trudge of the skiers making their last climb before nightfall. Harry walked about enjoying the rich smell of birchwood burning, watching the first yellow lights square in the cream-colored palace, tasting his own frosted breath. Every so often through the tall erect firs black-crouched skiers would glide, swift as shadows, like trees themselves flickering downward home.

It was some time then, in this bright half-light,

that Harry turned and saw on the path behind him the figure of a girl trudging up on skis. He walked down towards her, enjoying the precision of her slender erect shape slide-stepping along towards him. Skiers walk with a beautifully controlled motion, feet always close together on the long hickory, pressing so lightly forward in long strides, pausing it seems invisibly between each forward motion, listening to a music playing somewhere in their shoulders — and always in firm endeavor, as on some enviable purposed unhurried quest pondering seriously forward.

Harry was looking down at her skis as she came up, taking pleasure from the movement and the slimness of her stride. So that not until she was nearly parallel with him and about to pass did he glance up at her face.

What he saw then took his breath away; he drew in a deep astounded breath and this then disappeared, so that there was nothing inside him at all.

Poor Harry did not have even a bus-ride's worth. He had the length of two long ski-strides' worth. But that, he said, was in its expanded way enough. Not as much as he wanted — that would have amounted to a lifetime — but enough to provoke the indelible impression such passing visions may leave for a lifetime.

It would be useless to describe her. When Harry told me, he talked of "beauty" and of a color of hair and a grace of cheekbone and an expression of lips. But what he said did not amount to a concrete image, and particularly she did not necessarily fit the blueprint of my own imagined vision, should such a one ever chance to pass. Each to

his own. Suffice it that this woman's face and manner and whatever she evoked was for Harry perfection; was beyond what he thought might be perfection; was absolute.

He was so shocked he nearly stopped; he certainly hesitated and half turned his body — heavily coated and thus making what must have been a most noticeable movement — to follow his wide-eyed worshiping glance. But in the same short time, perhaps on her second stride forward, she suddenly turned her face to him. Terrified, he looked away. He never knew whether she saw him staring, or saw him at all, or looked past or through him — he only felt a surge of embarrassment out of all proportion to the occasion. He felt small, despairing, hopeless, and above all horrified that she might have caught his eye and thought it the eye of an intruder.

She passed. It was a long time before Harry could bring himself to turn round. But by then she was a black speck among others in the lengthening snow, she was irretrievable.

For the next minutes Harry walked on and out of the park, elated in spite of his distress. He was elated in the way a man is when he has suddenly come face to face with a giddy good work of art. The feeling was universal — it made to say, "Good, good — so there are still such things in the world!" It was a feeling of hope.

But of no practical hope. He knew that he would never see the girl again. However, she had sent his spirits up — but soon, it was apparent, too far. For once outside the park, her park, the world proclaimed itself again. And it looked exceedingly bare and dull. The tram-ride home, among skiers now wet and drab in the electric light, was lowering. His hotel, white-walled as a sanatorium, primed with red corridor lights and reticent switches, appalled him with its sterile gloom. He took a glass of aquavit and telephoned a friend for dinner.

They went to a large old-fashioned restaurant. There were many hundreds of people, an orchestra of twenty players blared music to the farthest microphoned corner, waiters bobbed and slid like black dolphins in the white sea of tablecloth, and all around and up to the roof, high as an exhibition hall, the gilded ornament twisted and plushly glittered. There were palms, flowers, flags, and chandeliers.

But here also Strindberg had kept his private dining room, and it was with something of the same pessimist eye that Harry now allowed his spirits to sink below the level of the nightfaring populace about. A tarnish shadowed the gilt, a dull propriety seemed to stuff the people. The band played ballad music of the nineties — and he felt no nostalgia, but a vehement disgust at the stuffed rose-love-garden pomp the song pictured for him. The diners, sitting too erect and quiet and uncomfortably unlaughing, began to look like the

awkward guests at a staff dinner. Two Salvation Army lasses, in fur bonnets, threaded their way through the tables. When the band began to play a gay Spanish march it was no better, it sounded too slow. And there were too many fiddles.

Now if you knew Harry as I know Harry, you would know that Harry then began to worry. He began to theorize. "The sight of that girl," he told himself, "has colored my whole life. By a hundredth chance I was in Stockholm, by a hundredth chance I went to Haga, by another hundredth I happened to be passing that path at that moment — and I had to see *her*. Now forever I am left with a standard of beauty which my world will always slightly fail. My relationships with women will never seem quite so keen, all other pursuits will seem henceforth without quite so much purpose. Of course, I shall enjoy myself in degree. But perfection has been trifled with. This kind of thing goes deeper than one thinks. . . . Oh why in hell did I go to Haga? And it is not as if I were as young as I was."

2

HE WAS still considering her on the train to Malmö next morning: "The woman was always destined to be unattainable — and it is significant that I am leaving the city today. I suppose this will result in a fixation on Stockholm for the rest of my life. God knows how many superior contracts in other towns I shall discard for the subconscious opportunity of getting back to this blasted place."

The train drew into Norrköping and lunch was served. It was difficult, sitting wedged with three other men, to know how much of each small dish to take for himself, so he took too little of each. But rather much of the one he liked most. In guilty despondence, he looked out at the short orange trams circling the Norrköping neatnesses. How plain life could be! And these men eating in front and to the side of him were so large and well-conditioned! He felt himself smaller against their giant, businessy, gray-suited size. None of them spoke. They exchanged the dishes with little bows, and then relapsed into their erect selves. But as the train drew slowly out of Norrköping a group of children waved from behind railings. As one man, the three leaned slightly forward and made small flutterings with their white heavy hands. And without a word readdressed themselves to their food.

Hell, thought Harry looking down at his own hand and seeing that it had not even the initiative to join in such a dull nice action. Hell, he thought, I shall have to wake myself up. And it was then that he decided on a new course of life, a disciplined course of self-indulgence. He would drink more, seek out more people, spend more money, and work less. It was difficult for Harry, wedged in now

with his coffee, to see how to start on his new program. It would have been ostentatious, he felt, to order a few brandies. But when one of the men asked for an after-dinner sherry, he did the same. One of these was enough. He felt slightly sick. The businessmen, in their hard girth and with their large pale faces, began to look very like boulders.

But at Malmö a difference charged the air. At first this might have passed for the ambrosia of arrival — a search for luggage, the disturbing sea air, the genial sheds and asphalt of docks. The delight of safe danger. But no — once aboard the ferry what had come upon people was evident. A glance into the smoke room told much of the tale. Already, five minutes after the train had arrived, they were singing in the smoke room. Tables were already massing empty bottles. The three silent, kind, well-conditioned Swedish businessmen were laughing together and sitting spread and easy. But it was not only a matter of alcohol — although the free dispensation of this, after a severely restricted country, proved in every way intoxicating. It was a broader sense of freedom. A shedding of propriety, of reserve — a change of manners, not from good to bad, but from good to good of another kind. Geniality and tolerance warmed the air.

Waiters hurried up with plates of enormous Danish sandwiches. In the very sandwiches there could be felt the difference between the two countries parted by a mile of water. Gone were the elegant and excellent Swedish confections; here were thick slabs of appetitious meat and fish piled hugely helter-skelter on a token of bread: Smörgåsbord had become Smørrebrød. And when they landed and walked about the Danish train, Harry noticed immediately how the people had lost height and gained thickness, and how the porters wore dirtier, easier clothes. And standing in the street there was a beggar.

But although at first Harry responded to this interesting new brightness, he soon found he was the only one on the train who had no reason to be elated. He sank into greater gloom. He tried to revive his spirits with a fine meal and a night out in Copenhagen. But even when friendly Copenhageners, seeing him sitting alone, asked him to sit with them, plied him with food and drink, joked and prompted him in every way to enjoy himself, his mood remained. He felt nervous, frustrated, dull.

3

THE next day, a little freshened by the morning, he boarded a midday boat train for Esbjerg and England. After all, he felt, things might be better. He was a fool to have taken a passing emotion so seriously. In fact, it was only an emotion and as such ephemeral and replaceable.

So that when they came to the Great Belt, and the train trundled aboard the ferry that was to take it across that wide flat water, Harry took to regarding his fellow passengers with more interest. There is always an excitement when a compartmented train turns out its passengers to walk about and make a deckful. One has grown used and even loyal to one's own compartment: one knows the number of the carriage, it seems to be the best number of all! One even feels a sympathetic acquaintanceship with people seen through the glass of adjoining compartments and with those in the corridor. But there, on the boat, one must face a rival world — the world of other carriages. One resents their apparent assumption of equality — yet, inimical or not, it is a source of wonder that here are so many fellow travelers of whose existence one was ignorant. One notes them with interest. One must watch and sniff.

Almost the first person Harry noted was the girl from Haga. It could not be, it could, it was. Harry's heart jumped and his stomach sank. He turned furtively away.

He walked twenty yards down the deck, took out a cigarette and pretended that it was necessary to turn to light this against the wind. Then he backed against the cabin wall and, thus hidden, watched her. His emotion beat so strong that he imagined every passenger on the boat must recognize it, there would be a conspiracy aboard to smile about him. And consequently, though in the past days he had reproved himself for not having taken more courageous action at their first encounter — he had imagined all kinds of calm, forceful gallantry — his instinct now was for instant flight. However, common sense and a suspicion of the ridiculous strengthened him. And he was able to compromise by watching her from a distance.

She stood for a few minutes on deck, engrossed in her bag and some process of putting her coat and scarf and hat in order. These affairs she conducted with a tranquil efficiency. She was detached and sure, removed from all the others. She never raised her eyes to look at other people.

Then she turned and walked along to the luncheon saloon. Carefully Harry followed, pausing and looking away as if in search of somebody or something else, and chose a table about three away from hers. There he munched his enormous pork cutlet and kept her surveyed. Every time he dared to look at her it seemed a stolen, intrusive moment. But he congratulated himself on his discretion. He told himself there was time, she must be going aboard for the Harwich boat. There, with a day and a night to stroll about the large saloons, opportunity would present itself. He stole another glance. With horror he found her looking straight at him, frowning a little. She knew!

He left, and went down the steel staircase to where the train, strangely tall and of such dark

heavy metal, stood waiting. He sat smoking and unnerved, alone in the carriage. But in a few minutes the ferry docked, and soon the train was rumbling out onto Jutland and the last stretch to Esbjerg.

4

THE ship, white and clean and smiling with stew-ardesses, welcomed them from the smoke and cramp of the train. But the weather was beginning to blow; a freshness of pounding black waves echoed in from the North Sea and storm clouds raced ragged across a dark sky. Harry hurried aboard, established his cabin, and went up to watch the other passengers come up the gangway. He waited for half an hour, watched the last arrivals drift in from the lighted sheds across the gritty dark quay. But he had missed her. In some panic, and in her absence growing more self-assured each moment, he searched the ship. Up and down the steep stairways, in and out of strange saloons, into the second class and once, daring all, by intentional mistake into the ladies' rest room. But she was nowhere. And the ship sailed.

Harry saw how he had missed his second chance. He looked back at that hour on the ferry and cursed his ineptitude. He despised himself, as he saw himself independent and adult and assured yet balking at the evident chance. He swore that if ever again . . . but when she appeared in the lounge after dinner he plunged his hand out for a colored engineering gazette. All his fears returned. One does not necessarily learn from experience.

The smoke room was large and furnished with fresh, modern, leather armchairs. The tables were ridged — and on that evening the ridges were necessary, and then not always high enough, for it was a very stormy night and the ship was rolling badly. Glasses and cups slid slowly about like motivated chessmen, and more than once the ship gave a great shuddering lurch that threw everything smashing to the floor. Harry, behind his gazette, prayed that his coffee would not be shot off clownishly across the saloon. He did not think then what a good excuse that might make to smile at her. He only prayed not to look a fool.

For her part, she sat serenely writing a letter. For some reason her glass of brandy never slid an inch. It seemed to borrow composure from her. Harry concentrated on an advertisement for dozers. And, curiously, this calmed him. It seemed so absurd, it showed up the moment: life is so very various, nothing has quite such a unique importance as we give it.

The storm grew in force. High waves smashed themselves with animal force against the windows, and the ship rolled more thunderously than ever. Stewards staggered, the armchairs tugged at their floor chains. Perhaps the smoke room was half full when coffee began, but now it was emptying; people

who had resisted so far began to feel sick, and for others it had become difficult to read or to talk or, among those tilting tables, to think. As they went swaying and skidding through the doors some laughed like people at a fun fair; others dared not open their mouths. And so there came a moment, in spite of the drumming sea-noises outside, when Harry noticed a distinct quiet in the room. He looked round and saw that the room was nearly empty. There had descended the well-kept void dullness, the perceptible silence of a waiting room. Two businessmen sat apart reading. Their smallest movement in that polished quiet attracted attention. The girl wrote calmly on. The panic rose again in Harry's chest. It would be so easy to go over and pick a magazine from the case at her side. There were even magazines lying on her own table! With no possibility of offense he could ask her permission to read one.

He knew it was then or never. He began instantly to invent excuses. For the first time he tried to reason. There, Harry said to himself, is this girl whose appearance has knocked me silly. But I know that a hundred to one her personality will never match this illusory loveliness. How do I know she won't be an utter fool? A bitch? A moron? . . . And then I'll have spoiled this beautiful experience. I have sipped — and that is forever more satisfying than the gross full draught. Then he looked at her again, and the detachment left him.

All right, he groaned, then at least there is the curse of classification. That has not yet disappeared. Suppose she answered me too genteelly? Or too broadly? Or in this accent or that — he heard in his ears those for which he held a deep, illogical apathy. Then he remembered she was Swedish. It would not happen.

He looked back at the dozers. He saw they were described in refined lettering as "earth-moving equipment." He flung the magazine aside and in pale apprehension rose to his feet. The ship gave a lurch. He steadied himself. And then with great difficulty moved towards her.

Halfway across, exactly opposite the door, he who never did began to feel seasick. It was as if the paleness he had felt come over his face were spreading through him, and now with every roll of the ship a physical quease turned his stomach. It may have begun as a sickness of apprehension, but it took on all the symptoms of a sickness of sea. He felt weak, wretched, and unsure of what next. He turned out through the door and balanced down the stairway to his cabin. In the lower bunk his cabin-companion lay pale and retching. The room smelled richly of sick. Harry added to it.

But only a little later, weak and having forgotten all about the girl, he fell into a deep, unmolested sleep. Twice in the night he woke — once when his heavy suitcase slid thudding from one end of the

cabin to the other, once when he himself was nearly rolled out of the bunk. But he was no longer sick.

5

HE WOKE late, feeling well and hungry. The ship was still pitching as heavily as before. He shaved with difficulty, watching his face swing in and out of the mirror, chasing with his razor the water that rolled in the opposite direction to that chosen by the ship. Then upstairs to breakfast. The whole ship was deserted. Harry looked at his watch, wondering whether he had misread the time and if it was perhaps still early — but his watch and the purser's clock made it already eleven o'clock. The notion smiled through him that the company had taken to the boats in the night, he was in a well-equipped ghost-ship with steam up. And indeed, walking through the deserted saloons, it felt like that. But in the dining room three waiters were sitting.

During a breakfast that he could only eat by holding his cup in one hand and both cutting and forking his ham with the other, a waiter told him they were having one of the worst crossings he had ever known. Waves, even in such a great modern ship, had smashed plate glass in the night. A settee had broken its chains, raced across the smoking lounge, and had run over a steward, breaking his leg. Of course, it was quite safe, but the ship would be about six hours late. They had made no headway at all during the night, they had simply sat rolling in the middle of the North Sea.

Harry wandered out along the passages and into the smoke room. It was vexing to be so late. He was in no exact hurry, but an empty ship in stormy weather is a most tedious ordeal, and the long tossing day stretched out gray and eventless. One cannot easily write, it is difficult even to read, getting drunk is simpler but as aimless as the crashing glasses. To be sick is dreadful, but to spend a day lurching among lurching things, with never a level moment, is if not unendurable of the deepest, most troublesome tedium.

For a while Harry watched the waves. A sudden wet wall of gray running water would erect itself high as a house front over the valley of the smoke-room window; then at the last moment up would go the ship on another unseen wave. Low clouds scudded too fast to notice the ship, the horizon was no more than a jagged encampment of near waves. Not a bird, not a ship in sight.

Harry's thoughts naturally centered on what was still at the back of his mind. Breakfast over, he brought her foremost. And found to his surprise that he was no longer apprehensive of her. He welcomed the probability of her appearance, he welcomed the emptiness of the ship. She was obviously not the seasick type, she was likely to appear. And with an empty ship there would be

more opportunity to speak — and at the same time nobody to smile behind his back if she snubbed him. It seemed that his sickness of the night before had proved in all ways cathartic.

He welcomed the luncheon gong, and in his expectant joy remembered with a smile the Swedish word for this: *gonggong*. But she did not appear at luncheon. And gradually, his spirits falling and his stomach swelling, Harry plowed in these difficult seas through the enormous and exquisite Danish meal.

The afternoon was terrible. Nothing, nothing happened. A few odd men came lurching through. Two young Danish fellows sat for a long time laughing over their drinks. Harry went down to pack, but was forced by the state of his companion to complete this as quickly as possible.

An hour before the ship was due in, people began to come up exhausted or rested from the sanctuary of their cabins. The ship was steaming close against the English littoral, and the seas were much calmer. Disconsolate, Harry rose from his armchair, threw aside the paper on which he had been reduced to writing lists of all the vegetables he knew beginning with the letter "p," and walked round to the little bar for a drink. There she was, bright as a bad penny, perched up on a stool between those two laughing young men.

His heart sank, but he went grimly to the other end of the bar and, with his back turned, ordered a dobbeltsnaps. He could not hear what was said, for between high laughter they spoke in the low intimate voices of people telling anecdotes, but he could watch them in a slice of mirror. And . . . So there! What had he told himself? Hadn't he been right? She was just an ordinary flirt! She hadn't talked to these men until five minutes before, and now she was going it hell-for-leather! Easy as pie, pie-in-the-sky! He might have known it! Hell, he *had* known it! And that's why (subconsciously of course) he hadn't gone up to her. But through this Harry knew deeply and quite consciously that he envied the young men and deprecated his own driveling loutish cowardice. He turned and took one last look at her. She was wonderful, yes, she was wonderful.

He went downstairs and made ready to leave. In a while the ship docked. He took his bags and shuffled down among the line of passengers to the rail-lined dock. It was a curious relief to feel the land under one's feet; it brought what felt like a light unheard buzzing to the ears. Then the familiar smells and a shuffle through the customs.

Suddenly, going through the doorway to the platform, he saw her again. She was clutching the arm of a large ugly elderly man. She was stroking this man. Together the two, the elegant fresh young girl and that obscene old figure, passed through the door. Harry believed his eyes and he was disgusted. He had to pass them. They stood in the wan light

of the old-fashioned station, she fingering about in her bag and at every moment flashing her eyes up at him, he bloated, gloat-eyed, mumbling heaven-knew-what salivary intimacies. It crossed Harry's mind how strange was the phenomenon of these shipboard passengers one never sees until the last moment, these cabined mysteries — and it struck him again horribly how this applied to those two, the old slug lying down there in the comfortable depths of the ship with his fair, fresh girl.

The girl looked up and met Harry's eyes. She immediately smiled, it seemed in relief, and came up to him. She spoke excitedly, apologetically, in Swedish: "Oh, please do excuse me —

but it's funny I remember distinctly I once saw you in Haga, you speak Swedish? You see, my father and I — we've lost our seat reservations. Could you tell me what is best to do? We're new here . . ."

Harry's heart leaped. The lights in the station seemed to turn up; it was suddenly almost sunny. With delight he showed them to the end of the train where he knew there were empty carriages. Together they traveled to London and never stopped talking. He insisted on driving them to their hotel.

Harry and his lady have now been married some seven years. He has never, as far as can be known, regretted the requital.



TO THE QUEEN

by ROBERT GRAVES

I REMEMBER, Ma'am, a frosty morning
When I was five years old and brought ill news,
Marching solemnly upstairs with the paper
Like an angel of doom; knocked gently.
"Father, the *Times* has a black border. Look!
The Queen is dead."

Then I grew scared
When big tears started, ran down both his cheeks
To hang glistening in the red-grey beard —
A sight I had never seen before.

My mother thought to comfort him, leaned closer,
Whispering softly: "It was a ripe old age. . . .
She saw her century out." The tears still flowed,
He could not find his voice. My mother ventured:
"We have a King once more, a real King,
'God Save the King' is in the Holy Bible.
Our Queen was, after all, only a woman."

At that my father's grief burst hoarsely out.
"Only a woman! You say it to my face?
Queen Victoria only a woman! What?
Was the orb nothing? Was the sceptre nothing?
To cry 'God Save the King' is honourable,
But to serve a Queen is lovely. Listen now:
Could I have one wish for this son of mine. . . ."

A wish fulfilled at last after long years.

Think well, Ma'am, of your great-great-grandmother
Who earned love, who bequeathed love to her sons,
Yet left one crown in trust for you alone.



Chairman of the Board of Inland Steel and for five years its President, CLARENCE B. RANDALL was projected into international affairs when Paul Hoffman invited him to be the Steel Consultant for ECA in its first year. This assignment brought Mr. Randall into close association with the steel masters on the Continent and in Britain; and with this experience he is well qualified to evaluate our investments abroad. The trenchant article which follows was written on his return from Turkey this September. Atlantic readers who enjoyed Mr. Randall's book, A Creed for Free Enterprise, should watch for its sequel, Freedom's Faith, which has just been published.

CAN WE INVEST IN TURKEY?

by CLARENCE B. RANDALL

I

A FEW weeks ago I flew out to Turkey. Partly, I admit, I went because it seemed like an exciting thing to do, but also because I hold the deep conviction that American businessmen cannot play the part they should in forming public opinion unless, through personal experience, they come to have an understanding of what goes on in the world outside the United States. No matter what we produce or manufacture, there is no single cost under our control that equals the concealed cost of our share of our national budget which deals with foreign affairs, and few among us try to probe this cost as intensively as we do others.

I particularly wanted to see a so-called underdeveloped country, and to find out for myself what are the obstacles that impede the flow of private investment capital to such an area.

Believing, as I do, that the vitality of our American economy rests upon the preservation of private initiative, I felt a strong urge to ask the obvious question of whether that source of strength could be exported by the removal of whatever obstacles are obstructing the play of natural economic forces. There are strong differences among Americans on such controversial subjects as the tariff and agricultural quotas. However, we surely could all agree that if Americans began to open mines and build factories in underdeveloped areas because by so doing they could make money for their stockholders, everybody would gain and the free world would advance toward stability and well-being.

Turkey seemed like an ideal country in which to think about such things, and the flight out was an excellent mental conditioner. History flows beneath you in a day. First the eastern part of France and the Route Napoléon, along which the Emperor came back from Elba to what he naïvely believed would be world stability based upon his superior

will and intelligence; then the Alps and the unconquerable spirit of the Swiss nation that has never known the loss of freedom; then Rome and Athens, symbols of the decay from greatness — leading one to wonder what it is that causes the torch of world leadership to pass from nation to nation in succeeding centuries. Does the United States, for example, which has had world leadership thrust upon it, possess a formula for greatness so infallibly imbued with genius that our day will never pass? Or will the pilots of the spaceships of the future point out our ruins as they wing over for a better look? Because of my grandchildren, that question gives me pause.

But arrival in Ankara dispels all gloomy thought. The rolling Anatolian plateau stretches off in magnificent vistas like the San Rafael valley in Arizona. The sky is bright, the days are warm and dry and are followed by cool evenings. The melons are magnificent, and there is adventure in the air.

My welcome as an unofficial representative of the American business community was almost overwhelming in its cordiality, and the conferences which I was privileged to have with government officials and industrialists left no doubt whatever in my mind about what I most wanted to know: the question of where Turkey stands today as between bureaucratic social planning and the development of private initiative. The answer was clear. Turkey is now aggressively and enthusiastically on the side of free enterprise, which is very warming to the heart of any American businessman who has seen the dead hand of socialism laid on industry in some parts of Western Europe. Nor is this a passing whim of political leaders. It is the will of the people, and both political parties have embodied it in their creeds.

This is, of course, a break with the immediate

past. After the First World War, in a burst of national pride, the country set about the task of large-scale industrialization; and having no reserves of private capital, it established a series of government-owned banks and then built the railways, the steel mill, the cement and sugar plants, with public funds. Etatism is the name economists have given to this period of the nation's development.

Looking back to that phase, however, merely points up more sharply the astonishing about-face of recent years and the favorable climate now existing for the development of closer relationships between our business communities and theirs. It is an historical fact of inspiring significance, in my opinion, that modern Turkey is the first country to turn resolutely back from collectivism by decisive voluntary action. She has done this, moreover, by bold strokes that have won resounding approval from her people. So sure is the result that no government could survive which tried now to go back the other way.

2

BUT a satisfactory business climate will not of itself bring the flow of foreign investment capital which the country so urgently needs. There are many difficulties in the way, and they have not been fully recognized as yet by this robust nation. The Turks are fiercely proud of their new progress, and rightly so, but that very pride has tended somewhat to blind them to the fact that capital is difficult to obtain even in the United States. They have expected our spigot to open with a rush, and it hasn't, for reasons that are more obvious to us than to them.

Here are some of the obstacles.

First there is the ever-present danger of war. Each prospective American entrepreneur must appraise that for himself, each company must hedge that risk. For myself, I do not accept government guarantees as the answer. They are concealed subsidy, and free enterprise must never depend upon government. Perhaps this is a field that private insurance can and should enter, and perhaps the risk is less than it seems. Certainly, if my money is to be risked in any foreign country, I would take a chance on Turkey. The Turks are tough, two-fisted fighters, with a modern army whose courage has been proved at the side of our troops in Korea, and they have a tradition of dignified firmness in dealing with Russia that is magnificent.

But there are psychological factors that stand in the way of private investment which are very real. There is no well-established tradition in Turkey that provides for the accumulation of private savings and the funneling of the proceeds into the establishment of the plant and equipment required for modern industrial production. Yet this is absolutely essential, whether the country is to finance its own industrial development or be assisted by

others. I am quite sure, for example, that the prevailing viewpoint among management men in the United States is that the American company which is considering a foreign investment prefers to have native capital associated with it, to share the risk and to assist in making the necessary community and commercial adjustments. But unless the people are taught to save and invest, there will be no large pool of native capital on which to draw for such partnerships.

Nor has Turkey a well-established tradition of using the corporate form of doing business as the medium of grouping in one enterprise the savings of a great many citizens. Her people are unfamiliar with transactions in corporate shares, and the equity form of ownership as we employ it is only vaguely understood. Her laws that govern the formation and functioning of corporations are of the most rudimentary sort, based on antiquated French forms. Clearly, if Turkey hopes to attract American companies, she must give them laws comparable to those with which they are familiar. Her officials have their minds on modern machines, whose power and speed and efficiency attract them greatly. They must also get their minds on the modern methods of owning and managing large affairs without which the machines cannot be cheaply produced or operated.

The next roadblock is that Turkey has no managerial class as we know it — in fact, no tradition of entrusting the management of one's affairs to anyone but oneself. The Turk has never been one to tell his neighbor what he possesses. I suspect that even wives seldom know how rich their husbands are, and certainly such confidences would seldom extend to any degree of consanguinity beyond that of son or brother. A Turkish proverb expresses this well when it says, "A cat, once boiled, fears even cold water." It is a revolutionary concept, therefore, that the organization of large enterprises can be achieved only through the surrender to others of control over the wealth of hundreds or thousands of individuals. Few even among the business leaders understand thoroughly and accept as normal the relationship of stockholder to management which is the *sine qua non* of American large-scale industry.

This lack is reflected in two further ways. First, there is no professional class comparable to our management engineers, men who are skilled in studying all phases of an investment opportunity and preparing the documents required for presentation to those having capital to send abroad. Secondly, no particular emphasis is being placed upon training young men in the skills of management. Turkey has good economists, good engineers, and good technicians of many kinds, but relatively few experts in organization and administration, as applied to industry. She sends bright young men to Cornell for agriculture, and to M.I.T. for chemistry and engineering, but few to Wharton or the Har-

vard Business School to learn the principles of managing large affairs. At the moment, she needs managers even more than she needs technical experts.

Another professional group which is entirely lacking in Turkey, and which we take as much for granted as we do the telephone, is certified public accountants. Much needs to be done to bring order and discipline and standardization into the keeping of accounts and statistics. And much needs to be done to educate the business community to the soundness of the simple proposition that he who expects others to invest in his enterprise must himself make a full disclosure of his own financial stability. But this will take a long time, and foreigners entering Turkey will have to be very firm to overcome the Turkish habit of mind that it is normal and proper to keep two sets of books. The idea that a corporation should publish a report of its affairs periodically, and do it candidly, is still a pretty hearty diet for the Turkish business stomach.

I am also sure that many Americans, before investing in Turkey, will want to know what is being done to repatriate the native Turkish capital which has sought safety in Switzerland, South America, and even the United States. I am not suggesting for a moment that Turkish citizens have behaved more badly in this respect than those of other countries that have received American aid. In fact, I suspect that they have behaved much better; but it is a problem for underdeveloped countries everywhere. Take Greece, for example. Everyone knows that among the richest men in the world today are some of the Greek shipowners, yet they make highly publicized investments in France, and give fabulous parties, while their country looks to us for its very lifeblood. It is hard to expect that investors in other nations will venture their capital in an underdeveloped area when its own people do not themselves consider their own country a good business risk.

Then, of course, Turkey must reform its foreign investment law which now severely limits the amount of money which may be withdrawn each year in earnings and amortization of capital. This again is a problem common to all underdeveloped areas, and the solution must always be the same. The principle is clear. American private capital is not going to Turkey unless the opportunity is greater there than it is in the United States. The whole world wants our money, and it will flow to those places where the chance for gain is greatest and the investment climate the freest. To seek our capital, and then to restrict its use, is to stop with the left hand what the right is reaching for.

An intangible but nevertheless very real restriction on the flow of our capital is the presence of state competition. It is not likely that a private company will enter Turkey to erect a plant in a field of production that has been pre-empted by the government. We wouldn't do it at home, so why

would we there? But the present government sees this, and has turned its face resolutely in the right direction by appointing an able minister whose job it is to turn back the state industries to private enterprise.

Turkey has one peculiar handicap that I had not appreciated until I began to do my homework before my flight. She has no substantial groups of her nationals living in other countries who would be natural sources of information about her ways or would form natural foci of propaganda. Take Chicago, for example. I know many successful businessmen who are of Greek birth or ancestry; I have known some Armenians; but I have never known a Turk. Other Mediterranean peoples have emigrated in large numbers, but not the Turks, and now they have no natural advocates among us.

This means that before our money will start flowing to their country, the Turks must organize themselves to present aggressively to us the opportunities that they believe exist in their land. No one can do that for them. Turkey must be sold to Americans by Turks. Unhappily, I am afraid they do not yet fully realize this, for they are so rightly proud of all that they are doing that they are inclined to stand on their record, forgetting that even the best soap has to be advertised.

But Americans can afford to be patient about all of these things, and to stand by helpfully while Turkey goes forward putting her house in order, for here is definitely a country with a future, and our kind of future. The thrilling thing about modern Turkey is not the area of our differences, but rather the things we have in common.

First of all, here is a classless society. Turkey is not top-heavy with a hereditary aristocracy that no longer pulls its weight, but each man is free to rise to any height to which his own ability may carry him.

Secondly, here is a country that really practices democracy as we understand that word, that has already produced in both political parties an amazing number of able leaders who are wholly dedicated to the public service, and that has an extraordinarily stable foreign policy which is in harmony with ours.

Finally, here is a nation that has resolutely turned its back on collectivism and has recognized private initiative as the only sound source of economic well-being for a free people.

For all of these things Turkey stands resolutely in a position of leadership in the critical Middle East.

And she stands there looking to the future. Some of the older countries in Europe have their heads turned over their shoulders toward the past, but here is a virile young nation that has broken with its past, and which flexes its muscles impressively while its eyes dance with excitement over things to come. Turkey is a country that merits American friendship.



The author of the article which follows is the wife of a reform Mayor in one of our Middle Western cities and the mother of two children. For three years she has experienced the pride, the practical demands, and the pestering which democracy bestows upon the family of an officeholder; and there have been times when she has asked herself whether the job is really worth it. This is her answer.

MY HUSBAND WAS ELECTED

by THE MAYOR'S WIFE

I

MY HUSBAND has been a reform Mayor for over three years now. During that period countless women have said to me, "It must be fun to be the Mayor's wife." My stock answer is: "Yes, it is fun. Why doesn't your husband run for Mayor next term?" Invariably the lady shows symptoms of shock. She enumerates the reasons he can't run. He's too busy building up his business or profession. She wouldn't like to sit alone at home while he presided over city meetings or civic functions. They would have to forgo most of their social life together.

The lady is right on all counts but one. "Fun" hardly describes the duties and life of a Mayor's wife. Her husband must necessarily neglect his business. He must eliminate most of his personal social life. He must attend countless civic functions.

Women are apt to make that remark about its being fun to be the Mayor's wife when they see one dressed in her best gown and with a prominent seat at some outstanding civic function. That they may envy. But they want no part in the rest of it. They forget one point of primary importance. The only way to have an efficient and well-run city is to have the very best men run it. It is my contention that the women, by withholding their consent, forbid the participation of their men in this most important area of politics. They forget that this is truly "government of the people, by the people," and that voluntary sacrifice of time and money is necessary to make our system work. If the best men and women won't step forward and seek public office, the second-raters will. Haven't you often puzzled over your election ballot, knowing there was no choice of candidate worthy of the office? Have you ever seen a blank spot on that ballot?

What does it mean to be the Mayor's wife? I started out this way. The day following my husband's public announcement of his candidacy, the first anonymous letter arrived, attacking me and

my children. I had the good sense to call a friend who had been active in politics for a long time. She is the recipient of many such letters. She cheerfully told me always to read my unsigned mail for information, then tear it up and forget it. "You have now joined distinguished company," she said. "You're in the ring with the lions and tigers. Because they are wild beasts you'd better stick with this until they're vanquished."

The letters still come. They no longer bother me. Sometimes valuable bits of information are disclosed. Some are from crackpots. The majority come from the machine politicians who don't want any interference in their control of the city. These letters serve as warning to the good men in the community they'd be better off not to run for office. Intimidation of the wife and family of a public official often makes a man quit. He can stand the gaff himself but won't subject his family to such browbeating. My husband has never known about those letters. Being a careful, stubborn sort of woman, I ask myself why shouldn't my conscientious husband take part in local affairs. Are the stakes so high that the opposition will stoop to such methods to make us retire from the fight? My answer is to toss the nasty things in the wastebasket, glue a smile on my face, and say to the next woman who asks, "Yes, it's fun to be the Mayor's wife."

Another drawback is a personal one. My children were shocked when they found me telephoning my husband's secretary to secure a dinner date with him two weeks ahead. Fortunately, we've never been too interested in society as such. Our social life was largely a meeting with close friends, but now we must confine ourselves to a hasty hello and good-by to people we should like to see in leisurely fashion. Home life becomes almost nonexistent. Seeing Daddy's picture in the paper doesn't compensate for not having him around. Reading his speeches doesn't help with family problems. You

realize, as time passes, that your husband hasn't had a meal at home in weeks. Gone are the days when the next-door neighbors can be invited in at will. If there is a free evening, the Mayor is too tired to go anywhere. Or he has to prepare a speech. Or a statement for the papers.

Often when he isn't home for dinner, you must accompany him to city functions. You have the seat next to the guest of honor for the evening. But the dinner lasts an hour, the speeches three. Add to that receptions, teas, luncheons. Add, too, your special part in civic affairs, selecting or crowning Queens of this and that, judging essays, speaking to women's clubs, giving the greetings of the city when the Mayor cannot attend. This particular hurdle of being the wife of a public official doesn't bother me. I like to mix with people. I'm the sort of woman who has her hat permanently on her head, ready to go at a minute's notice.

Another hurdle you encounter is phone calls. Until my husband took office, I hadn't known the close relationship between the individual and city officials. It would never have occurred to me to call on the Mayor for assistance. But others do. Let me stress that the phone calls are to me the greatest expression of the democratic method. I glory in them. Where else in the world can a citizen feel that his affairs are of primary importance to the Mayor of his city? If a caller has a complaint, you carefully take down all the details and pass it on to the proper authority. Some callers refuse to give their names. You say sweetly, "I'm so sorry. I don't talk to anonymous callers. If you don't identify yourself I'll hang up." Then you do hang up. Sometimes the calls are humorous. A belligerent wants to know, at 6 A.M., why his street hasn't been cleared of snow. Another suggests that the Mayor dash right over and chase a stray dog from his premises. Still another (not my favorite) tells me my husband is running around with another woman.

The most difficult thing about the incessant phone calls is training the children to handle them competently. They've always thought their father the finest man in the world. It dismays them to answer the phone politely and listen to attacks on his character. You explain it something like this. "One of the unique and fine things about the American system is the relationship between all segments of our society. That means that every person in the country feels just as important as the next fellow. He is, too. He feels he can call any elected official and complain to him. You must sift the obviously hostile nuisance caller from the person who has a legitimate message. In so doing and in aiding the people, you are taking part in a purely democratic process not seen in many parts of the world."

Tell them the pitiful stories brought to your attention. Of the Negro woman, alone and frightened, needing assistance during the night from a

brutish caller. She had called the police and they had laughed at her complaint. You called the police again, got the name of the officer in charge, and asked that a full report be on the Mayor's desk in the morning. You tell them their father investigates every complaint and sees that it is fairly settled. Add the nice things, too. Of the morning you drove their father to the train. A workman came along and stopped him, saying, "Where are you going, Mayor? Don't stay away too long. We need you here."

With all the force you have, you must reiterate the fact that the freedom the public enjoys under our system far outweighs any disagreeable experiences you may have. Your children will then take the same pride that you do in being part of that pattern.

2

MY ONLY object in pointing out problems encountered as a Mayor's wife is to emphasize that most of the trials come because the majority of the good men in the community are not willing to hold office, even though, in doing so, they would preserve our form of government. And the reason they won't take a personal part lies largely in the lack of cooperation from their wives.

This is not to say that thousands of women do not form a great force for good government. Indeed, they are the basis and strength of any reform movement, as our family can personally testify. Women are natural reformers. They join and further the cause of many committees and councils. They contribute magnificently to philanthropic causes. American cities and towns would be barren and unprogressive without their ardent support. Thirty million women in the United States are organized into clubs of various sorts. More belong to unofficial groups. All of them have an aim and a purpose. But women must do more. They could, with their power, handily control every local election by bringing the weight of their house-cleaning methods to clear up the hearthsides of our cities.

It's a strange paradox that while women were the most avid watchers of the exposure of crime and corruption during the Kefauver TV hearings, they can ignore such conditions in their own back yard. Enthusiastically they crusaded with Eisenhower, who publicly stated that more women than men voted for him. Yet they do not thoroughly enter into the local fight for good government. Visiting lecturers discussing the dictatorship methods in foreign countries find them rapt audiences. They can do nothing about conditions abroad, but they could be most effective in their own cities.

An old-fashioned slang expression was "Let George do it." It meant a shifting of responsibility to the other fellow. That's what largely occurs in city government. Letting George do it in politics always results in an unsavory situation. Our own

town, beautiful on the surface, has some nasty and seamy undersides. For too long the good people neglected to peer into the City Hall. When they finally became aware of the unscrupulous actions of the twenty-year-old political machine, they boiled into a revolution and swept the present reform administration into power. A large part of the credit goes to the few women who worked — and are still working — to maintain it.

But the history of reform governments in our cities shows they last only one term. When apathy sets in, "George" comes back and takes over. Our reform administration is in its second term. It has endured the most virulent opposition from those ousted from office. Just recently, when a discredited former public official was asked about his campaign to regain power, he grinned and said, "I need only wait." There's too much truth in his statement. He will regain power certainly if there is no one with fortitude to take the constant needling and vilification the present administration endures. The good people can never rest on their laurels. They may feel they have elected a competent man and can safely leave matters in his hands. But he needs relief after a few terms, and needs to know that he will be succeeded by a man of similar ideals who will not destroy what is good in his program.

Politics is a constant battle. A reform Mayor must sweep out the grafters and install a business-like method of doing things, not based on patronage. He must spend about 70 per cent of his time selling his program to the electorate. His two-year term of office is not long enough to get his program under way, let alone bring it to fruition.

A Mayor's wife often asks herself if the battle — the mudslinging, the anonymous letters, and all the other bitter things she must endure — is worth the effort. This Mayor's wife feels that the American form of government is more than worth it. That system is the finest in the world, created for and carried out by free men. I'm convinced that good government starts on the local level. You don't grow corrupt political machines out of thin air. You just neglect your city and let "George" take over. Given enough time, the machine spreads and strengthens itself into an unbeatable combination. Those local machines train the men who tomorrow are the state and national leaders. For that reason local officials must be the very best men and women in a community, able and incorruptible.

Those 30 million organized women need to turn an eye and an ear toward what goes on in their own communities. It's an exciting experience. Attend the meetings of your Council. I know of one group of women who tried this in a near-by town. They were grossly insulted at their first appearance, where the officials huddled together around a table and talked in whispers. The women came back to the next meeting. The men greeted them and spoke loud enough for them to hear the matters under

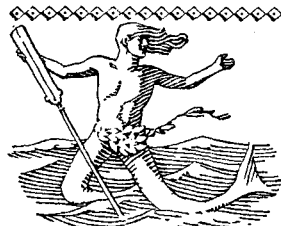
discussion. At the third meeting a loud-speaker had been installed and printed copies of the agenda were handed out. This year a woman is a member of that official body. My husband contends that the presence of even five public-spirited women at every board and committee meeting concerned with city business would improve conditions of government so radically that no machine boss would ever gain control. Graft and corruption can't flourish under the scrutiny of the citizens. Only lack of attention will let such things occur.

Not only could women control local situations by their presence at civic business meetings: they have a duty to encourage their husbands to participate actively in politics. Instead of worshipping the dead Fathers of our Country, they could mold tomorrow's statesmen. They should realize that it is in their power to change and improve the political setup. What politicians do concerns everyone. If a spoils system is in operation, taxes are too high and Mother gets less for her budget. If the not-so-wise hold public office, blunders in decisions can take her husband and children into a war they might not survive.

Women must also train their sons and daughters to take their turn at public affairs. We are all thrilled when Son says he is going to be a doctor or a lawyer or follow some other honored profession. When he says he wants to run for public office we squash him completely. "Don't get mixed up in that," we say. "There's no thanks to it, and unless you're crooked, no profit." This is a negation of our entire history, of the services of our long line of distinguished public servants. Fathers and mothers should teach their children that they are expected to pay the debt of citizenship and loyalty to their country by giving at least a few of their years to public service.

My favorite politician is John Adams, Old Sink-or-Swim Adams, second President of the United States. Remember that he was always whining to his wife Abigail because he wasn't getting ahead materially in the world? He longed to build a fortune to hand down to his children, but he spent so much time on the affairs of the Sons of Liberty, and later the Congress, that he earned only a modest income for many years. He hated the time spent away from his family while he wrestled with the problems of petitions, war, and the drafting of the Declaration of Independence. He complained constantly about the onerous duties he performed. Still, his sense of duty compelled him to forgo fortune and comfort for the Republic. Later he garnered all the honors a grateful country could bestow on him. Most important of all, he set up in his family such an example of duty that every successive generation of Adamses has served the government in one capacity or another.

Women bear and produce the men. Why don't they produce the statesmen?



The Atlantic Serial



A graduate of Annapolis, VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.), served in the Navy for thirty-six years as a specialist in naval aviation and foreign intelligence. In 1917, while still in the Academy, he began his study of Russian history. He learned to read and write the language and when, in 1947, he was sent to Moscow as our naval attaché, he was able as few of our representatives are to meet the Russians on their own terms. During his years of duty in the country, he talked to people in all walks of life, and from his multitudinous encounters has come his new book, Russian Assignment, which has just appeared under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint. It is a big book and a memorable one, and we wish our readers to realize that the episodes selected for the Atlantic comprise approximately one ninth of the total text.

RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT

by VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.)

22

ONE night last week I left by train, the Red Arrow, for a few days in Leningrad. I had talked with Valodya, my chauffeur, once or twice about the possibility of getting to Leningrad by car, and he seemed surprised and a little disappointed that he wasn't driving me up. However, this is the first time that the Soviet government has formally let me go anywhere within Russia that involved staying overnight, and I had no desire to risk complicating that opportunity at this stage of the game by insisting on driving.

Soon after the train pulled out for Leningrad, the Russian who shared my compartment wandered in and out a couple of times. He was fat, but light and graceful on his feet, and his head was completely shaved, as round as a billiard ball. He had hard gray eyes, and he carried himself with such an erect, military bearing that he definitely leaned backwards. A rich aroma of vodka accompanied him.

He reappeared with a middle-aged friend, who, like most middle-class and upper-class Soviet citizens, looked like a mechanic in his Sunday clothes. The friend apologized for my roommate's condition, but I told him that such things happened in the best of society, and the two of us pushed and hoisted our fat friend into the upper bunk. He still kept a good-natured dignity, but was just too stiff to be able to help himself at all.

The roadbed was rough, and the train jolted and

swayed. It being summer, there were no blankets on board, and although I got an extra linen spread from the *nachalnik*, it was uncomfortably cold. Worst of all was when the train started up after a stop. There was a great deal of lost motion somewhere in the couplings, for car after car would start separately, and by the time the middle of the train was reached, the engine was going so fast that those cars started with a jerk that would waken anyone—except my friend—from his sleep. At that, he was up ahead of me, brisk and bright.

After I had finished my breakfast of tea and good open sandwiches of ham and salamilike *kolbasa*, the fat one and his friend came into the compartment and sat down. Soon the girl from the buffet brought them a couple of bottles of beer. I held my peace, as always, and kept on with my reading, paying no attention to them, and sure enough, one of them asked me if I wouldn't like some beer. Another glass and bottle were brought. I told them that I was an American, and that their beer was more like English beer, whereas our beer was more like German. I ordered three more big bottles. They said that this began a working day for them, but didn't demur further. But they wouldn't let me pay for any of it. We talked generalities.

At last the fat one said suddenly, "Why is it that you Americans don't like the actions of Russia?"

This was such a sudden plunge into politics that I asked him to repeat his question to be sure that I understood it. Then I said, "That question has been answered many times. It seems as though all the world is out of step except Russia."

I wasn't sure that the metaphor would work in Russian, but it did. The fat one turned to his companion and said, "He understands, all right. And he speaks the truth."

But his companion said, very softly, "He said — 'it seems!'"

23

WHEN we reached Leningrad and before I could get off the train, I was met by a slim, competent peaches-and-cream young lady from Intourist. We got into a diminutive automobile and drove down Nevsky Prospekt to the Astoria Hotel. It was eleven thirty in the morning, and the Nevsky Prospekt was bustling. Although a big block of buildings on one side of the street was being rebuilt, there was much less destruction than I had expected to see. At the far end of the street, ahead of us, gleamed a tall, needlelike golden spire. Somehow, already, the city seemed to have more of a Western atmosphere to it than Moscow, although the shops and signs were still much the same. Perhaps it was imagination, but there is one sound fact on which to base that impression — Leningrad houses and buildings do not have the air of great age about them that one feels in Moscow. Their corners are sharper, and they are not so much out of plumb.

There were three or four nice-looking girls in the Intourist office in the lobby of the Astoria, and they were very helpful indeed. They apparently are used to taking complete charge of foreigners, and were a little surprised when I refused to talk English with them and gave them some indications of having some ideas of my own as to what I wanted to do.

The Astoria was a bit run-down, but my room was comfortable enough. It was really a small suite, with the bed in a curtained-off alcove from the sitting room, and it had its own bath. One morning there was no water, but that might occur anywhere — or almost anywhere. I unpacked and straightway set off for a bookshop on Nevsky Prospekt which has the reputation of being the best bookshop in Russia, where they would even try to find things for you that they didn't have on hand.

On the way I stopped in a combination restaurant and bar and had a cheese omelet and some beer. As might have been expected, I arrived at the bookshop just a few minutes after their luncheon closing hour began. Since it was too far to go back to the hotel, I killed time by wandering around that part of the city, along some canals and past a green park, and finally came back to the shop. They had nothing that interested me, but referred me to some other shops, a few blocks farther on, and told me to

come back again before leaving Leningrad. There I found a whole nest of bookshops, and spent an hour or so in them, picking up a couple of books for which I had been looking for a long time.

By that time it had begun to rain, and I got thoroughly soaked on the long walk back to the hotel. I dodged under a great semicircular colonnade to get out of the rain, in front of a big brown basilicalike building which carried the carved inscription of "ACADEMY OF SCIENCES OF THE USSR FOR THE HISTORY OF RELIGION." On the great bronze doors was a sign which said they were only open on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. A pink-cheeked, kerchiefed old lady told me that before the Revolution the building had been the Kazan Cathedral. Now it is shabby and run-down, with sheets of plywood covering great areas where once were windows.

By the time I reached the hotel I was thoroughly tired, and felt lousy besides, doubtless from all the beer that had served as an excuse for dodging in and out of the rain.

After dinner one of Intourist's cars took me to the Kirovsky Theater. Leningrad has bridges, streets, statues, squares, theaters, hospitals, and all sorts of things named after the Kirov who was assassinated there in 1934. The death of that member of the Politburo touched off the Great Purge which eventually took in my friend Putna, who was Soviet military attaché in London at the time and whose loyalty to the regime had been to me impressive.

The theater was very like the Bolshoy in Moscow, only smaller, and instead of being done in crimson and gold it was green and gold and white, with a great fountain of a chandelier overhead. The production was Glinka's opera *Ruslan and Ludmilla*. The magnificent music was beautifully sung and beautifully played by a large orchestra whose dress varied all the way from the white tie and tails of the leader through black ties and dinner jackets and ordinary street clothes down to the garb of one of the oboists who wore no tie at all. I was close enough to the orchestra to learn that bassoons are muted by stuffing a handful of cotton down their muzzles.

The costumes were as splendid as those of the Moscow theater, particularly the wedding costumes, which were heavy with ropes of pearls and wedding crowns of pearls. But of the whole thing, the stage settings were easily the best. The Russians get an effect of vastness on the stage by a very clever use of perspective, but over and above illusion, the beams of the roof of the house of the Kiev Grand Duke were actually about five feet thick. *Ruslan* is a barbaric *skazka*, a gorgeous fairy tale all done with *bunchugs*, or standards, of horses' tails and furs, foot-long waving mustaches and Russian Oriental splendor. One scene had a very effective use of the tall, half-carved stone Mongol idols, with

skew-eyes and two or three great white teeth, that are called in Russian "stony peasant women." Another scene was the field of the dead after a battle, with an occasional bone lying about and shapeless ominous bundles that were pierced with great feathered arrows as big as a man. The arrows were all at the same angle, and the effect, beneath a gloomy, lurid sky, was terrific. Still another scene had a gigantic head rising from the ground, whose eyes and lips and facial muscles moved as it spoke. The use of animal ears in the costumes also helped the barbaric effect.

One of the dances was led by Balbina, who must be a great favorite, from the way the audience applauded and shouted her name when she appeared. Even the Muscovites admit that the Leningrad ballet is ahead of their own, and it may well be that the same is true of opera. It was a good show, but long before it was over I suddenly, with a start, was surprised to find myself in a theater and wondered if I had actually dropped off to sleep. This shocked me so that I did not stay longer, but went on home to the hotel.

It was after midnight, but the streets were still as light as day, for it is the time of the White Nights. The streets were alive with people, but I walked sleepily along a peaceful canal which led me almost to the Astoria.

24

It was nearly noon when I awoke. After a good breakfast of ham and eggs, served sizzling in the skillet in which they were cooked, chewy Russian toast with a huge slab of delicious butter, and coffee — well, it wasn't really coffee, but it was hot and there was plenty of sugar — I put myself in Intourist's hands and started off in a big Zees car with an auburn-haired lady with a nose like that of a Roman emperor. We started to tangle before we had passed the huge golden dome of the Isaak Cathedral across the square from the Astoria. She wanted to practice her English, and of course I wanted to practice my Russian. The customer won that bout.

We came out on the big square of the Winter Palace, with a great yellow semicircle of severe buildings facing the Palace and a tall monument in the center commemorating the victory over Napoleon.

"Has the Winter Palace always been of that green color?" I asked.

"What difference does it make?" she asked back.

"I've seen many a painting of the storming of the Winter Palace during the Revolution, and I don't remember any green in those pictures," I replied.

"Well," she answered, lamely, "it may have been some other color then. Perhaps rose. At any rate, this green is an authentic green, and it was a great favorite of the Russian Tsars, just as were

also rose and a deep blue, which you will see in many places."

The next place we tangled was near the Petrovsk Fortress — the great prison of Peter and Paul. Behind the fortress is a very beautiful mosque, with a gently pointed, fluted turquoise dome, flanked with two very tall, turquoise-tipped minarets. It was so exquisite that I asked her what its name was.

"It doesn't have any name," she said.

"Oh, come! Surely it has some sort of name to distinguish it from all other mosques."

"No. You see, it's not Russian, but Mohammedan, and we Russians don't give names to things that aren't our own, because we're not interested in them."

"But even a dog has a name, whether you're interested in him or not."

"Yes, but dogs belong to people. I'm telling you that that is a mosque, not a Russian church, and so it doesn't have any name. Perhaps you don't understand my Russian."

"I understand your Russian very well," said I, getting a little annoyed. "And I'm very much surprised that any Soviet citizen would talk in that fashion about their smaller peoples. After all, there are whole Soviet Republics that are Mohammedan, and I would have expected someone like you to have more respect for them."

She began to be apologetic. "Perhaps it does have a name. At any rate, I do not know what it is. And I'm very sorry."

We left the shining gold spindle of the cathedral that stood within the Fortress, which is so like the other gold spindle of the Admiralty that can be seen at the end of the Nevsky Prospekt, and drove past the Summer Garden. It was there that Eugene Onegin was taken when he was a child, as I took some pleasure in quoting to my guide. We went on to the Smolny Institute, the headquarters of the Bolsheviks during the October Revolution, and the Smolny Cathedral near by, with its striking deep blue and white coloring, and then back past the Nakrovy Cathedral, which was built on the spot where Alexander II was assassinated. It has twisted domes very like those of St. Basil's in Moscow's Red Square, except that these are brilliantly colored instead of being soft and dull with age. Somewhere we saw a red flag over a dome, flying at half mast.

"Why is that flag at half mast?" I asked. "Is it a sign of mourning?"

"Oh, no. We use black flags for a sign of mourning. That flag always flies there."

"But why at half mast?"

"It always flies that way."

"It's an international custom to fly flags at half mast when someone dies. Perhaps Russia doesn't observe that custom."

"I assure you that Russia respects all inter-

national customs better than any other country," said my auburn-haired guide.

I never did find out why the flag was at half mast. Probably they just stopped pulling it up a little too soon. But it was clear that we weren't getting anywhere, so I asked my girl friend if she were married, and when she said, "Yes. Why do you ask?" I told her that I was quite sure she was, because all attractive girls were married. After that, we began to get along better.

At my special request we drove out of the city, along a highway flanked with big narrow apartment houses very like those in Moscow, across long stretches of flat land filled with truck farms and little fields to a distant row of hills, beyond which lay Tsarskoe Selo, the place where Pushkin was brought up and a summer home of the Tsars. The fields were busy with workers, most of them women. Sometimes the peasants are quite ingenious, for once we saw an *izba* which had sagged down on one side being jacked up straight by the use of a long pole for a lever. On the end of the pole was lashed a tremendous collection of logs for a weight, and the entire family was heaving down on the end to add force to the lever.

When we got into the hills we were within the old German lines. Everywhere were conical concrete tank barriers, the familiar barriers made of railroad rails, and the snagged fragments of buildings, completely shot away except for slivers and heaps. Pushkin's village, with its many lindens for shade, was pleasant enough, but the great Summer Palace of Catherine the Great was nothing but a rose and white burned-out shell. It was set in the midst of a half-wild park and it stretched out for an enormous distance. Through its walls the sky and trees showed starkly. Here and there was a broken row of caryatids, or a twisted wrought-iron balcony from which the double-headed eagles still screamed. Within was nothing but tumbled brick and plaster. All the richness was gone, together with the wonderful and famous room of amber.

On the way back through the city my auburn-haired lady left me at the Russian Museum, a big yellow building with a city-square block of planted flowers in front, in which are all the Russian pictures in Leningrad. The galleries of the Hermitage now have only pictures from Western Europe. I had about half an hour or so until closing time, but the minutes could be spent to good advantage. They told me at the door where the Repins were, and I headed straight for them.

The first one that I saw was the one for which I was seeking — the "Reply to the Sultan." A group of Zaparozhe Cossacks, barbaric, baggy-trousered, long-mustached, some with shaven heads and scalp-locks by which Allah might seize them to save them on Judgment Day, crowd gleefully around a scribe who is writing their answer to the Sultan's demands. Their letter begins, simply and literally, "Thou

son of a bitch . . ." It has often seemed to me that except for the costumes and the haircuts this might well be a portrait of the Politburo composing a note to the United States or a speech for the United Nations.

25

IN the Astoria dining room that night was my fat friend of the train, erect and dignified as ever, sitting at a table with a middle-aged woman. We never gave a sign of having seen each other before, but, for that matter, there was no real occasion to do so without going out of one's way to seek it.

After dinner I set off on foot towards the Bolshaya Neva, past the huge dark bulk of the Isaak Cathedral, whose polished dark red columns of porphyry or granite were chipped with shrapnel, past the Admiralty and the Bronze Horseman, that huge figure of Peter the Great made famous by Pushkin, and down the left bank of the river. Below the Lieutenant Shmidt Bridge, which is the last bridge across the Bolshaya Neva, is a big bronze tablet which says that from that point the cruiser *Aurora* shelled the Winter Palace up the river. Across the Neva and a little lower down could be seen the *Aurora* herself, with her three tall, slim, old-fashioned stacks standing out against the clear evening sky.

Everywhere were sailors, walking in the evening with their girl friends, and it was clear that Leningrad is as much a Navy town as Norfolk.

I went past a submarine, which was moored to the sea wall and which had the usual guards with bayonets at the gangplank, and kept on until I was stopped by a high board fence where the Marti Shipyards began. I turned back, crossed the Lieutenant Shmidt Bridge, and went down the other bank of the river on Vassilevsky Island for a couple of miles, past the *Aurora* and many a tangle of tugs and trawlers, until I was again turned back, this time by the high board fences of the Baltic Shipyards.

All the way were crowds of sturdy, nice-looking sailors, with their long hat ribbons, their blue-and-white striped shirts under their jumpers, and their neat broad belts. They were clean-looking lads who carried themselves well and who, as far as I ever saw, never went beyond the tender stage with their strong-legged, blue-eyed, clear-faced girls. For the most part they were just respectfully awkward and young with them. On more than one ship alongside the docks there were sailors dancing — and dancing well — to the lively music of accordions.

In the stream was the hull of a tremendous new icebreaker, and across the river could be seen the Marti Yards, with several small submarines in various stages of completion and the sinister sections of some liberated German Type XXI submarines

on the ways. Those last set up new and difficult problems in sea warfare.

I walked back the whole length of the waterfront to the very tip of Vassilevsky Island, where there are two tall columns which once served as light-houses and out of which project the stone prows of ships. Along the far side of the island, my feet began to grow heavy, for the Astoria was many miles behind me. Across the next estuary was the shining needle of the Petropavlosk Cathedral, rising from the low, squat, sinister walls of the Fortress. The back side of the island was rather like a warehouse section, echoing and deserted, except for a rare pedestrian. Part of the way the waterfront was shut off by board fences, for no apparent reason except perhaps to safeguard material, for it was easy to see through the boards that there was nothing but heaps of junk beyond.

It was getting on towards midnight; so, completely worn out, I cut across the island back to the Neva, through streets as busy as in the daytime. I sat down for a while beside the two stately granite sphinxes that were brought from Egypt in 1832, and looked at the powerful planes of their great paws and the savage peace of their faces. Nearly every passer-by stopped to read their inscriptions, for the whole city was abroad in unaccustomed places during these White Nights.

It grew imperceptibly a little darker, as though a cloud were passing by, but the sky remained clear and light. One could still read the fine print of a newspaper with ease. On the way back to the Astoria across the Shmidt Bridge, clouds of smoke from a couple of passing tugs made it still darker, but as I came out of the smoke everything had already begun to lighten with the dawn, paling the gibbous moon that hung low in the sky.

26

I HAD told Intourist that I wanted to see the other Summer Palace in Peterhof on the Gulf of Finland thirty or forty kilometers from Leningrad, and that I wanted to go there by boat. Although a British assistant attaché who was in Leningrad a month or so ago had said that Intourist denied any knowledge of any boat trips through the harbor, the girls told me promptly that the boat for Peterhof left at ten in the morning, and that they would provide a car to take me to the boat and someone to be sure I got a ticket.

When breakfast was over, a brown-faced, vivid, friendly young lady was waiting to see me safe on board. She berated me lightly because she had had to get up early to see me on the boat, for these days the Leningradtsy are up all night and sleep most of the day, if they can. I asked her if she couldn't arrange to send a car after lunch to bring me back from Peterhof.

"It is a long and very bad road," she said, "and

it would be very expensive." I resigned myself, but she went on, "Why don't you come back on the train? They run every half hour."

She was really helpful, and she insisted on climbing with me across the intervening shipping to see me settled on the little *Turgenev*. A nice-looking, elderly man with a strong face and a close-trimmed little white beard sat on one of the benches on the open fo'c'sle, smoking a pipe and reading a paper-bound book in French.

"Ah, another foreigner," I said.

"Maybe not a foreigner," she replied. "Many Russians read French, or English, for that matter, as well as they do their own language."

She went away to catch up with her interrupted sleep. I became fascinated with the shipping as we slid down the Neva, past the tall *Aurora*, past two brand-new, uncompleted, red-leaded cruisers, the *Chkalov* and the *Chapayev*, the big bulk of the still unfinished ex-German *Lutzov*, which is now the *Petropavlovsk*, past the mysterious Baltic shipways. We slid on through a very long, narrow fairway bordered with breakwaters that were covered with trees and grass, and were in the midst of some big Russian merchant ships, when I was aware of someone speaking to me.

"Your tobacco is so fragrant — what is it?" It was the scholarly-looking little old man with the well-trimmed white beard. And from that moment on, I had a real friend, gentle and courtly, interesting and interested.

He knew the Continent well from before the Revolution, and it was as much of a delight to him to talk with someone from the outside world as it was to me to talk freely with an educated man within this country. Just as the Intourist girls had warned me, he had been warned by his wife that he would be bored and tired, and should never have gone on such an expedition, particularly alone and at his advanced age. But that came out later.

On the boat we talked about tobacco and pipes, but he would never put more than a pinch of my fragrant American tobacco into his absurdly small Russian pipe. Most Russians are extremely anxious to do more than their part in little generosityes, in entertaining and in paying for mutual expenses, but very few of them are in a position to compete in those respects with any American. This embarrasses them, and many foreigners make a mistake in not sensing their embarrassment, insisting upon generosity until the Russian, in defense of his own self-respect, avoids them and ends up with feeling that the foreigner has perhaps been flaunting his comparative wealth deliberately. When we went alongside the little dock in the meadows of Peterhof, with the fortress island of Kronstadt dim in the distance across the water, my friend said that the hour and forty minutes trip had seemed to him only ten minutes, and it seemed the same to me.

We walked up the grassy hill, landscaped with

lindens and hemlock, along the straight canal that led to the sea from Catherine's palace, and felt out each other's tastes a bit. At the top, in the distance, were big signboards with posters of the current Five-Year Plan. From where we were, they almost completely screened the rosy, ruined walls of the palace. In front of the gaudy billboards and extending down to the canal past the dry fountains were scores and scores of statues. They were nearly life-size, and they were so newly and richly gilded that they shone like minted gold. I asked him what he thought of the statues, but all he could see was the atrocious incongruity of the billboards. We agreed that the statues must be of gilded bronze, because even the Soviet power would not gild marble lilies.

We walked slowly up to the top, and there talked with one of the strong, rosy-cheeked women who did everything at Peterhof. There was no complaint about her hard work or her hard life. She was only sorry that there were no longer in the world such great Italian masters to make more such statues and to build more such palaces. She said that almost every bit of the restoration, the statues, the water system, the buildings, and the fountains, had been done by women. There just were not enough women.

While we were talking the fountains were turned on, and we were able to turn our backs on the billboards and see the crowds of shining statues against a proper background of fantastic water and dark foliage. It was an extraordinarily beautiful sight — a half-savage Versailles with a somber and shining splendor that was Russia.

The main jets sprang thirty or forty feet in the air, and long lines of tall, delicate columns of water went far along both sides of the canal and to both right and left into the surrounding trees. When the water fell back, it boiled and surged over the skillfully wrought bases as the sea streams over coral. There was a gigantic golden Samson in the middle, wrestling with the lion, and golden lion cubs peeped out from the streaming caverns beneath. Behind him were two flying Mercuries, one on each side. The long, curving jet of water from the mouths of the serpents which were twined about their arms made perfect continuations of the curve of their bodies, so that there were two perfect semicircles of gold and crystal. Here and there among the golden figures were spouts and jets, and great fans of water gushed forth like huge sea shells.

We must have sat on the parapet and watched and talked for hours. Still under the spell of the fountains, I asked my friend if he had ever heard or read of the strange experience which had happened at Versailles to two respectable, dull, middle-aged English schoolteachers, the Misses Moberly and Jourdain. He had not, so I told him of the curious affair, which is sufficiently well authenticated to constitute a real puzzle and to have its

records kept in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. One day, while on a cultural visit to Versailles, these two unimaginative spinsters suddenly and simultaneously experienced an unpleasant depression and an unaccountable subtle change in the park around them. They found the place populated with people in the costumes of the days before the French Revolution and dotted with long-vanished landmarks. Years after this experience, convincing evidence, which could not possibly have been known to those ladies, was found showing that those landmarks had once actually existed there.

Then my friend told me that once in his life he had experienced something to remember. "I went to a certain small Swedish city for the first time," he said. "From the minute I entered the city, I had the feeling that I had been there before, and that it was all somehow very familiar to me."

"Yes," I said. "That feeling is not uncommon. There is even a special word for it in English, and there are two or three possible explanations."

"I know. This was quite different. For one thing, I could not shake off the strange feeling. I walked down one of the streets. There was a blind turn ahead where the street was blocked by a wall. The feeling of having been there before was so strong that I said to myself, 'When I turn this corner, I shall see in front of me a tower,' and I pictured to myself the arrangement of the turrets and the windows of the tower. When I turned that corner, my hair literally stood on end. There was that tower, its turrets, windows, and every detail as I had pictured it!"

27

SOME dark women, untidy and dirty, wearing kerchiefs and wide, gay skirts and blouses, wandered around the fountains below. "Do you think that they go with this scene?" he asked.

"Perfectly," I answered. He chuckled and patted me on the arm.

What a place Peterhof must have been in Catherine's day, with the fountains lit with colored lights in the evening to give a background for an open-air ballet and for the fireworks which the Russians still love so much!

There was some talk about getting lunch somewhere as we strolled down through the park. "My wife always insists that I take a little something to eat with me," he said, "and I want to share it with you." He brought out a little packet of bread and veal. I ate a slice of bread and meat, and when he insisted that I take more, protesting that he wasn't hungry, I flatly refused until he finally promised to go to a restaurant with me and share a bottle of wine. Then I divided what was left equally in half. But he saw his story through and did not finish quite all of his half, keeping some to give to a passing child later on.

We walked along the waterfront, with the cathedral of Kronstadt bulking very dim in the distance like the upperworks of a ship almost hull down on the horizon. We came to the Chinese House of the Tsars. Its walls were still covered with green and white stripes of wartime camouflage to make it blend into the trees, and on its seaward side was still a big dugout, roofed with several thicknesses of whole logs and iron sheeting. Its windows were boarded up solid with plywood, but on the landward side were wonderful great beds of pansies.

My friend said he raised pansies at home, and his wife, who was a very good woman, particularly loved them. When I told him that my own wife, who did not raise flowers but loved them, was also a very good woman, he smiled and again patted my arm.

It began to spit rain from the low dark clouds overhead, so we went into the one open wing of the Chinese House, which had a small exhibition. It contained little but more golden statues and a few stucco masks and decorations from the great palace. Then we wandered out and sat for a long time on a bench, sheltered from the intermittent rain by the thick leaves of the great lindens overhead. Opposite us was the Chessboard House, now well ruined. He told me that it was so named because it had once formed a series of huge, sloping chessboards, over which flowed the water from a group of fountains.

A brown-faced gypsy woman came up, shook her big hooped earrings, and asked me for some tobacco. She lighted one of the handful of cigarettes I gave her, and told me that I had had a full, happy life — interruptions of annoyance from my friend — and that it would be even fuller and happier in the future. I would have talked with her at length, but my friend took no stock in gypsy fortune-telling. Besides, he had some things he wanted to say himself.

"Have you ever heard the Russian nightingales?" he asked, when she had gone.

"No, but I have heard the English ones, many a time."

"You must hear them. I will take you to a garden I know, where they sing every night."

"But I am going back to Moscow tomorrow."

"No matter. You will come back again, and then I can take you. I want you to come to my home, and to get to know my wife. Also, I go to Moscow occasionally, and when I do, I shall call you at your Embassy. Perhaps we can see something of each other then."

We had kept away from politics until then, but at last the time had come when it was necessary to tell him what one has to tell all of the gentle people who are kind and hospitable in the countries under the Hammer and Sickle. I told him that nothing would please me better than to see him again, but

it would only be asking for trouble for him. During the past year, there was not one Russian friend of any American who had not been told by the secret police that he must stop having anything to do with the Americans. People said that it had not always been so bad, and perhaps this last year marked a low point. Perhaps things would change a bit for the better, and then, when it was clear that it would not harm him, we could see each other often. Meanwhile, we had had this one lovely day. And I quoted him Lermontov's farewell to unwashed Russia.

"I know." He looked depressed. "I have never had any unpleasantness myself. But I am a Russian, and I know that what you say takes place — that you speak the truth. You are right. But I cannot tell you how much this one lovely day means to me."

We found a restaurant in a wing of the great, ruined, rose-colored palace, and there we took a table which was half outdoors on one of the little balconies but sufficiently sheltered to be clear of the occasional showers. There was no wine to be had, but we had some excellent big omelets and some beer. He told me much of interest, for he knew all of the artists, actors, ballerinas, writers, and scientists of Leningrad, and of most other places in Russia. All of the intelligentsia of Leningrad had been evacuated to the Urals during the siege, and he gave me a wise and understanding picture of Russian life.

I knew what would happen about the bill, so on the way in I had lingered behind and given one of the girls money to pay for whatever we might have. Sure enough, he tried to go back on his promise on the grounds that we had had no wine, but for once he was outwitted.

We might just as well have taken the boat back to Leningrad, for it was evening, but instead we caught a stubby little bus which took us to the railroad station. A nice-looking woman in the seat ahead of us was so obviously interested in our conversation that we both started talking for her especial benefit, and she was vastly amused. The railroad station was completely ruined and open to the sky, with only a long platform down one side.

Fortunately, the rain had stopped, and we did not have long to wait for our train. It was filled with holiday makers and children, all loaded down with wild flowers.

"At least you can call me on the telephone," said my friend.

I laughed indulgently. "Then everyone will know I have called."

"But I have my own private telephone. I am not on a switchboard."

"Since when has any Russian telephone been really private?" I asked.

"Yes. You are right," he sighed.

When we pulled into the Baltic Station, we took

a streetcar. I know that both of us were genuinely sorry when we reached the general vicinity of the Astoria and it came time for me to get off. Perhaps we shall see each other again. One can never tell.

28

ON a bright and windy morning I took an Intourist automobile, for there was a lot of ground to be covered, and went straight over the bridges to the Fortress of Peter and Paul. It does not give the impression of strength that some fortresses give, for its low, moated walls are of brick instead of stone. And there are dwellings and rooms within them. Those walls make up in thickness what they lack in height. We drove inside through a long tunnel. Like the medieval kremlins, the Petropavlovsk Fortress is really a walled town, with many buildings, trees, and open spaces inside.

Although the prisons would have been interesting, there was one thing above all else that brought me there. We stopped at the doors of the *Sobor*, or Cathedral, and I went straight in. And there it was — a regular thicket of white tombs, packed close together in front of the altar screen and scattered all over the wide, empty floor. They were the tombs of all the Tsars from the founding of St. Petersburg to the fall of the Romanovs, excepting only Nicholas II, whose last resting place is known only to the Soviet power. Two great black flags of mourning hung across the tomb of Peter the Great.

It gave me a creepy, eerie feeling to read those names and to know that they were actually there — Peter I, Anna, Catherine the Great, the other Catherine, Elizabeth, the two other Peters, Paul, who had made his mother's lovers stand watch over her body and that of his long-dead father. Russia has always been more or less inaccessible, always secret and mysterious, and the violent, fearful lives of those rulers of all the Russias seem so remote and legendary that it was hard to believe this evidence of reality and of mortality. With only two exceptions, every tomb is a plain white marble rectangular coffin, with no decorations other than the name of the inhabitant and a flat golden cross, with the one skewed crossbar, on the top. The wives and children, the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, are there also.

The two exceptions are the green jasper of the tomb of Alexander II and the rose quartz of that of Marie, his Tsaritsa. They are gorgeous pieces of stone. But there is a placard beside them, which says in the characteristically bilious Soviet fashion that the reasons for those two tombs being different were fear and deception. Nicholas II, terrified by the rising temper of the people after the 1905 Revolution, caused them to be made in order to build up the legend of Alexander II, the emancipator of the serfs, as Liberator of the People. Per-

haps that may contain a grain of truth, which is doubtful, but even a loyal Party member must weary sometimes of the endless effort to grind every grain of grist in the propaganda mill. If it is in a Russian to appreciate the effectiveness of restraint, which seems often doubtful, the regime should be able to improve their propaganda from the viewpoint of their own interests. Still, no one can accuse them of not knowing what they are doing, and it is probable that those who are offended by their heavy-handed hammering are less numerous and less important to them than those they persuade. Intolerance stands high among their defects, and yet intolerance seems to be a peculiarly Russian characteristic.

There were several Russians in the Cathedral, all there to see the tombs and the church itself. Most of them were unconcerned and unmoved, but in two or three cases, including one Red Army officer, their deep reverence before their officially discredited former masters was remarkable. It would be easy for one who does not live in Russia to mistake such open respect for a sign of tolerance on the part of the regime. Just because the regime does not lay violent hands upon all who do not conform does not mean that it is not efficient in removing all competition. At best, the Red Army officer who was so moved at the sight of the Tsars' tombs would be regarded as politically undeveloped, and those who are politically undeveloped have no future unless they mend their ways.

That night, after a good dinner of pheasant and ice cream, the tall, blonde, peaches-and-cream Intourist girl who had met me at the pale-green Moskovsky Station took me back to the same station and put me on the Red Arrow for Moscow. I shared a room on the train with a man whom I had seen once or twice at the Astoria and who I thought was a Russian. He had some jerky, nervous mannerisms, but was quiet, highly intelligent, and thoroughly civilized when I once got to know him a bit. He was not Russian, but a Finn who had lived for many years in Leningrad before the Russo-Finnish war, when the border was more open than it has ever been since. Like most of the Finns of my acquaintance, he was a stout fellow who was not afraid of the Russian Bear, but who had no illusions about it or its intentions. We talked and watched the ragged fields and forests go past the windows, drinking glass after glass of tea, until I looked at my watch and was surprised to find that it was nearly morning. The White Nights are no time to catch up on one's sleep.

Nell was on the station platform to meet me, looking very vivid in a dress of Chinese red, and it was wonderful to see her. It seemed as though I had been gone for a month, and it was extremely pleasant to come into our apartment, high and light, with a cool breeze blowing through it on such a warm day.

Natasha, our maid, was tremendously interested in everything I had seen in Leningrad, and I had to tell her all about it at great length. At the end, she said, "Leningrad is indeed a wonderful city. They say that once they had a rain of stars there. They all plunged into the sea, and it was a wonderful sight." After I had assured myself that I had heard correctly, she went on, "Yes, and once they had a great earthquake in the Crimea. The earth opened in great cracks in front of people, and it was very terrible." I felt that I had failed her a bit in not having seen at least a sea serpent in Leningrad.

29

I HAVE been back home again in Moscow for some time. My new office is crowded with other naval officers and, since it is on the street level, noisy. Just outside the doors is a swarm of Russians — chauffeurs and help of all sorts — through which every visitor must come.

Yesterday the telephone rang in my office. It was the scholarly, aristocratic little old man whom I had come to know at Peterhof. He was in Moscow for a day or so on business, and he would like very much to renew our acquaintance. He agreed that perhaps it would not be well for him to come to the Embassy, but he was staying at the Grand Hotel and would welcome my coming to his room for the afternoon.

After hanging up, I started to worry. The last thing in the world that I wanted to do was to get this gentle old man, one of the very few Russians who I felt was really a friend, into trouble, yet it seemed that this was what would happen, just as the night follows the day. It is only since being in Russia that it has become clear to me that what passes for Soviet justice is not based on what people

have done, but what they might do. Since from this point of view most of the damage had probably already been done by his telephone call, which was undoubtedly monitored by his hotel, I went to see him, taking a couple of bottles of wine and some tobacco.

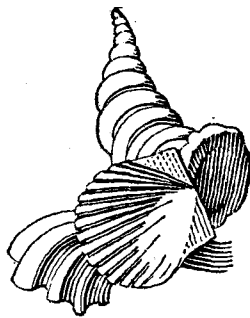
He was the same warm, charming gentleman that I remembered, eager to talk about Russian intellectual life and the outside world. Time after time, when his voice would rise emphatically to make a point, it was necessary for me to make gestures which said that the walls had ears. Some of the hotel rooms even have concealed cameras. Nevertheless, it was an interesting afternoon, and when he accompanied me to the door of his room, he beamed and said, "This shows that it is entirely possible for us to see each other."

"You are not yet out of Moscow," I answered rather grimly. "Tomorrow, just before your train leaves, call me from a pay telephone in the station, and perhaps I will believe you. Don't call my office, for I may not be in, and it would not be wise to leave messages. Nell will be in my apartment, and when she answers the telephone, just say '*Veyaw v poryadkye!* — Everything's all right.' She will be expecting such a call."

Today, when I came home from the office for lunch, all the Russian servants from the near-by apartments were gathered around our door, chatting excitedly. "Gospodin Admiral," said one of them, "some Russian has just called on the telephone. He said that he was a friend of yours, and to tell you that everything was all right. What do you suppose he meant by that?"

Naïveté and a clear conscience must have brought to destruction vastly more Russians than anything they themselves ever did. Or maybe — just maybe — my friend was forced to seem free.

(The End)





A humorist who has been too often punished for his lighthearted ability to speak, SIR ALAN PATRICK HERBERT is one of the most famous contributors to Punch and was, in a more serious mood, a member of Parliament from Oxford University from 1935 to 1950. Atlantic readers will remember him for his irresistible parody of Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Soho, for his delightful novel of the Thames, The Water Gipsies, and for his ballads and She-Shanties, which are quoted by all lovers of light verse.

AFTER DINNER

by A. P. HERBERT

I

THE dog, considered a sagacious beast,
Does not give tongue when he has had a feast.
Nor does the cow go mooing round the mead
To tell the world that she's enjoyed her feed.
Not even lions, I imagine, roar
After a meal — unless they want some more.
All Nature has agreed that it is best,
When fully fed, to ruminate and rest.
The Ancient Romans, flushed with food and wine,
Decided it was wiser to recline.
The cannibal, when he has had his fun,
Does not propose the health of anyone.
But Modern Man, by some malignant fate,
When he has eaten, simply must orate;
And those who don't, though eager for repose,
Must strain their ears for quantities of prose.
If toasts and speeches have effective force
Our land should be as healthy as a horse.
If wishful drinking rings a magic bell
Our Trade, our Industry, should do quite well.
This quaint old custom could be understood
If all the speeches were extremely good.
But it is not a very easy trade,
And more than half of them were best not made.
Oh, what a wise and comfortable thing
If all the toasts were silent — like "The King!"
Oh, may I live to hear the Chairman say:
"Friends, you are welcome at our feast today.
Enjoy yourselves! Good company — good cheer!
And that's the only speech that you will hear."

SO WROTE the poet Herbert long ago; and there is not much more to be said. It is, of course, no use saying anything on the poet's main proposal: Cut out all the speeches. You might as well say: Cut out smoking and kissing. Civilized Man has got this bug into him for good, and it is as invincible as the common cold. Strangely, it does not attack most fiercely the cultured and the learned, who might be expected to have the most to say, and to say it most felicitously. On "Grand Nights" at the

Inns of Court in London there are no speeches, though the hosts are the greatest lawyers in the land and most of their guests are from some top drawer — archbishops, statesmen, even literary men. No, it is among simple men and humble societies that the disease, the vice, has the strongest hold — the small Town Hall, or sailing club, or factory gathering, where few of the company can put two defensible sentences together. But at the annual dinner anybody can make a speech — and nearly everybody does.

I should not really, if I were World Dictator, make after-dinner speaking unlawful "on a planetary basis" (as some would say). It has made many inspiring and delicious evenings, given strength and comfort to multitudes — and will again. No, it can be a good thing, and should be a good thing always. My true complaint is that nine times out of ten it is spoiled by avoidable bungling, by laziness, by faulty command, by lack of respect for a difficult art; and so, instead of a good thing, you have a burden and a bore. The World Dictator would certainly admonish and advise the Promoters (the men, the chairmen, the secretaries, who thoughtlessly devise and vaguely organize these affairs) as follows: —

You have to think of two parties: *a)* your company — your diners — and *b)* your speakers; and if you have *c)* a Cause, you must think even more about *a)* and *b)*.

First, your *a)*, your dutiful diners, who have, perhaps, paid for tickets, have dressed themselves laboriously in their best, and come through rain, snow, or heavy heat to support you. You want them not merely to "go away happy" but to be happy all the time — especially if you have a Cause and intend to pass blank checks round the table after the Big Speech. To this end you make them as comfortable as you can; you choose the

food and the wine with care — or as much care as the Society can afford; you have nicely printed menus, lists of the guests, plans of the tables, flowers, cigars — everything is thought of, and thought out. You would not order a dinner of too many courses so that people would pray for the eating to stop and the cigar-smoking to begin. If you hire singers or entertainers to perform after dinner, they are strictly rationed in time, and you sternly frown upon excessive encores.

But when you come to the Speech Department you seem to abandon thought and surrender all control. Your dinner is billed for 7.30 — “Carriages at 11” (as they still say sometimes in old-fashioned London Town). That is three hours and a half — quite a slice out of a life (to say nothing of an hour and a half’s dressing and traveling before it). Dinner is over at, say, 9. You now make your first big mistake. You assume, like a fussy hostess, that for the whole of the rest of the time available you must *entertain* the company.

Very rarely do you even allow an official interval between the end of dinner and the beginning of the speeches, so that people in need may visit the wash-room. At private dinners, for many centuries, such an opportunity has been provided; but at public banquets, for some reason, the human body is supposed to stop working. The ladies, of course, are fair game — they have no bodies, and you will not give them a thought; but you might be expected to acknowledge the bodies of men. A man who is making one of the first speeches, under your nonstop régime, is imprisoned at the “Top table” for the entire evening. Not only must he be ready in his place for his own speech: he cannot, in courtesy, go out during anyone else’s. His only course is to stalk out alone during the coffee stage, and then everyone whispers, “Ah, yes, a nervous type.”

The mind, as well, requires relief. You have brought two or three hundred pleasant people together. Many of them know each other; very many of them would like to. They should be allowed to move about, talk to old friends and perhaps make new ones. But because of the endless oratory they are glued all the evening to the little group in which you have put them. They cannot talk to anyone else till the endless oratory is over; and then they are so exhausted by the endless oratory that their only wish is to hurry home. How often, after public dinners, I have seen by the list of guests that old friends were present too, and I had never a word with them, sometimes never set eyes on them!

2

THE simple rule (universally ignored) is “*Don’t have too many speeches!*” There are few tunes so good and important that they can stand being trumpeted for two solid hours. Only at some starry Pilgrims’ Dinner or Lord Mayor’s Banquet, where

all the speakers are Churchills, Trumans, Archbishops, Eisenhowers, or Stevensons, is continuous oratory likely to be endurable, and even then it is not a safe bet. What insolence it is, then, to try to bring it off with a string of ordinary, stuttering mortals!

I do not know what happens in the United States, but in England a new horror has appeared. Not only are there too many toasts, but every toast is duplicated. At a jubilee orgy about Charles Dickens *two* people were charged to propose “the Immortal Memory” (I resented this, rather, because I was Number One; and when I propose a toast I like to propose it and not act as a kind of overture or “trailer”). Two people proposed “the Dickens Fellowship” and two replied. Six speeches, where two would have been enough. There is not really all that to say about Charles Dickens. All spoke well (except myself) but at great length; and all (with variations) said the same thing over and over again. At 11.15 someone rose and began proposing the Chairman’s health. Long before that many of the company had reasonably — nay, wisely — left. I could not leave. But by that time I hated the very name of Dickens; and if there had been a subscription in aid of Dickens, they would not easily have squeezed a dollar out of me. If the dinner had been in aid of the blind, the widows, or the orphans, I should still have been more concerned with my own misfortunes than theirs.

Now, Mr. Promoter, you can’t tell me that such an affair, founded on so much good will, begun with such gaiety, was well handled — some of the guests slinking guiltily out, others angrily muttering and reluctantly remaining. What a climax!

“Ah,” you will say, “but they all spoke too *long*.”

Whose fault is that? You told none of them how many other people were speaking; you gave none of them a time limit. And towards the end, when it was quite clear that “Carriages at 11” was a mocking and deceitful hope, you did not act as a leader should. You did not pass notes to the last few speakers: “Sorry, but not more than five minutes, *please*.” True, some of them would have been bitterly offended, but that was your duty. You failed. It is just as if you allowed the chef to serve six sweets, or six savories, all more or less the same. That would have horrified you. But when it is a question of food for the mind, anything will do.

Another thing. You know very well that in no two hotels or banqueting rooms do microphones and loud-speakers work in just the same way. Sometimes they don’t work at all. Your speakers have no notion how their particular instruments work, or whether the room is “good for sound.” Some of them thrust their muzzles into the mikes and deafen everybody in the room. Others stand off and talk confidentially, relying on the mike, but hard to hear

almost everywhere, and quite inaudible at the tables under the gallery. Others do a bit of both, so that they are alternately shouting and silent. It is not their fault. Nobody has told them anything. You, sir, with the Secretary — indeed, with the whole Committee — should have made a Strategic Acoustic Survey *before* the dinner, found out what everyone should do to be heard everywhere — and *told the speakers about it*. Did you do that, sir? No, you never thought of it.

3

THAT brings us easily to *b*) — your Duty to Your Speakers. No one is paid for making after-dinner speeches, and heaven knows why anyone does it, except the politicians or the champions of a Cause. Nor is it a light and trifling task, even for those with much experience. It is all very well to say, “It comes easy to you. Anyhow, the boys will love it.” No one with any respect for a difficult art will go to the most modest meal without some preparation, and preparation means work and worry.

I find that the odious duty begins to nag at my mind three or four days ahead. I give two or three hours work to it the day before, and am distracted from my ordinary work most of the day of the dinner. There is often a sort of hangover of distraction next day, especially if the oration has not gone well. It does not help an author much to make a good speech, but to make a bad one may be damaging; and in either case, some odd remark may slip out, be misrepeated or misinterpreted, “hit the headlines,” add to his enemies and cause a correspondence. Yet many people are offended if a man declines to upset his life for two days in this way.

So, sir, when the Chairman “thanks the speakers” he should mean it, and say it with fire and flowers. And long before the dinner he should watch over them with tender care. For one thing, he should make sure that they know what will be the conditions of their ordeal: the size of the room — microphones or not? — the nature and, roughly, the number of the company; what other and how many speakers there will be; at what stage in the evening they will be required to utter, and how long. Will they have to compete with singers or hired entertainers; will dancing follow the dinner; will there be women, and reporters, present; any clergymen, any politicians? — and so on. All these matters are highly important to the conscientious fellow who is preparing an after-dinner speech; and unless he makes himself a nuisance on the telephone, he is hardly ever told anything about any of them.

Then, on behalf of your speakers, Mr. Promoter, I must make a special protest about hired entertainers. By all means, if you wish, amuse your company with singers as well as speakers, *but don't mix them up*. This is a dinner, not a church service. You have asked Mr. Smith to propose “the Immortal Memory,” “Art,” “Literature,” or what not, and Mr. Brown is to reply. At the end of Mr. Smith's oration the toast is movingly honored and the atmosphere is warm and ready for Mr. Brown. Perhaps he has thought of a killing quip in reply to some remark of Mr. Smith's, the kind of “impromptu” all audiences enjoy, because it is evidently a genuine impromptu. The Chairman rises and Mr. Brown braces himself for battle. But the Chairman says: “We will now have a song.” A vast soprano then appears and sings two terrible songs. She likes singing and is only by rude glances prevented from singing a third. At last comes Mr. Brown's turn, but by this time the warm, dramatic atmosphere has gone; people have forgotten what Mr. Smith said, and Mr. Brown's killing quip seems neither clever nor quick, for during the songs he had time to think of a dozen. This arrangement, Mr. Promoter, is not only discourteous to Mr. Smith but shows your deficiency in a sense of drama. Get the speeches over first and then let loose the conjurers, baritones, jugglers, and Harmony Fours.

These, then, sir, are the rules that I, the World Dictator, lay down for you: —

1. It is *not* true that “anyone can make a speech.” Very few can do this thing well. Therefore, put no man down for a speech simply because “he is a very good fellow” or “has done so much for the Society.” In one intolerable ramble he may wipe out the good will of fifty years.

2. It is *not* true that diners want to listen to speeches all the evening. They like talking to each other too; they like going to the washroom, ordering drink, or simply wandering about. Therefore, do not have too many speeches.

3. Having decided how much time is to be taken by speeches, try to stick to it if you can, without being downright rude. Tell every speaker — a week *before* — how much, or how little, you want of him. If the first speakers grossly exceed their ration of time, tell the later ones to cut their speeches shorter, apologizing and explaining why. If Mr. Jones fights Mr. Smith at the end of it all, that is their affair.

4. Do all you can to assist your speakers; keep them separate from jugglers and card tricks.

5. Nearly all public dinners begin well; very few of them end well. Say to yourself: *This* one will be different. Not one guest shall go away bored. They shall go away saying, “I wish there had been a few *more* speeches.”



There is a popular belief that Big Business in America as it has grown bigger has invoked monopoly in place of the competition by which we used to live. Is this in fact the case? The answer is of vital interest at a time when our economy must be at full strength to prevail in the tug of peace. SUMNER H. SLICHTER, who has devoted a great deal of study to the article which follows, is Lamont Professor at Harvard University, an economist widely respected from coast to coast.

THE GROWTH OF COMPETITION

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

1

ONE of the most widely held misconceptions about the American economy is the belief that competition is gradually diminishing in vigor and is being supplanted in many industries by various forms of monopoly. The belief that competition is dying is probably accepted by a majority of economists and certainly by a large part of the general public. Probably no single belief has done more to undermine confidence in the future of the economy and to convince many people that socialism or central planning is inevitable.

If competition in fact were dying out, the matter would be most serious. Competition quickly and severely punishes managements that are stupid or lazy or that get out of touch with conditions. In the tough struggle between Communism and private enterprise, business needs the spur and the discipline of stiff competition to keep it dynamic and well managed.

But as inquiry will show, competition is not dying out; it is steadily spreading, taking new forms, and growing in vigor. Granted that in some industries it is not as strong or as pervasive as it should be. Granted that the business world is full of groups that wish strong competition for the other fellow but desire restraints on rivalry among their own members. Granted that some of the groups wishing to limit competition (the high tariff advocates and the "fair trade" advocates) have strong influence within Congress, and that there is danger that this businessman's Administration may weaken the foundations of private enterprise by supporting curbs on competition. But the fact which overshadows all others in significance is that competition over the years has been gaining, not losing, in vigor, and there is good reason to expect it to continue to grow. What steps can we take to encourage it?

The belief that competition is dying owes its

broad acceptance mainly to the rise of big business. People quite understandably but wrongly confused big business with monopoly. It was discovered that in most industries half to three fourths of the output was concentrated in the hands of four or five firms or less. The conspicuous growth of large companies led to the belief that concentration of economic power was growing. Books expounding this theme were widely read, and one by Berle and Means became famous. The Roosevelt Administration appointed a special commission to study the alleged concentration of economic power.

Within the last few years, however, it has become clear that the public's ideas about the concentration of economic power were wrong. Two facts in particular stand out. One is that a considerable degree of concentration is found in many forms of activity. For example, more than half of the members of Protestant churches are found in 5 denominations out of more than 220; half of the candidates for Ph.D. in economics are found in four institutions, and half of the physicists with Ph.D.'s received their degrees in one of ten large institutions. Similar concentration occurs in other fields of learning — though the institutions that give the most degrees vary. Consequently, when consumers concentrate their buying of cars or cigarettes or soap, they are behaving in a normal fashion — in the same way that people do in selecting their churches or schools. Hence, concentration of production does not mean that sellers are dominating buyers. It simply reflects the fact that there is frequently a great concentration of people's choices.

The second fact is that the degree of concentration of production has not appreciably changed in the last fifty years. Measurement of concentration is difficult — some studies show some increase, others show some decrease in recent decades. The

only safe conclusion is that there has been little change in the degree of concentration. In so far as the belief that competition is declining rests upon the assumption that concentration of production is growing, it rests upon a fictitious foundation. Incidentally, even a growth in the concentration of production is not conclusive evidence that competition is becoming less vigorous, because a few large concerns may battle strenuously for larger shares of the market.

2

THE evidence that competition has been spreading, taking new forms, and growing in vigor is abundant. This evidence falls into five principal parts: 1) the disappearance of various conditions that have limited competition; 2) the rise of new business methods and new types of business organizations that increase competition; 3) the increase in the number of products, services, and processes, broadening the range of buyers' choices and intensifying the struggle for the buyers' trade; 4) changes in conditions which intensify old forms of competition; and 5) the growing efforts of business to improve its products and to meet the desires of consumers.

The disappearance of various conditions that have limited competition. The holders of the belief that competition is declining look back to an imaginary age when the country was made up of many thousands of small concerns all vigorously competing with one another. As a matter of fact, these conditions never existed. Population was sparse and transportation was poor and expensive. Most communities could afford few business concerns and were pretty completely cut off from other places by the pooriness of roads. It is plain that such conditions limited competition.

What a transformation has occurred! The growth of population has made possible several competing stores or dealers in many places where formerly there was room for only one. Far more important has been the effect of better transportation. The automobile and good roads have given extraordinary mobility to consumers. With two out of three families owning cars and with good roads covering the land, buyers are able to switch their custom from one seller to another, indeed from one town to another, to take advantage of any attractive buying opportunities within a radius of fifty miles or more. Never in the history of the world has such a large body of consumers been so well provided with good transportation and thus been so independent of the merchants of any particular town or place.

Improved transportation has also stimulated competition by exposing producers to competition from new and distant sources of supply. Of special interest are refrigeration and pipe lines. Refrigeration

in vessels and railroad cars has put the winter fruits and vegetables of the South and the tropics in competition with the canned and preserved fruits and vegetables of the North; coal from West Virginia and Pennsylvania must compete in the East with gas piped halfway across the continent from Oklahoma and Texas.

The rise of new business methods and new types of business organizations that increase competition. One of the most stimulating competitive developments of the last century has been the rise of mail-order selling, because it has brought vigorous competition into thousands of communities, no matter how isolated. Mail-order selling has been a fairly recent growth. Back in the days of Adam Smith — a time when many people uncritically assume that competition was more pervasive than it is today — there was no selling by mail. The great mail-order houses got their start in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. But mail-order selling is by no means confined to the mail-order houses, and it is constantly being extended to new products. One may buy by mail, not only any article of apparel or food or furniture, but trailers, boats, insurance, and prefabricated houses.

Mail-order selling was soon followed by two other types of distributor — the chain store and the supermarket. Each is based on the discovery that cutting traditional retail mark-ups produces rapid turnover of stocks and good profits. The grocery chains and supermarkets have little respect for the conventional boundary lines of business and are selling cigarettes, toys, phonograph records, hardware, underwear. Today about half of the supermarkets are carrying nylon hosiery. A year ago the proportion was one out of four. Three out of four supermarkets now handle houseware items such as cutlery, cake pans, butter dishes, and many others, and their sales of these items are estimated at more than \$135 million a year. The supermarkets are even invading the fields of the drug store, the great disregarder of business boundary lines. In many communities more tooth paste and shaving cream are sold in supermarkets than in drug stores. But the drug stores have retaliated by selling groceries, so that in some places more coffee is sold in drug stores than in grocery stores.

New kinds of business are constantly arising to threaten the markets of old businesses. The motel competes with the hotel, the driv-ur-self companies with taxis and even with owning one's own car, the outdoor movie with the motion picture theater, the book clubs with the retail bookstores, the vending machine with the retail store. Self-service drug stores have recently come into existence. Another new type of business is the renting of tools to persons who wish to build their own houses or to do other construction work for themselves. Savings banks, within the last fifty years, have had

to meet stiff competition for the savings of individuals from life insurance salesmen, credit unions, mutual funds, and even government savings bonds; in some states savings bank life insurance competes with the ordinary life companies. Of particular importance in increasing the competitiveness of the economy are the recently developed venture-capital companies. These concerns help promising new companies get started in business by putting capital into them and in some cases giving them managerial assistance.

The increase in the number of products, services, and processes. The competitiveness of the economy is constantly being intensified by new products, services, and processes. It is true, of course, that the making of new products (and the plant and equipment to produce them) increases the demand for goods as well as the supply of goods because it brings into existence jobs and incomes. But the new products can get a share of the expanding market which they create only by competing vigorously with old products for the incomes of consumers.

In the period 1940-1951, when the output of the economy as a whole increased by about 5 per cent a year (faster than the long-trend growth) and population was growing less than 1 per cent a year, output and sales of television sets grew 113 per cent a year, freezers 71 per cent, dishwashers 21 per cent, frozen foods 19 per cent, kitchen cabinets nearly 15 per cent, water heaters 14 per cent, electric shavers 8.5 per cent, cigarettes 7.6 per cent, washing machines 7.5 per cent. Unfortunately two of the fastest-growing industries have been parimutuel betting, on which people spent over \$269 million in 1952 — thirty-three times as much as in 1929 — and the gambling coin-machines, on which \$150 million was spent in 1952 — nineteen times as much as in 1929. New industries which grow faster than the average are a constant threat to the established industries. The new industries force the old ones to keep prices down and values up in order to retain their share of the market and to keep their sales from shrinking.

Many new commodities and services meet essentially the same need as some old product or service. When this happens, two or more products or services battle for the same market. The advance of technology is constantly increasing the number of commodities and services that are in direct competition with each other. Consider some of the many cases of intercommodity competition that have developed during the last fifty years. Today oil competes with coal, and gas in turn competes with oil. Cotton and wool meet the ever-growing competition of artificial fibers, paper competes with glass and cloth, the bus and the privately owned automobile with the railroad, frozen food with canned food, the telephone with the telegraph, the movies with the legitimate theater, and tele-

vision with the movies, the radio with the newspaper, oleomargarine with butter, the trailer with the apartment or dwelling house. Five years ago the volume of detergents sold was one-eighth the volume of soap. Today sales of detergents by weight exceed the sale of soap.

Changes in conditions that intensify old forms of competition. Competition is being stimulated by the growth of leisure and by the fact that people own much larger stocks of goods than they formerly possessed. Within the last fifteen years the five-day week has become fairly universal outside of agriculture. The spread of the five-day week has intensified the ancient competition between home work and industry and has caused the home to win back part of the lost ground. Largely because Saturday is no longer a workday in industry, people are painting and papering their own houses, even building their own houses in all or part, and are making increasing quantities of furniture and clothing. In one community the building of additional bedrooms in attics is so great that a course in night school instruction is offered to help owners do a better job. The result has been a rapid growth in sales of paints, patterns, hand tools, and semi-prefabricated houses to individuals. Industry, of course, continues to strive for work that might be done in the home. One of the most interesting recent efforts of industry to compete with the home is the laundrette — the self-service laundry.

The great increase in personal possessions in itself intensifies competition between the new and the old. In the early days of the automobile industry, for example, there was little competition between new cars and old ones — nearly all of the cars purchased were new ones. Today, most prospective buyers have the choice of buying either a good secondhand car or a new one. Indeed, the purchases of old cars in 1952 were considerably more than half again as large as the purchases of new cars. That means that unless the new cars are sufficiently more attractive than the old, the owners will use their old cars a year or two longer. Despite this, about three out of five purchasers of new cars trade in a car that is less than five years old.

What is true of automobiles is true of other forms of durable goods — refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, radios, even television sets. A large proportion of the possible buyers of new articles already possess an earlier model which serves the essential purpose and is not discarded until the new models are sufficiently superior. The secondhand market flourishes. The fact that American families are already well stocked with a wide variety of durable consumer goods is additional reason why producers place so much emphasis upon improving the quality of their goods rather than simply reducing the price.

The expansion of technological research. The expenditure of huge sums on improving old products and developing new products is a recent change in

industry which has attracted surprisingly little attention. Half a century ago industry depended for inventions and discoveries largely upon enterprising and daring individuals (a Morse, McCormick, Bell, Goodyear, Edison, Marconi, or Ford) who went ahead on their own with such resources as they had or could beg or borrow.

During the last thirty years (and especially the last twenty) a revolutionary change has occurred. The search for new and better products and for better methods in many enterprises is becoming a normal part of business operations and is being financed out of the current revenues of business concerns. The result has been a startling growth in the scale of research and the support given to it. In 1950, private industry spent about \$1.1 billion on technological research — nine times as much as in 1930. More than four times as many scientists were employed in industrial laboratories in 1950 as were employed twenty years before.

Industrial research is competition at its best, because it means that the producer is making systematic efforts to reduce his costs or to improve his product. Hence, the spectacular growth of research and the huge sums now spent every year on improving products and cutting costs refute effectively the assertion of those who argue that the economy is becoming less competitive. Never in the world's history have existing products and methods encountered a greater challenge from new products and better methods. Better fabrics, better methods of insulation, better methods of preserving food are among the many changes that will soon be ready. Furthermore, the kind of competition represented by research tends to spread and to grow more intense. The very fact that one enterprise is using research to cut its costs or to improve its products means its rivals must do the same thing or be left behind. One laboratory leads to others and to further competition. Although industrial research has been spreading rapidly, even today only a few managements appreciate its possibilities. Hence there is room for an enormous expansion of research during the next few years.

3

EVEN though the economy has been growing more competitive, the country would be wise to encourage competition still further. So important is keen business rivalry that we should not trust to chance that it will continue to gain in vigor. There are a number of ways in which it could be encouraged:—

Avoid reimposing the excess profits tax except in time of war. This tax hits hardest the very person who needs to be encouraged — the successful innovator. He will become a more formidable and effective competitor if he is permitted to plow back a large part of the profits of his successful innovation

instead of turning most of them over to the government.

Forbid agreements by which manufacturers control the prices which retailers charge for the manufacturer's product. Such agreements prevent the more efficient retailers from attempting to gain volume by underselling their less efficient rivals and thereby limit competition. Experience proves that the margins which manufacturers give to retailers are far greater than efficient retailers require.

Encourage enterprises to install new and better equipment by giving managements greater discretion over the rate at which they are permitted to charge depreciation for tax purposes. More rapid replacement of equipment would be encouraged by permitting larger write-offs in the first several years of the life of an asset.

Withdraw undue protection to American industries against foreign competition. A large part of American manufacturing industries are protected by such high duties that they have virtually no foreign competition. Although they are exposed to all kinds of competition in the American economy, some direct competition from abroad would be stimulating.

Encourage able young executives to go into business for themselves. This is a difficult and complicated problem. Many thousands of new enterprises are started in the United States each year, but about half of them are sold or liquidated within two years. One of the difficulties is that the persons best qualified to start new enterprises — namely, successful young executives in established concerns — usually have such good prospects for advancement with their present employers that they are little inclined to take the enormous risks inherent in striking out on their own or in accepting an offer from a struggling new company.

The venture-capital companies that have come into existence within the last few years are an important step in the direction of encouraging able executives to start out on their own. These concerns, as I have pointed out, are especially important because they put capital into new enterprises — enterprises which have no earnings record but which appear to be promising. Thus the venture-capital companies help able men obtain much-needed funds.

Changes could be made in the corporate income tax laws that would make working for a new and struggling concern a more attractive gamble for executives than it is today. An executive who gives up a secure job with an established enterprise is now compelled to sacrifice the pension rights he has earned during his service. This is unfair and, in addition, it is bad for the economy as a whole. When an executive who shifts from one company to another sacrifices his pension rights, pension rights become a form of industrial serfdom and discourage competition among concerns for executives. Company contributions to pension plans should not be permitted to be counted as an expense

in computing tax liability unless the plan vests with any employee of, say, ten years service or more the right to claim all premium payments made on his behalf.

Help small companies with an earnings record obtain the capital needed for growth. Next to the scarcity of capital for new companies, the most serious lack in the capital market is the scarcity of funds for small but growing companies — companies which need medium-term or long-term loans but which are too small to go to the bond market and which represent too great a risk for life insurance companies and other institutional investors. Hence there is need for more venture-capital companies and also for more of the similar industrial development companies, such as the Industrial Development Bank of Canada and the Maine Development Corporation. If small concerns find it easier to grow, competition is bound to be brisker.

Expand the government's support of research. There are limits on the kind of research that private industry can support, because the results of much research soon become available to everyone. Therefore, much of the support of research should come from the government. There has been an enormous increase in government support in the last fifteen years, and the Federal government is spending over \$1.3 billion on research. Unfortunately the availability of the results of much government-supported work is unduly restricted by sincere but ill-conceived efforts to protect national security, and the government is now disposed to cut instead of in-

creasing its grants for research. But government support of research not only aids defense but helps make the national economy both more productive and more competitive.

The growing competitiveness of the economy causes one to be confident that industry will continue to be progressive and that it will adapt itself successfully to changing conditions. The development that gives most reason for confidence is that the support of invention and discovery has become a normal part of business operations. There is, however, a paradox about competition in the making of innovations. Each innovator is attempting to discover something unique — in other words, to become a sort of monopolist. But the public need not fear this sort of monopoly. Each of the would-be monopolists is limited in his power by the fact that he has many rivals who are also attempting to discover acceptable innovations. America is fortunate that its economy in the last generation or so has developed to such an unprecedented degree this best of all kinds of competition. Rivalry in efforts to discover new products and to improve old ones assures us that our fund of technical knowledge will grow rapidly and that the economy will be tough, adaptable, and pretty well prepared for any emergency. The daily necessity of meeting new threats to their markets will keep managements keen and alert and will assure that only the most resourceful and progressive managements will survive.



DAWNING

by JOHN HAY

ONLY to touch is free
And wakes its purity —
A silver to the west,
Even the quail's curled crest
Bobs with its bravery.
A sparrow starting up
Is light that light can tell,
And that first valley bell
A thrush rings is the cup
Unbroken, and the well
Of genesis, Dawns stay
Only to start away.

They Shall Have Music

A graduate of Harvard who has been affiliated with the Boston Symphony since 1918, JOHN

N. BURK is the author of biographies of Clara Schumann and Beethoven. He has edited the most recent edition of Wagner's letters, and for close to two decades he has written and edited a handbook which sets a standard in its field, The Program Notes for the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

ON PRODUCING YOUNG CONDUCTORS

by JOHN N. BURK

1

CAN orchestral conductors be systematically produced? Sometimes they suddenly and unaccountably bless us with their presence. Toscanini, so the record tells us, stepped up from his place in the cello section in a moment of emergency and became a conductor forthwith. Koussevitzky gave up the double bass and with even less orchestral experience started conducting. Beecham, after taking a few music lessons from unknowns in provincial England, simply decided to conduct and at the age of twenty assembled an amateur orchestra in a suburb called Huyton and went on from there. It should be accepted at the outset that any generalization about conductors will be confounded by gleaming exceptions. But there will never be enough of these rare beings to fulfill the world's needs, nor America's. Besides the unaccountables by the grace of God, there must be a far larger number who are no more than highly skilled craftsmen of their profession.

Through the last twenty-five years or so, the symphony orchestras worthy of the name in this country have grown from a small handful to more than five hundred, playing in our large cities and in every sizable community. But, alas, the boon of five hundred orchestras is strictly limited by the ability of their five hundred leaders to build and integrate, to impart zeal to their players, and to increase the number and appetites of their audiences. If as many as five hundred are to flourish, we must have home products to draw upon. It is still a maxim that all the better conductors come from Europe, but it is sheer nonsense to protest that a native-born conductor is pushed aside for a "foreign" one. Any orchestra rightly engages the best man it can find, and a native conductor with real ability will have no trouble whatsoever — he will even have the advantage of a native understanding and a closer rapport.

Our past is quite barren with respect to native-born conductors. From Theodore Thomas until the present we have produced no one really outstanding. The reason is very clear and rather pain-

ful: there has never existed in this country the one absolute essential for a really useful crop of conductors — namely, the soil of initial experience. It is that period between the emergence of the young man from school, eager but still unready to conquer, and the point where he is adequately equipped to take an important position, to face a good orchestra with inward and outward authority and assurance. We have never had this training ground, this apprenticeship, where — and only where — a novice may learn to handle various forces and ply them at will to the realization of his own considered and matured musical conceptions.

Let us look at the American-born conductors who now preside over the orchestras in our larger cities. Alfred Wallenstein in Los Angeles and Saul Caston in Denver were both orchestral players for years before they progressed to what they are. It is significant that a larger and somewhat younger group (ages thirty-six to forty-five) have had some opportunity, previously nonexistent, actually to study conducting: there are Thor Johnson in Cincinnati, Walter Hendl in Dallas, Victor Alessandro in San Antonio, Richard Korn in Memphis, Richard Bales and Howard Mitchell in Washington, D.C. All are able leaders and our concert world would be better off if there were more of their kind. Leonard Bernstein (thirty-five years old), who has no permanent post and who tends to devote himself to composing, is unclassifiable — one of those brilliant exceptions. Each of these learned his rudiments at the Juilliard, Eastman, Curtis, or Peabody school. Most of them — Bernstein, Hendl, Johnson, Bales, and Korn — drew upon Koussevitzky at Tanglewood. Alessandro and Johnson each briefly attended at Salzburg, where conducting was once taught. I wonder whether every one of these, on first facing his "own" orchestra, did not regret having missed that conductor-making mill which has existed for the last three quarters of a century, and still exists, in Central Europe.

A glance at the formative years as listed in the

biographies of a few Central European celebrities will tell a story. Before Bruno Walter became *Hofkapellmeister* at the Staatsoper in Vienna in 1901, at the age of twenty-five, he had conducted opera in Cologne, Hamburg, Breslau, Pressburg, Riga, and Berlin. When Weingartner became *Hofkapellmeister* in Berlin at the age of twenty-eight, he had been a conductor in Leipzig, Königsberg, Danzig, Hamburg, Mannheim. When Furtwängler became conductor of the Tonkünstler Orchestra of Vienna at the age of thirty-three, he had been through the mill of Zürich, Strasbourg, Lübeck, and Mannheim.

In each case there was progress through a succession of municipal theaters, which are the cherished center of public entertainment in each small town in that part of the world, and the eventual emergence in the capital itself — Berlin or Vienna. These theaters seem designed to give the apprentice conductor every kind of training he will need. The mainstay is opera, from Johann Strauss or Lortzing to Wagner. There is spoken drama, often with incidental music, and by the same orchestra an occasional concert, with or without chorus. Performances are almost daily (an important point).

The young newcomer is set to work as *correpetitor*, coaching singers, drilling a choral group, rewriting parts, cuing backstage performers, filling in at percussion or his own instrument, whatever it may be. He will have a chance to be a soloist or to lead the orchestra in accompanying a soloist. Throughout he is learning a very considerable repertory from the inside as he watches its preparation. His advancement from the position of *adlatus* will not long be blocked by personal antagonisms or the rigidities of official seniority, for if the place of *Kapellmeister* does not fall open to him, there are many more theaters of varying size and importance, up to the Hoftheater of Dresden, Hanover, or Baden. After eight or ten years of constant usefulness in an atmosphere of music-making for the sake of the honest musical results rather than any self-glorification (another important point), his ability to take on an orchestra of his own will be limited only by his inner capacity.

This system breeds mediocrity as well as greatness, greatness being by the nature of things scarce. The very word *Kapellmeister* brings thoughts of mediocrity. But mediocrity — *expert* mediocrity — is needed to fill up the smaller corners when there are many corners.

Contrast with this the situation in America. A young man fresh out of school, talented, let us say, and well instructed, faces the cold world with a union card in his pocket and high intentions in his heart. There are many orchestras, to be sure, and of many sorts. If he undertakes a modest one, mostly amateur, he will labor for a month or more over one program, literally teaching the ladies and

gentlemen to play their parts. The performance will be painfully uncertain as to pitch, depressingly smeared as to solo passages. He will be teaching incompetents, learning nothing except, perhaps, forbearance, and gaining something far short of a livelihood. If he succeeds in acquiring an orchestra of good professional standards, his situation will be even worse, because he will confront older and more experienced musicians who will be correspondingly resentful at taking orders from him. Where else can he turn? Choral conducting is a thing apart. There are almost no operatic troupes, so abundant in the Old World and most valuable for all-round experience. There are beginnings in some of our universities, particularly those in the West which have good student orchestras and which are building opera departments. Conducting schools, such as the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood, or Pierre Monteux's school in Hancock, Maine, make a valiant attempt, but a short summer term is not sufficient.

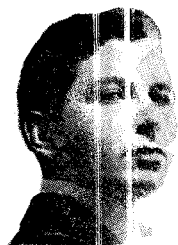
2

YOU might suppose that these uninviting conditions would discourage ambitious youth. But it is not so. There are probably few players in any symphony orchestra who have not cherished the thought, secret or avowed, of one day becoming a conductor. With some it is a consuming ambition. This type will tell any willing ear about his hidden ability and what he could do if only he had a chance. The lust for power gleams in his eye, and the longing to give orders which may not be questioned — the kind of orders he has been taking all his life.

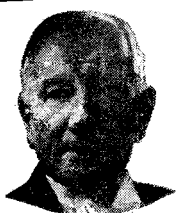
But aside from this, is the goal he hankers after really so desirable? Even the most successful, the most exalted, among conductors is assailed with unpleasant duties. He must goad the slack part of his orchestra by the constant implied threat of dismissal, for a great orchestra must be superhumanly on the *qui vive* — a condition at odds with human nature. He must ruthlessly dismiss an aging or inadequate player when the performing standards require it; he must hold interminable auditions and never quite know whether the man he is turning down may not be the better one but unnerved by that barbarous ordeal. He must, for reasons of institutional expediency, submit to receptions and handshakings which may be irksome to him.

He must look through literally hundreds of scores submitted by composers mostly unknown, and reject nearly all of them for the double reason that there will be place for very few upon a season's programs, and that most would not in any case qualify for performance. One which he may accept may come to him as a blurred photograph of manuscript pages. He must spend many hours

*Music's great artists
acclaim*
STROMBERG-CARLSON®
high fidelity reproduction



Edward Kilenyi, sensational young piano virtuoso, remarks: "The Stromberg-Carlson 'Custom 400' gives the most complete and stunning reproduction of music I have heard in my experience on both sides of the microphone. Here absolute fidelity becomes phenomenal reality."



Ernst Von Dohnanyi, truly great composer, states: "I never enjoyed listening to my recordings as much as I did when I heard them on the 'Custom 400.' For superlative quality I believe that there is nothing finer than a STROMBERG-CARLSON."



Antal Dorati, famed conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, says: "A conductor is especially sensitive to the proper balance of all the orchestra sections. Finding this same perfection in REPRODUCTION—as I found it in the Stromberg-Carlson equipment—is a rare and satisfying experience."



Rafael Kubelik, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, comments: "The balance achieved in the Stromberg-Carlson high fidelity sound reproducer is superb. Rarely have I heard recordings that reproduced all sections of the orchestra in their proper relationships as well as this."

Leopold Stokowski, comments: "For discriminating music lovers who wish to hear great music in its full beauty, I can recommend with confidence the Stromberg-Carlson reproducer, which I have tested."

"It has a single stylus with diamond pick-up and long, light tone arm which reduces distortion to a minimum—a 25-watt amplifier and a pre-amplifier that incorporates the latest technical knowledge—and a 15" speaker with large enclosure."

"All these features create a reproducer of high quality that will give full musical satisfaction to the discerning music lover."



Listening WITH A JEALOUS EAR

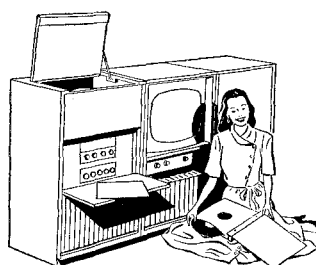
No one listens more jealously to music reproduction than the conductor, the composer, the artist whose own work is being played. No one appreciates more critically the accomplishment

of Stromberg-Carlson's "Custom Four Hundred" high fidelity performance. The seven musical geniuses here have heard—and now they speak. For you, the lover of fine music, the conclusion is plain—"There is nothing finer."

For descriptive literature and name of nearest dealer, write to:

STROMBERG-CARLSON®

1220 Clifford Ave., Rochester 21, N. Y.



Alexander Hilsberg, nationally recognized conductor, says: "The purity and clarity of tone produced by the Stromberg-Carlson 'Custom 400' are remarkable. Even the extreme upper notes of the strings hold their quality so well that it is hard to believe that the sound is reproduced. I did not believe that any electronic equipment could reproduce the timbre of the brass instruments with such satisfying fidelity."



Ellen Ballon, eminent Canadian pianist specially acclaimed for her Chopin and Villa-Lobos performances, states: "The fidelity of the 'Custom 400' is breath-taking. Listening to records on this superb instrument, one must look to believe that it is not the actual performance that is being heard. Hearing my records, I am hearing the moment I played."

absorbing its form and mood, building a detailed conception of it even before the parts are put out for rehearsal. The correction of errors in the parts in rehearsal and the smoothing out of passages ineptly written become tedious, mechanical routine. When the strings and winds are rehearsed separately for better detection of wrong notes, the routine is still more mechanical. Rehearsal of a new work may require four or five times as many hours as a symphony by Beethoven or Brahms, where the music and its general style are familiar to all the players, and the conductor's wishes remembered from previous performances. After the performance a critic, inwardly puzzled after one hearing, may dismiss it with a sentence, while those among the audience who are jarred by an unaccustomed dissonance are apt to be resentful of composer and conductor both.

If a new piece is not repeated at later concerts, the fruitfulness of a hard week's labor will be more than dubious. But the conductor's solemn responsibility is to detect in a welter of modernity that score which bears inherent importance and which, ignored or complained of at first, will on the conductor's insistence and repeated performances be eventually accepted, and at last enjoyed, at its true value.

A full orchestral season is more strenuous for the conductor than for anyone else. While a player is responsible only for what comes out of his own instrument, the conductor is responsible for them all. At each concert he must have every detail at his finger tips as the intricate music unfolds before him. Meanwhile he must convey its inward character — an emotionally exacting task, in which a sort of elusive intuition must guide him. He has many reasons for anxiety: if he is an artist with imagination, he realizes the more keenly the great things that are expected of him; if he is little more than an expert technician (which seems to be the case with most conductors), he must strive to convey a warmth he does not really feel; if he is inexperienced, his worries are different but greater, for with one false beat, one false cue, he faces catastrophe. If he undertakes to conduct without a score, his task is fraught with danger and tension. A conductor once confided to me that he spent sleepless nights when, thinking of the opening chords of a score, he could not help following it through mentally, bar by bar, until the end. An exception is Mitropoulos, whose memory is phenomenal. Even in rehearsal he will not open his score when, for example, he gives an instruction on the thirteenth bar after letter Q. Toscanini, as is well known, memorizes because of nearsightedness.

Famous conductors with "personalities" have

been compared to great actors, but they have no such opportunity of direct personal expression. A Gielgud or an Evans would hardly be content if he were compelled to turn his back to his audience while relying upon a hundred men to deliver his lines with no immediate control on his part except over pause and stress. Such is the barrier through which a conductor must reach his audience. Let us say that he vividly feels the impulse of a symphony by Brahms which is before him; for the moment, he is possessed by a powerful climax or an incandescent melodic passage. He must communicate this vital musical enthusiasm to his audience, but he must do it via others and, so far as he is concerned, in complete silence. He must not (*though he sometimes does*) forget himself and hum. This is frustration of a major sort. Small wonder that he will grasp at his only direct means of communication, the visual, and develop what the French call a *plastique* — an extravagance of gesture really directed to the audience. It is a mannerism as inessential to what is really happening as the "weaving" of certain violinists. Unfortunately, it is distracting to most of us, whose seeing is far more impressionable than our hearing. Intermission chatter overdoes the whole subject and delivers mistaken verdicts about "exhibitionism" or "insincerity." And why not even these qualities in some degree? A conductor is professionally required to give a sense of conviction at all times, even though his personal sympathies may fall short in a particular score.

Conducting is in many ways a grueling and a thankless task, no pursuit for a reasonable man who would dwell at peace with his fellows. It is also an endlessly rewarding task for a man with an unreasonable urge to produce great music-making at all costs. As for his opportunities — there is no limit to them.

A rich musical milieu is necessary if "great" ones are to appear. Richter or Levi took fire from Wagner by personal association, Walter from Mahler and Bruckner. As music takes an increasing part in the life, affection, and general awareness of our people, a keener awareness will become more deep-seated and instinctive in our conductors. As Toscanini has Verdi in his blood, and the younger Cantelli has Rossini in his blood, as Munch in Alsace, between two cultures, grew up in the gospel of Bach and has an equal affinity with Debussy and Roussel, so Leonard Bernstein, and no doubt others from whom we are still to hear, breathe our native music as second nature, from Broadway to Copland. Favorable conditions, including deliberately nurtured apprenticeships, continue to develop, and will bring results.

RCA INTERMATCHED HIGH FIDELITY

... to assure you of HIGH FIDELITY EXACTLY AS YOU WANT IT



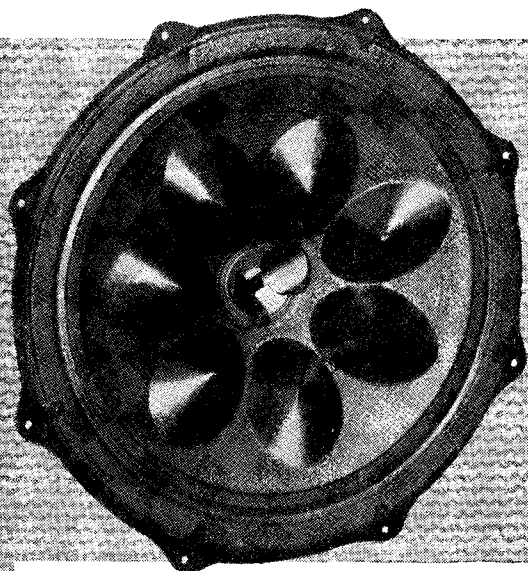
Now—from RCA—comes the ideal way to achieve *exactly what you want in high fidelity*. You can be confident of top quality—every component in your system bears the name you know best in electronics.

For extra assurance—RCA offers a broad selection of components—all designed for top performance in their class—all *intermatched* to work together, regardless of the combination you choose.

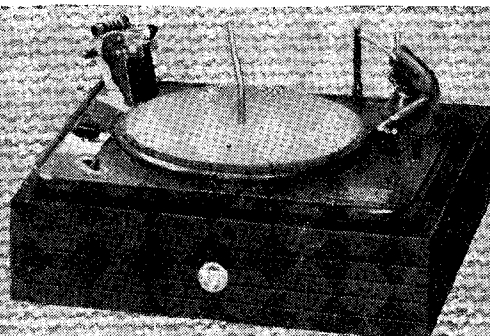
Listen to the full line of RCA *Intermatched* high-fidelity components, look at the distinctive cabinet styles, and make your choice. You'll have a completely matched

system that's right for your home and your taste in high fidelity. You'll have a complete system that you can assemble in minutes, with just a screwdriver. And you'll be prepared at any time to add more power or extra coverage—if you feel you need them—without mismatches at any stage.

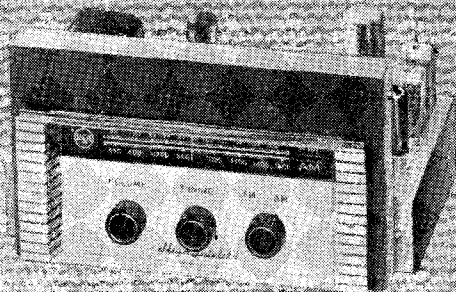
Hear RCA Intermatched High-Fidelity at your local RCA Electronics Distributor's. You'll agree it's high fidelity at its finest. You'll agree it's the sensible approach to high fidelity. For information, for the address of your local distributor, mail coupon below.



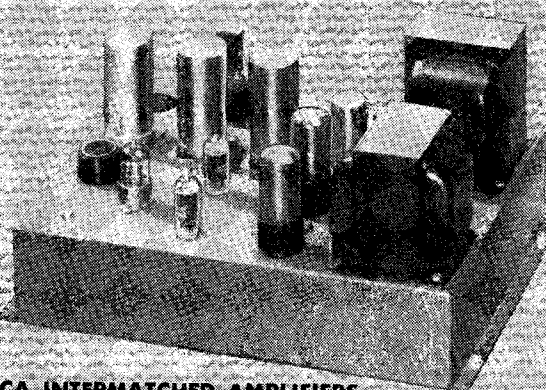
The superb LC-1A Speaker—the measure of high fidelity among professional users of sound—now more brilliant than ever with ACOUSTIC DOMES for wide-range reproduction and DEFLECTION VANES for wide-angle sound distribution. Intermatched for top performance with all other RCA components.



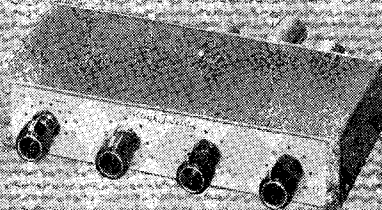
RCA INTERMATCHED CHANGER



RCA INTERMATCHED TUNERS



RCA INTERMATCHED AMPLIFIERS



RCA INTERMATCHED PREAMPLIFIER



RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA
ENGINEERING PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT. CAMDEN, N. J.

RCA Engineering Products
Dept. 224W, Building 15-1, Camden, N. J.

☐ Please send me your new, free booklet on RCA Intermatched high-fidelity equipment.
☐ Please send me information on the new, Complete RCA Victor high-fidelity "Victrola" ® phonographs.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

They Shall Have Music

Poet and critic, WHITNEY BALLIETT reminds us that with the advent of the tape recorder and the long-playing record, jazz, which is the most evanescent of modern music, becomes a permanent part of our musical library. A native of New York now in his twenty-eighth year, Mr. Balliett joined the editorial staff of the New Yorker shortly after his graduation from Cornell.

JAZZ TODAY

by WHITNEY BALLIETT

1

AMERICAN jazz is in a peculiar but encouraging position today. Loved all over the world, it is still regarded as somewhat of a black sheep at home, even though it has become a familiar fixture in our concert halls, on records, on the radio, and in the movies during the past ten years. Among the archest of the highbrows it is still deprecated; among the lower highbrows it is taken as a kind of new bibelot to be trotted out for informed cocktail chatter. The public at large, which once looked upon it, through no fault of its own, as a dangerous aphrodisiac, or as some sort of mysterious African bongo-wongo music that set its listeners to jumping and bumping like fleas in a box, now knows — even if it has not made heroes of them — who Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, and Gene Krupa are. And its appreciators in this country and abroad have grown numerous enough and solid enough to be able to articulate their feelings through several national and international jazz clubs, and to support a variety of magazines here and in other countries devoted to the interpretation and review of jazz.

But if jazz is in a sort of halfway house, in so far as the world is concerned, the music itself is in a vigorous, sound condition. One reason for this heartening fact is the recent revolution — called, variously, kloop mop, re-bop, bebop, and cool music — which jazz has successfully and fruitfully weathered; and the other is the emergence and widespread use of the LP record, which, with its fifteen to twenty minutes of uninterrupted playing time per side, presents enlarged possibilities for capturing more live jazz, and for greater musical experimentation on studio recording dates.

Up until six or seven years ago, when the tape recorder and the LP came into wide use in this country, recorded jazz had been set in the strict three-to-five minute mold of the 78 rpm 10- and 12-inch record. This was in a sense crippling and prohibitive, for jazz is a fluid, inspirational music, which, having stated its particular theme — whether it be in the form of Dixieland, swing, or bop — can

grow and develop in direct ratio to the amount of space for variations it is accorded.

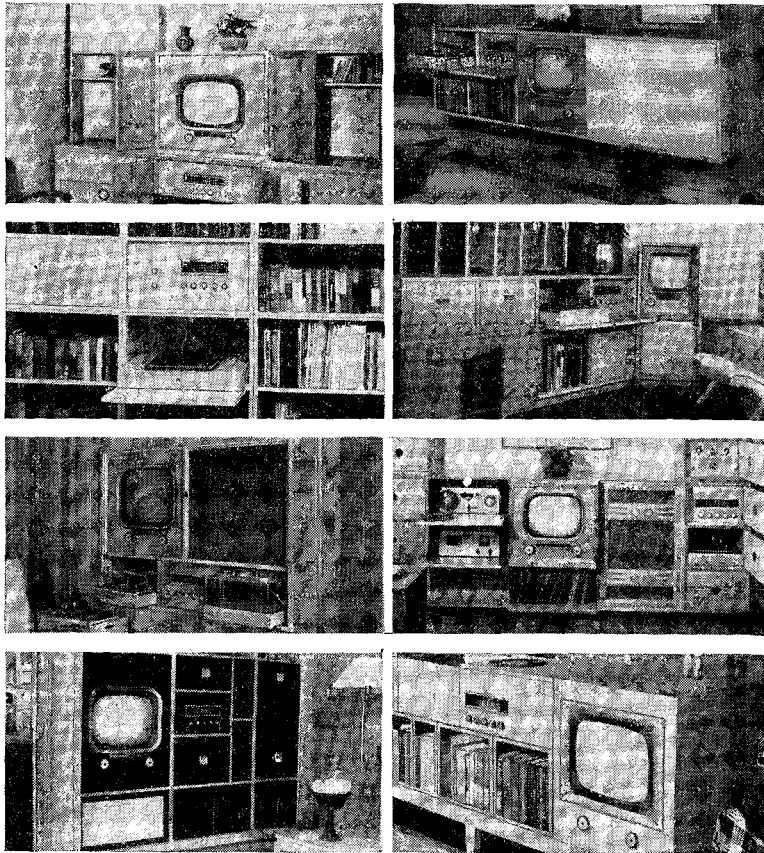
The recording as a means of reproduction and preservation is far more vital to an improvisational music like jazz than it is to, say, classical, band, or show music. Every performance of a symphony or Sousa march is pretty much like the last. But jazz is perishable, ephemeral, elusive. When a jazz band plays a number, the particular combinations of sounds that emerge will be ones that have never been heard before and will never be heard again, unless, of course, those sounds are recorded.

Because of this inherent peculiarity and because of the one-time lack of proper on-the-spot facilities for recording live jazz, a good deal of wonderful music has, regrettably, passed into thin air. I recall one night at the now defunct Ken Club in Boston during the winter of '43 or '44 hearing Wild Bill Davison, the trumpeter, launch into six consecutive choruses of "Body and Soul." It was superb jazz, but I could not whistle a bar of it now.

With the tape recorder and the LP (for commercial reproduction), much of this waste can be avoided. Live, off-the-cuff jazz — in night clubs, at jam sessions, in the big ballrooms, and on the concert stage — can be brought conveniently into the home. Jazz played under such conditions is often rough, exhibitionistic, and mechanical, to be sure, but the occasional inspirational heights prompted in the musicians by one another and by an appreciative audience usually more than balance these flaws. (The now famous Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall concert is a fine illustration of the immeasurable value of recording live material. When the band was winding up the evening with its famous "Sing, Sing, Sing," an unarranged-for piano solo by Jess Stacy was slipped in near the end of the piece. It is one of the most remarkable jazz piano solos ever played, and is certainly the best Stacy has ever put on record.)

Live jazz was recorded as early as 1935, but for some reason it was not considered feasible to reproduce it on 78 rpms for public consumption.

high fidelity units by craftsmen
can give you one of these
distinctive home music installations



Installations by Voice & Vision, Inc.; Kierulff Sound Corp.;
Douglas Fir Plywood Assoc.; Jensen Mfg. Co.; Lowe Assoc.

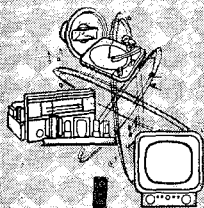
Pictured above are eight distinctive reasons why High Fidelity units by Craftsmen belong in homes of taste and individuality. Here are two more:

You enjoy *distinctly* better listening when you buy the unit way, because your system is unhampered by the acoustic limitations of conventional cabinets.

You get more for your money because you buy only the parts that actually play the music.*

Today, visit the Radio Parts Supplier near you (he's listed in the classified phone book under "Radio Supplies") for a convincing demonstration of High Fidelity by Craftsmen.

*Craftsmen "Assembly" High Fidelity Home Music System—\$275



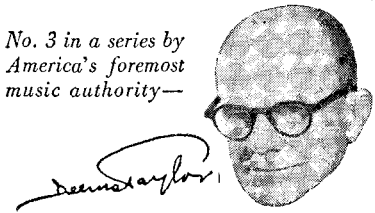
high fidelity by craftsmen means distinctly better listening

THE RADIO CRAFTSMEN, INC. World's largest exclusive makers of radio and television equipment

DEEMS TAYLOR SAYS—

"Better listening can be
better looking, too!"

No. 3 in a series by
America's foremost
music authority—



Whether or not you are a serious student of music, you may already have experienced the remarkably life-like tonal qualities obtainable through one of the new High Fidelity radio-phonographs.

But I wonder if you know about the freedom and flexibility of installation that are yours when you buy this equipment by the unit system—that is, when you purchase separate High Fidelity Units, such as tuner, amplifier, speaker and record player, instead of a conventional console.

When you buy your equipment in unit form, you enjoy full freedom to exercise your imagination and talents in planning the installation that houses that equipment, according to your taste and what you can afford. In other words, you pay only for the parts that actually play the music.

This means that your High Fidelity system could actually cost less than your present set, yet add a distinctiveness and originality to your home that no conventional cabinet set could lend it.

Then, as your desires dictate, you can add additional units, such as television or tape recorder.

No trick at all to assemble

Can you plug in a lamp? Then you actually can assemble your own High Fidelity Units. You need no special skills or tools—simple diagrams show you where to connect the cables.

Where to buy High Fidelity Units

High Fidelity Units are sold by suppliers of radio parts, or, in some localities, by stores specializing in High Fidelity. Many of these suppliers are equipped to demonstrate these units, so you may select those which suit your needs and please your ear.

Send for this
"HOW TO DO IT"
Booklet by Deems Taylor



America's foremost music authority tells, in simple, non-technical language, what High Fidelity means to music lovers. Tells how to assemble units . . . how to buy and install them. Illustrations of installations. 24 pages in color. Write to: The Radio Craftsmen, Inc., Dept. M-11, 4401 N. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40, Ill. (Enclose 10¢ to cover mailing and handling.)

This precedent was first broken in 1945 by Norman Granz, who, as one of jazz's liveliest *aficionados*, originated in the early forties the notion of taking on tour for concert appearances a select group of musicians—an arrangement he has called "Jazz at the Philharmonic." In 1944, unbeknownst to the participating musicians, he recorded sections of a concert he was producing in Los Angeles. They were released soon afterwards in a 12-inch 78 rpm album of three records, and there were just two tunes—"Lady Be Good" and "How High the Moon"—each of which covered three sides, or approximately fifteen minutes of playing time. His experiment has proved a huge success, for he has released fifteen albums since then, the last an *entire* concert on three 12-inch LPs, amounting to about two hours of music. Other record companies have now followed suit, using the advantageous expanded playing time of the LP, and the record stores are stocked with live performances of all varieties and qualities, ranging from night club stunts to private jam sessions.

A brief mention of a few of these should give an idea of what is being done in this area. In 1941, a jazz fan who happened to have a recording machine and some acetate disks with him recorded two numbers—"Charlie's Choice" and "Stompin' at the Savoy"—by the late inimitable guitarist Charlie Christian. (These records, however, were not released for commercial consumption until the late forties.) It was done in a small Harlem night club named Minton's, and although the quality of the accompanying music was not high, Christian was given generous solo space. Because the atmosphere was an intimate one—in which he seemed to function best—the results are invaluable. Many better-than-average jam sessions have been recorded, and four of the best have been put out on four 10-inch LPs under the title of "Jazz at Storyville" (Storyville is a night club in the Copley Square Hotel in Boston), and feature such musicians as Edmond Hall, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, Dave Brubeck, and Marian McPartland. One of the most recent and striking examples has been issued on a 12-inch Columbia LP called "Harry James: One Night Stand." It was recorded one night last year in New York by direct wire from Chicago where James was playing at the Aragon Ballroom. The band, which was an excellent one, sounds expansive and powerful, if somewhat strident in places. And the general enthusiasm of the evening, in the musicians' responses both to one another and to a warm audience, comes through in singular and persuasive fashion.

2

RECORDING jazz music in a studio is a far different proposition. In 1917, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, out of New Orleans, was the first jazz outfit

ever to be recorded. There are rumors that the legendary New Orleans cornetist, Buddy Bolden, who ceased playing in 1907, was also recorded; but, if so, the records have vanished. Since 1917, countless 78 rpm jazz records have been cut in studios; but there have always been the same hobbling factors involved, some of which will never be surmounted. Perhaps the most important obstacle was the three-to-five minute time limit of one side of the 78 rpm record. What was to be played had to be tailored to fit three minutes. And if, as sometimes happened, a group of musicians were functioning particularly well together, and did not feel like stopping when the engineer gave the signal, they either had to stop, or were simply cut off. In addition, the garish atmosphere of most recording studios is not sympathetic to the relaxed conditions that jazz requires. And finally, a jazz musician, like any creative artist, never knows what he will be capable of at any given time.

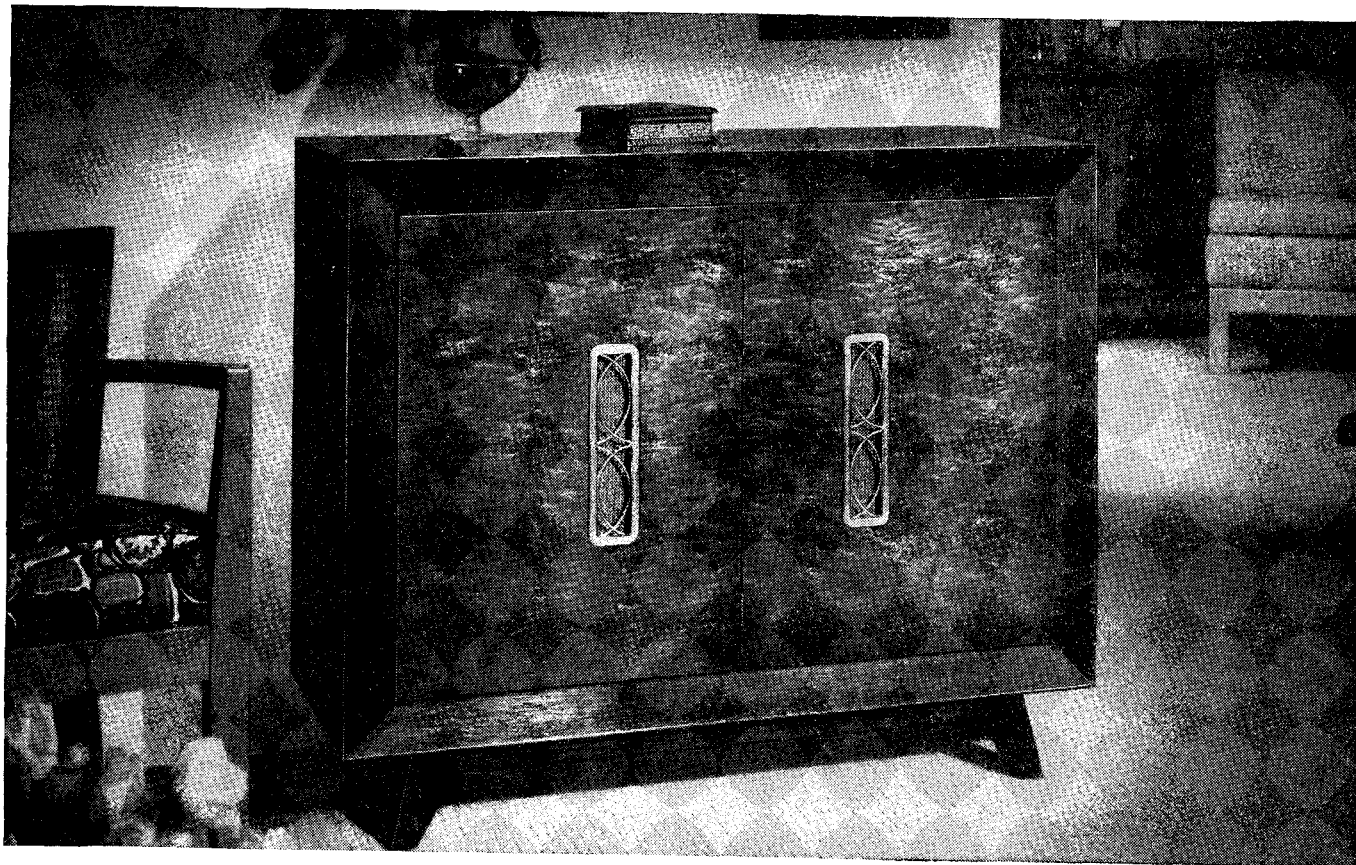
The LP is the remedy for most of these ails, but strangely enough, the record companies have been timid about using its greater time limits for studio recording. Norman Granz has again, however, broken the proper ground. A little while ago, he assembled in a studio ten of the best modern jazz musicians available (Charlie Shavers, Ben Webster, Charlie Parker, Benny Carter, Johnny Hodges, Flip Phillips, Oscar Peterson, Barney Kessel, Ray Brown, and J. C. Heard), and let them loose within the limits of two 12-inch LPs. Each side, which runs to about sixteen or seventeen minutes of playing time, is devoted to one number, except for one, which is a medley of tunes in solo form. The results, although musically conventional, are very exciting on the whole. But at the same time, these records show the inevitable pitfalls of the new long recording: one feels, here and there, an unconscious lag, a feeling of slight desperation on the musicians' part. Ten minutes have elapsed, and there are still six or seven to go. The high spots, where inspiration has moved a man, tighten things up, but they unravel fast when a fresh soloist, who may not have felt in the swing of things that day, comes along with a bagful of clichés.

The adjustment, therefore, from the accustomed time limits of the 78 rpm to the LP is going to be a considerable one for jazz musicians, arrangers, and composers. And this adjustment involves the listener as well, for there was something tidy, easy, and often sufficient about the three-minute record; in listening to some of the long recordings, I have frequently found my attention wandering.

Some musical experimentation has been done. A new Columbia 12-inch LP, called "Ellington Uptown," presents the Duke's rejuvenated band playing three of his standards in expanded form ("The Mooche," "Take the 'A' Train," and "Perdido"), as well as a new arrangement featuring the sparkling drumming of Louis Bellson, and a section from one

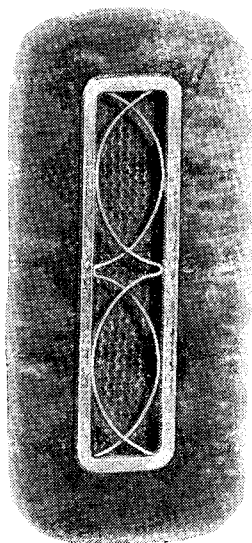
AN INSTANT SENSATION FROM COAST TO COAST!

PHILCO *Phonorama*



WORLD'S FIRST HIGH FIDELITY RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

with sound in **Full Dimension!**



In New York... Chicago... San Francisco, wherever it appears, this great new instrument leaves music lovers struggling for adjectives to describe the magnificence of its performance... for Philco *Phonorama** brings to FM and AM radio, and to records, the world's first *sound in Full Dimension!*

And the effect on sound is like the addition of three dimensions and color to a motion picture. When you listen, the difference between *Phonorama* and ordinary reproduction is as though a door had been suddenly opened.

Through the revolutionary "Acoustic Lens" opening shown here, the room is *flooded* with

sound... the purest, cleanest, most thrilling sound you have ever heard... from deepest bass to highest treble. It is sound of startling "presence"... *sound in Full Dimension.*

The new Philco *Phonorama* now makes it possible for you to own a true, matched High Fidelity system in a single acoustically-balanced cabinet.

And to own *Phonorama*, we promise you, opens new horizons in listening pleasure. Here, for example, is how some of today's great men and women of music regard *Phonorama's* spectacular performance—

FRANCO AUTORI: "The reproduction I heard on Philco 'Phonorama' is truly an exciting and thrilling experience."

MILTON CROSS: "For the first time recorded music can, to all intents and purposes, equal a personal appearance."

JAMES MELTON: "Sound so realistic and lifelike it will bring the con-

cert stage right into the American living room."

RISE STEVENS: "This is truly High Fidelity... and one of the most beautifully-designed cabinets I have ever seen."

GEORGE SZELL: "I was amazed at the presence and realism of its performance."

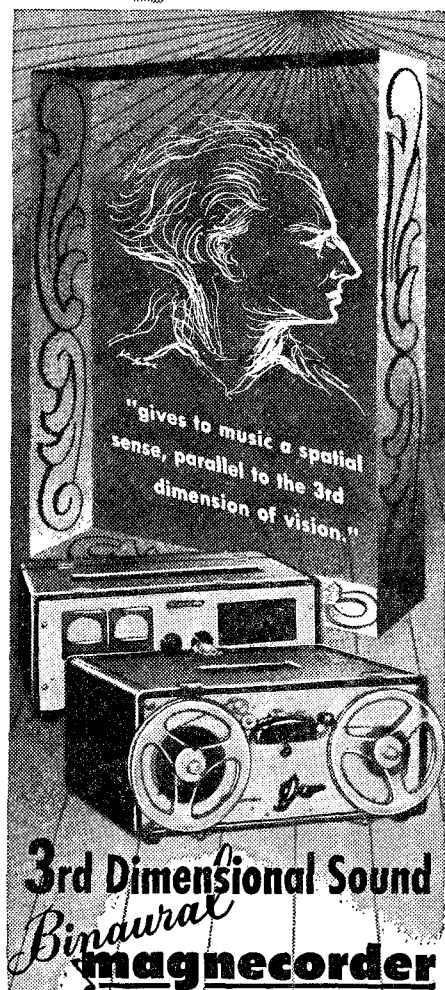
PAUL WHITEMAN: "The most exciting sound I have ever heard."



The Crowning Achievement
of 25 Years
of Electronic Leadership

STOKOWSKI

says...

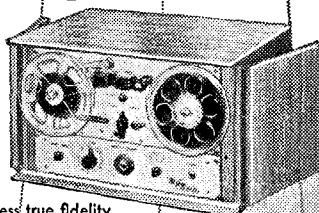


3rd Dimensional Sound Binaural magnecorder

Unbelievable realism! Two simultaneous recordings on one tape give sound a perspective and a third dimension, adding a living "presence" to recordings. Use the Binaural Magnecorder in conferences, teaching, research, laboratory tests.

magne Cordette

the professional tape recorder for home and office



Make priceless true fidelity recordings... build your own "sound library"... Simple to operate with your present sound system. In blond or rich mahogany cabinets, priced from \$425. For a demonstration, see your Classified Telephone Directory under "Recorders" or write

Magnecord INC.

225 West Ohio Street, Dept. AT-11, Chicago 10, Illinois

of the Duke's new concert pieces, "Harlem Suite." Unfortunately, this record struck me as a rehash, for only in "Perdido" do the benefits of extra time come through in fresh and unpretentiously played solos and section work. Elsewhere there are evidences of padding, staginess, and even pomposness. The Duke, great as his stature is, must also think anew. The music of Lennie Tristano, the exceptional blind pianist, is another possibility for the longer recordings, for he has been working with Bach-like counterpoint, with and without rhythm, and the fugue form. Another might be in Dixieland. Bob Crosby's big band of the late thirties hinted at broader fields in their 12-inch 78 rpm "South Rampart Street Parade." Finally, there is now an unequalled chance to get on record in expanded form some of jazz music's greatest individual instrumentalists and singers. The irrepressible Granz has done just that with four 12-inch LPs of the work of Oscar Peterson, the pianist.

There, briefly, is the encouraging and pleasant picture which LP has made possible for live and studio-recorded jazz. As for the music itself, the newest of jazz's many forms, bebop, although it has been pronounced dead, is still very much alive. It has, to a large extent, simply been absorbed into the main stream of jazz. Big bands that found their success in the late swing era around 1940, such as those of Count Basie and Harry James, have written bop figures, bop harmonies, and bop rhythms into their arrangements. Their soloists will, nine out of ten times, use bop phrasing; that is, the grouping and number of notes in one idea or musical sentence will be larger and more numerous than they were in the typical swing or Dixieland phrasing.

Pure bebop, which can best be played by a small band, is still being practiced in person and on records by some of the men — Bud Powell, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie — who brought it to perfection in the mid-forties. A good many of the younger apostles — with the exception of bright musicians like Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, and George Wallington — have, however, exhausted themselves. Their techniques were never equal to the music, which, with its longer melodic lines, its atonality and weakened rhythms, can be exceedingly hard to execute, let alone think out in that split second

before delivery. As a result, they imitated their elders apishly, and produced cliché after cliché.

But if many of the younger men are burned out, some of the musicians who became prominent during the days of swing have broadened their styles by absorbing the leavening and loosening qualities of bop, which are its best features. The work of Red Norvo, the great vibraphonist, is an outstanding example of this. Norvo came to the fore in the late thirties with a fine small swing band of his own. Since then, his style has moved with the music by becoming increasingly supple and exciting in its use of more complicated harmonies and rhythms. He has played with consummate ease in the company of the greatest of the bop musicians, and has recently recorded, on a couple of 12-inch LPs, some first-rate modern trio sides, using a guitar and a string bass.

As I have mentioned, most of the surviving swing bands — James, Basie, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, Tommy Dorsey — have altered in varying degrees their arrangements and have picked up young men as soloists whose playing has been clearly influenced by bop. Others have stuck to imitations of Glenn Miller or Claude Thornhill, or have reverted to Dixielandish effects.

Most of the Dixielanders have remained true and firm. There is a more adventurous group, however, which has chosen to play a Dixieland minus a good deal of its curbing chunkiness. They are using longer melodic lines, different harmonies in ensembles sometimes partly arranged, and, most notable of all, a rhythm section that swings along on a steady four beats to the bar, the old two-beat having been discarded. Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart, who are both eminent alumni of Bob Crosby's Dixieland band, are the gentlemen who have done this on four 10-inch LPs — "Jelly Roll's Jazz," "King Oliver's Jazz," "Blues on the River," and "Ragtime Jamboree" (the three-minute limit has been religiously adhered to for each number, though). They have assembled a group of men who are primarily swing musicians, although one, the pianist, Lou Stein, has definite overtones of bop in his playing. What they have done must ultimately be judged by private taste, of course. But, undeniably, their music sounds fresh, bumptious, and free-wheeling. It has given a new

look to an honorable, earlier form of jazz, which a few years back seemed to be playing itself round and round through the museums of recorded jazz.

A word should be said here about the darkening moral climate of jazz today. Jazz musicians have been accepted as respectable people only since their music has become accepted. Perhaps this enforced social isolation, together with the terrible hours, economic pressures, and the continual demands for fresh creative invention, has been responsible for a condition that has, unfortunately, been growing steadily worse, especially with the younger musicians. Heavy drinking has always been a problem, and now dope addiction has become alarmingly widespread. One can only hope that as the music continues to develop, its creators will develop an equivalent emotional and moral stability.

Live jazz is being played in limited quantities today, and much of the activity in the jazz world is to be heard on records only. People do not seem willing, with the high cost of living, to support night clubs and big ballrooms as they did before and just after the Second World War. If this is so, the LP and the tape recorder are inspiring things to have around.

Record Reviews

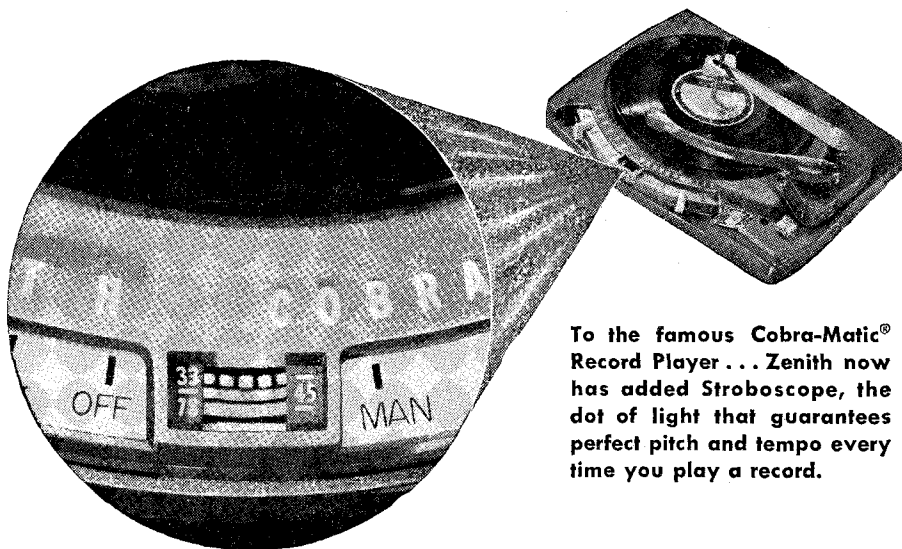
Bunk Johnson: The Last Testament of a Great New Orleans Jazzman (Columbia: 12" LP). Twelve tunes recorded in the Carnegie Recital Hall in 1947 with a group of extremely capable musicians the old master was allowed to pick himself.

Town Hall Jazz Concert: The Teddy Wilson Quintet; Krupa-Ventura Trio; Stuff Smith Trio; Bill Coleman Quartet; Red Norvo and His Orchestra (Commodore: four 10" LPs). From a concert played in June, 1945. Some of swing's mightiest men are in good form here; the recording is only fair.

New Orleans Jazz: Wilbur de Paris and His Rampart Street Ramblers (Atlantic: 10" LP). A pronounced two-beat rhythm and choppy phrasing, highlighted by Wilbur de Paris's trombone, Omer Simeon's clarinet, Eddy Gibbs's banjo, and Sidney de Paris's trumpet.

Count Basie and His Sextet and Nonet (Mercury: 10" 78 rpm). The Count at his sparse best. A bright, clean performance.

Once again, Zenith makes music history



To the famous Cobra-Matic® Record Player . . . Zenith now has added Stroboscope, the dot of light that guarantees perfect pitch and tempo every time you play a record.

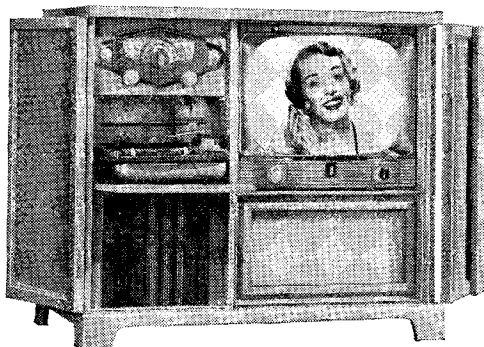
Now . . . you can play records at exact recorded speed!

Even High Fidelity itself can't bring you the music in its full beauty if the pitch is slightly off. The pitch is off if the speed of your turntable varies even slightly from that of the original recording. And no turntable ever built can guarantee constant speed for its lifetime.

Now, at last, you music-lovers have the answer in Zenith's new Cobra-Matic® Record Player with Stroboscope. A moving light becomes a stationary dot when records are playing at their *exact* recorded

RPM . . . 78, 45, 33½. The unique Cobra-Matic Record Player plays at any speed from 10 to 85 RPM, including the new 16⅓ talking book speed. Fingertip control lets you make the finest adjustment in a jiffy. A master musician couldn't listen more sensitively, control pitch more accurately.

Combine this perfection with the perfection of tone achieved by Zenith's 5 matched High Fidelity components, and you reach an entirely new standard of music for the home. Zenith gives you just that, in lovely console models. Your Zenith dealer would be proud to have you look and listen.



Now Even Better!
Invest More in Savings Bonds

The Wentworth—\$725*— Model L2291E. Afara wood solids and veneers. 21" Ciné-beam picture tube, AM-FM Radio, Cobra-Matic® Record Player with Stroboscope.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price (subject to change.) includes Federal Excise Tax and Parts and Tubes Warranty. Slightly higher in South and Far West.*

ASK ANY ZENITH OWNER!

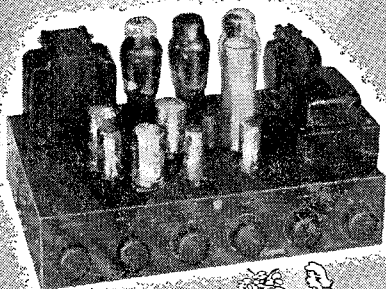
ZENITH
The royalty of television and **RADIO®**

Backed by 35 Years of Leadership in Radionics Exclusively
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

COPR. 1953

You are
the Maestro
with the NEW

Bogen DB20 HI-FI AMPLIFIER



featuring

**The Most Complete
and Versatile Control
of Sound Reproduction
ever offered!**

NEW LOUDNESS CONTOUR SELECTOR!

An exclusive Bogen control providing compensated frequency response to match any listening level.

ALL-INCLUSIVE RECORD COMPENSATION!

Seven positions for LP, AES, NAB, AM78, EU78, FFRR and Popular records, cover all normal requirements.

NEW WIDE RANGE TONE CORRECTION!

Individual treble and bass controls of remarkable flexibility. Bass control +17 db to -18 db at 40 cps. Treble control +15 to -21 db at 15 kc.

FOUR-POSITION INPUT SELECTOR!

Provides complete selection of matched inputs for Magnetic Phono, Radio, TV and Tape Recorded program sources.

**—plus the finest overall
performance ever offered
at a popular price!**

The DB20 embodies all the advanced design features that have made BOGEN a by-word for quality. Power output is 20 watts with 5 feedback loops and partial cathode loaded output reducing distortion to a low, low 0.3%. Frequency response is 20 to 20,000 cps ± 0.7 db. D.C. on preamp filaments reduces hum to -75 db.

WRITE TODAY FOR BULLETIN D-7



**DAVID BOGEN
CO., INC.**

29 NINTH AVE., NEW YORK 14, N. Y.

*A Quarter Century of
Electronic Specialization*



THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

CUSTOM OR READY-MADE?

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now on the staff of High Fidelity Magazine.

THE annals of our national culture can start phrasing a long footnote right now: Fall-Winter, 1953, was the Season of the Great Tweeter-Woofer Boom.

It was not unportended. Summer, 1953, had been the Season of the Ubiquitous Music Festival. The national countryside had sprouted harpsichordists and Little Opera groups like mushrooms, and unprecedented thousands of motorized pilgrims had got lost in country lanes, vainly asking bland-faced natives the way to Woodstangle (Massachusetts), Brevoort (North Carolina), or Aspic (Colorado). Some went even further afield, to Austria (Sal's Burg) or Germany (Bay Ruth).

Not all returned quite clear as to whether they had heard Munch conduct Brahms, or vice versa, but that didn't matter: they had shown the right spirit. And a sizable sector of the American radio-TV manufacturing industry, profoundly moved, had decided that the spirit should not die, nor even feel winter's pang. People wanted music; they'd *get* music (at least until the time came for them to get color TV, which was not yet). The call went out to advertising copy rooms, and the copy writers, true to their minuteman tradition, flashed back at once with the magic words, for which they hadn't had far to look. The words were two: High Fidelity.

Speedily, the words went winging out to every literate American living room and promptly obtained a currency comparable with that of such

expressions as "3-D" and "UHF." The semantic trimmings were Prime A No. 1 grade, too. The impression was conveyed that Heifetz by hi-fi was somehow richer, crisper, more deeply satisfying than Heifetz in the flesh.

Nearly a dozen major manufacturers, in this concerted rush, plunged into high fidelity. Some plunged headlong. Others plunged about kneedeep. The score, all things considered, was good. At the time of this writing, four big companies had turned out legitimate high-fidelity ready-made sets — RCA Victor, Stromberg-Carlson, Admiral, and Crosley. Others had produced modest-priced record players which, if their fi wasn't quite ski-hi, were still good enough to make the ears of the uninitiate perk up. Among such items were the Columbia Records table-model "360"; portables by Webcor and Triomatic; and a console by Magnavox.

Thus the awareness of high-fidelity home music, in Autumn, 1953, was brought to the millions. And no one truly devoted to both music and people could fail to hope that the millions would respond and benefit. There was great and glowing promise in the event. Yet it caused misgiving and glumness among some of the men who had done most to bring it about — the men who really began and developed high fidelity.

The publicity which accompanied the new hi-fi and quasi-hi-fi sets into the popular market gave — and perhaps had to give — the impression that wide-range audio was a 1953 development. This is, of course, pure nonsense, even as regards ready-made sets. Take as a single contrary instance Avery Fisher of the Fisher Radio Corporation, New York. In 1937, when the open-back squeak-and-boom speaker enclosure was the rule, Fisher was selling radio-phonographs

with padded infinite-baffle and bass-reflex enclosures behind his *coaxial* speakers. In 1946, when the 6000-cycle crystal phono-pickup cartridge was standard in \$500 combinations, Fisher had incorporated the General Electric wide-range magnetic cartridge in *his* sets. Fisher, who today makes some of the world's most honored audio equipment, is amused by the newcomers' claims, but it's a somewhat chilly amusement.

However, it is Fisher's other colleagues, the makers of individual custom sound components, whose name is legion and who are not amused. For the last six years they have labored lovingly, designing, making, testing, improving, matching, installing, and selling a myriad of rather wonderful electro-musical devices. They have educated tens of thousands of music-loving, venturesome-minded Americans in their use and in the pleasure of realistic music in the home. They have achieved some surprising indirect results, too — like exposing the minds of rigid Mozartians to Bartók and Copland, and forcing upward the quality of microgroove records. They know the feel of opening important territory in a national culture, and (pardonably) they like it.

They know who follows the trail blazers, too, though, and they are not surprised at the invasion of the hi-fi field by the big set-makers. They've been expecting that, and without great trepidation. Competitively, they are fortified by a substantial price-advantage over mass-sales organizations; their products reach consumers by a short route, so to speak, and rarely cost them more than 33½ above the factory price — an unbeatable discount. Technically also, the component makers have flattering proof of how little they need fear; of the four big companies producing the best ready-made hi-fi, three buy most of their amplifiers, record players, pickup cartridges, and speakers from the custom component makers!

What the precision component makers *do* fear is simply this: that their two precious words will be ravished and made meaningless. Without the words "high fidelity," they'd be deprived of the short, vivid quality-symbol which has up to now distinguished their precision wares from lesser gadgetry. Not all of them, in the past, have been completely happy about the phrase "high fidelity," considering it something short of the ultimate

ACCENT ON LIVING



**...with Magnavox you can now enjoy
the full, pent-up richness and beauty
today's extended-range recordings!**

OWNING A MAGNAVOX high-fidelity phonograph opens the door to a new world of pleasure from recorded music for you and your family! Magnavox has removed the last barriers to true high-fidelity sound reproduction—to bring you an instrument that faithfully plays the extended musical range of today's recordings!

The greatest sound reproducing instrument ever developed, Magnavox lets you hear every delicate musical variation, every thrilling crescendo *exactly* as it was played into the recording microphone. You could pay up to a thousand dollars more and still not get the fidelity... quality... and value—of a great new high-fidelity Magnavox phonograph!

"The Magnasonic"

For high-fidelity speakers (two high-power and two bass speakers). • Three speech balanced amplifiers • Three-speed changer with exclusive Pick-up • Genuine mahogany cabinet.Only \$198.50

the magnificent

Magnavox high-fidelity phonograph

The Magnavox Co.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

*Prices include Federal Excise Tax and are subject to change without notice

50 to 12,000 c.p.s.

tonal range

V-M 555 HIGH FIDELITY PHONOGRAPH



V-M tri-o-matic 555
High Fidelity Phonograph
Model 555-M (Mahogany) \$139.95*
Model 555-O (Lined Oak) \$144.95*

- plays finest records with life-like richness...
- offers beautiful furniture styles!

Enjoy these features of the V-M 555 wherever you care to plug it in:

■ Two new type sapphire needles in new ceramic cartridge reproduce 50 to 12,000 c.p.s.! ■ Three 5" ultra-wide range speakers all facing the front! ■ Resonance-free, balanced, die cast tone arm! ■ 3-tube (plus electronic rectifier) amplifier with push-pull output! ■ Choice of Mahogany or Lined Oak furniture finishes, both with golden grille of expanded metal! ■ *Siesta Switch* shuts off everything (amplifier too) after last record plays! ■ Gentle tri-o-matic spindle eliminates holders that grip record grooves! Made by V-M Corporation, world's largest manufacturer of phonographs and record changers exclusively.

*Slightly higher in the west.

LOOK FOR THE



"THE RECORDED
VOICE OF
MUSIC"

Please mail this coupon

V-M CORPORATION, Benton Harbor 3, Michigan
Please send complete details on the V-M 555 High Fidelity Phonograph.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____, State _____

mate in either semantic exactness or euphony. Many would have liked to de-emphasize the "high" in favor of the "fidelity." But now that it is threatened, most of them want to save it.

They tried one way to save it in September, asking a technical group of the Radio-Electronics-Television Manufacturers' Association to work out a set of standards by which equipment could be judged fit or unfit to be called high-fidelity. However, the mills of the RETMA grind slowly, sometimes to a full stop, and no one really expected a swift, dramatic solution from there.

A prompt, brief set of enlightening definitions for the public would be very helpful, of course — likewise impossible. Perhaps some could have been contrived in 1950, when the *Atlantic* printed its first general article for laymen about high-fidelity home music. But it is doubtful that they'd stand up today.

At that time, for instance, it might have been safe to say that a tone-pickup cartridge, to qualify high-fidelity, would have to be a magnetic one, probably embodying a variable-reluctance principle. This would still apply to the best sets — G.E., Audak, and Pickering — and to Clarkstan, and the word "magnetic" could stretch to include the superb new Fairchild, a moving coil cartridge. But it would leave out the splendid Weathers, a power frequency-modulation cartridge and the tropic-dwellers' favorite, the climate-proof chemico-electric Instiehl. And now, to complicate matters, Electro-Voice has produced piezo-electric crystal (that once that word) cartridge for which it claims performance easily up to magnetic standards.

Thus do progress make stumble-bums of us, for which let there be thanks. But the result of all this excellence is that acceptance is no longer be judged by ability. The hard-working audio amateur, using a magazine column can tell or give the public broad, brief notions as to which advertisement should arouse automatic distrust. Things have come to a sorry state.

A qualified testing engineer isn't a much more helpful position, either. He can establish standards but he can't make them at once fool-proof and simple enough to frustrate a clever advertising man really bent on a little huggermugger. Each of

NEW HEATHKIT WILLIAMSON TYPE

AMPLIFIER KIT



Illustrated
brochure
yours for
asking

... the individual performance of guest artists — great musicians — symphonies — all at your command through the ownership of a high fidelity, custom audio installation. The Heathkit Williamson type Amplifier meets all requirements of critical listeners at a sensible price level without sacrificing quality. Actual performance evaluation will be found in "CONSUMERS' RESEARCH ANNUAL CUMULATIVE BULLETIN 1952-53." Kit construction is fascinating and enjoyable. Careful engineering insures trouble-free amplifier assembly. Enjoy the life-like realism of beautiful reproduction of fine recorded music through the purchase of the Heathkit Williamson type Amplifier and make listening a thrilling new experience.

PRICES OF VARIOUS COMBINATIONS

W-2 Amplifier Kit (Incl. Main Amplifier with Peerless Output Transformer, Power Supply and WA-P1 Preamplifier Kit) Shipping Weight 39 lbs. Shipped express only. **\$69.50**
W-2M Amplifier Kit (Incl. Main Amplifier with Peerless Output Transformer and Power Supply) Shipping Weight 29 lbs. Shipped express only. **\$49.75**
W-3 Amplifier Kit (Incl. Main Amplifier with Acrosound Output Transformer, Power Supply and WA-P1 Preamplifier Kit) Shipping Weight 39 lbs. Shipped express only. **\$69.50**
W-3M Amplifier Kit (Incl. Main Amplifier with Acrosound Output Transformer and Power Supply) Shipping Weight 29 lbs. Shipped express only. **\$49.75**
WA-P1 Preamplifier Kit only. Shipping Weight 7 lbs. Shipped express or parcel post. **\$19.75**

HEATH COMPANY

BENTON HARBOR 6, MICHIGAN

ALLIED
has the values for

Music Lovers



**EVERYTHING IN HIGH-FIDELITY
FOR CRITICAL EARS**



**FREE 268-PAGE 1954
HI-FI, TV, Radio Catalog**

Music lovers — our custom sound specialists will help you select the proper audio components to satisfy your most critical listening tastes. We carry the

world's largest stocks of all quality high-fidelity lines and all components: amplifiers, reproducers, FM and AM tuners, 3-speed phono changers and accessories. It's easy to select your own custom system — we give you expert help — and savings are substantial. Write today for our FREE 1954 Hi-Fi Catalog — address High-Fidelity Division.

ALLIED RADIO

100 N. Western Ave., Dept. 41-L-3
Chicago 80, Illinois

ACCENT ON LIVING

two "10-watt" amplifiers, for example, can be described as able to reproduce the "entire spectrum of audible sound," or from 20 to 20,000 cycles per second, with less than 1 per cent harmonic distortion. One of them may be really able to do this while putting forth its full rated power. The other, however, may have been tested (to help out the advertising department) at a carefully controlled $\frac{1}{4}$ watt of power. Later, when it is bought by a trusting music lover and set to the task of driving a Berlioz fortissimo out of his big coaxial speaker into his 40-foot living room, it may flunk that kind of test in hideous cacophony.

Up to now, the amplifier (or other component) like No. 2, which goofed off in the pinch, has had fairly short shrift. Sold as a single item, it has faced two hazards, the dealer and the customer. The dealer in custom home-music components has usually been sincerely interested in good sound reproduction (although often prone to certain loyalties) and jealous of his reputation as a judge of same. And the customer has had to be an extraordinary person. Usually he, or she, has obtained a degree in English, history, or medicine, and doesn't know an ohm from an oboe. Just the same, he has had the gumption to outface an assortment of vacuum tubes, transformers, and pin-tip plugs. ("Pretty simple," he usually says, with an insufferable smug smile, "once you're into it.") And woe to the amplifier which, after he has put his ego in its trust, betrays him before his mocking friends. For he knows *there are other amplifiers*. And he knows where he can trade his in or know the reason why. This kind of triple interaction has kept standards reassuringly high.

It has also confined the bulk of hi-fi shopping to large cities, where the customer is assured of ready access to the supplier for consultation and complaint. Doubt and distrust increase with distance, when unfamiliar equipment is concerned. In a sense, then, the outlying hi-fi customer, vintage of 1953, has opportunities (if risks, as well) denied his predecessors. He can, if he wishes, and has the money, buy a ready-made of reliable make. He will be getting a compromise. His music system will not be tailored to his living room. But the assembly of components will have been done by competent men.

Or, if he is a little more ambitious, he can buy a matched but unpackaged

For those who can afford the finest
Regency PROFESSIONAL HIGH FIDELITY
 ENSEMBLE FOR THE HOME



THE Regency High Fidelity Ensemble has been developed and built without regard to cost for the ultimate in performance and maximum in "concert hall" presence. All units are non-hygroscopic—providing complete protection against all adverse effects of moisture. Each unit is individually calibrated and each has an individual response curve which is supplied with the ensemble. The equipment is guaranteed forever against defects in material and workmanship.

An outstanding innovation is the variable crossover compensator which provides much closer matching to crossover characteristics of the better loudspeaker systems.

In addition to a flat response across a range both ends of which are far beyond the limits of audibility, the equipment has an unusual characteristic flexibility which allows precise adjustments not only for the source of the sound but for the particular room acoustic and individual psycho-acoustics. This is achieved by an extraordinary range of controls which are: a continuous variable loudness control which selects proper Fletcher-Munson curve to a particular listening level; gain control (which is a recording level compensator); six position crossover selector for adjustment to various recording characteristics; low frequency response equalizer. The flexibility assured by these controls makes each Regency owner his own impresario.

An utterly new concept in appearance, Regency's Professional High Fidelity Ensemble is designed with such striking simplicity that it need not be housed in a cabinet. The gold and black units are show pieces worthy of display in modern or traditional surroundings. Regency designed the set to be functional as well as beautiful with handsome perforated gold shields to protect the unit . . . protective plate glass tops reveal the impressive component assembly.

by the makers of the Regency VHF TV booster and UHF TV converter

Burton Browne advertising

Regency 7900 Pendleton Pike, Indianapolis 26, Indiana



PREAMPLIFIER-EQUALIZER • MODEL 50-CM

"Of the very best!"

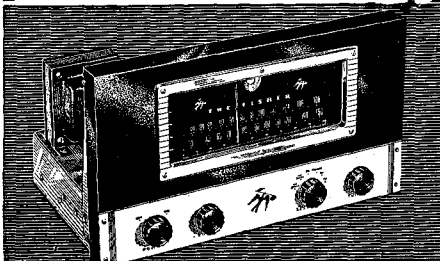
— HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

The Fisher
"50" SERIES

Master Audio Control

■ Can be used with any amplifier. Intermodulation distortion virtually unmeasurable. Complete, professional phonograph equalization settings and tone controls; genuine F-M loudness control; 5 inputs and 5 independent input level controls; 2 cathode follower outputs. Equipped with finest phono preamplifier. Self-powered.

Chassis, \$89.50 • With cabinet, \$97.50



FM-AM Tuner MODEL 50-R

■ Features extreme sensitivity (1.5 mv for 20 db of quieting), low distortion (less than 0.04% for 1 volt output), low hum (more than 100 db below 2 volts output.) Armstrong system, AFC with switch, adjustable AM selectivity, separate FM and AM front ends, fully shock-mounted, cathode follower output, fully shielded, etched aluminum chassis. Self-powered. \$164.50

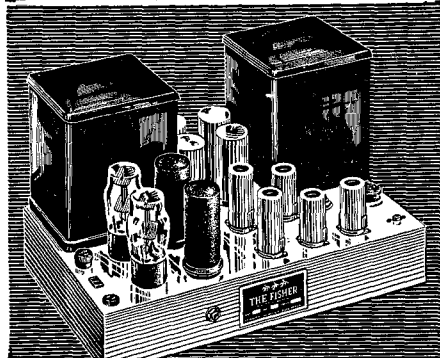
50-Watt Amplifier

■ Truly the world's finest all-triode amplifier, yet moderately priced. A man's size unit, with less than 1% distortion at 50 watts (.08% at 10 watts.) Intermodulation distortion below 2% at 50 watts. Uniform response within .1 db, 20-20,000 cycles; 1 db, 5 to 100,000 cycles. Hum and noise more than 96 db below full output. Quality components throughout. \$159.50

Write for complete specifications

FISHER RADIO CORPORATION
47 EAST 47th STREET • NEW YORK

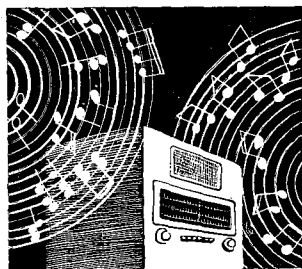
ALL-TRIODE AMPLIFIER • MODEL 50-A



assortment of components. Several major companies — among them RCA Victor, General Electric, The Radio Craftsmen, Stromberg-Carlson — either produce or recommend sets of components tested together for compatibility, and furnish all necessary data on assembling them. (One RCA assembly, incidentally, features the newly modified LC1A "Olsen" speaker.) This yields somewhat better bargains, and sometimes higher quality. (As illustration, not one ready-assembled set, at this writing, included a precision single-play turntable and phono-arm; all incorporated record-changers instead. Yet many people strongly prefer the turntable.) Of course, many a good custom-installation house offers this service and more, including advice based on the nature of the room in which the music system is to work — but usually it charges for the service.

What over-all effect the mass-marketing of hi-fi, and purported hi-fi, and the widespread exploitation of the term "high fidelity" will have on the home-music equipment market is impossible to predict with any solid conviction. It depends on something unknown — the size and vigor of the demand for music latent in *Homo sapiens americanus*.

There are, without doubt, some people who simply have been missing the old phonograph since the TV set displaced it from the parlor. They



will take, and gladly, a preassembled quarter-portion of hi-fi.

There are, next, audio bugs, an infinitesimal but obtrusive minority, who will continue to seek out exotic devices productive of startling noises, which they absorb much as dope fiends take heroin.

Then, there is the potentially most exciting contingent, whose numbers keep swelling — the people who never really heard any music until high fidelity introduced them to it. Hermon Hosmer Scott, a professional sound equipment maker and spare-time philosopher, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, suggests that, in the old

Music that Lives!

STEREOPHONIC 3D SOUND

Here is your introduction to the joys of really fine music. A truly magnificent high fidelity instrument offering the audio reproduction in its most advanced stage. Plays all your prized records in all speeds... automatically.

WILCOX-GAY 400

Hi-Fidelity Phonograph

129.50
In mahogany

Slightly higher
in Lined Oak,
Walnut and
Ebony finish.

Send for free
full color brochure

THE WILCOX-GAY CORPORATION
70 WASHINGTON STREET, BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.
World's Largest Manufacturer of Tape Recorders

HI-FI?

YOU NEVER HEARD IT SO GOOD!

WORLD'S FINEST

AUDIO COMPARISON STUDIOS

Music Lovers and Hi-Fi Enthusiasts... Make it a MUST to visit the Hudson Sound Comparison Studio nearest you! See, Hear, and instantly Compare the World's Finest Hi-Fi Components, with our ingenious Remote Controlled Push-Button Mechanism... Hear the amazing new electronic Radio, Phono and Recording Equipment that brings Concert Hall "Presence" into your own home at Low Cost!

AND NOW IN NEWARK, N. J...

New Hudson Salesrooms... Complete Stocks, Same Superlative Service as our two N.Y.C. Stores... AND, "Studio 35," Newark's Newest, Finest, and Most Completely Equipped Sound Studio. Lowest Published Prices!

FREE Hudson 1954 HI-FI CATALOG

Finest Manual of Its Kind... Contains Everything in High Fidelity... Components, Recording Equipment, Replacement Parts and Tubes, TV Chassis and Cabinets for All Types of Installations. Send for your FREE Copy TODAY!

Dept. B-11

Hudson
AUTHORIZED FACTORY DISTRIBUTORS
RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.
ELECTRONIC & SOUND EQUIPMENT

Adjoining Radio City
48 West 48 St.
New York 36
Circle 6-4060

Downtown New York
212 Fulton St.
New York 7
Circle 6-4060

3 GREAT SALESROOMS to Serve You!
35 William St.
Newark, N. J.
Market 4-5151

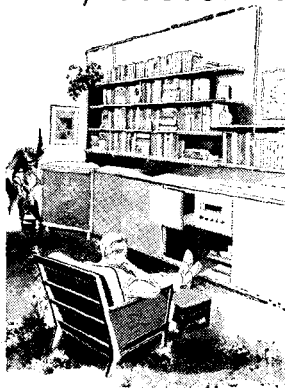
days of the A.V.-radio music broadcast and the narrow-range phonograph, only the listener *with extraordinary musical imagination* derived any effect from home music listening. His imagination filled in what wasn't there to be heard. The person less sensitized (if only slightly) never got enough stimulus to arouse a response. Moreover, the failure of the reproduced music to get through to him may have kept him from ever trying live music. Exposed later through high fidelity, this man often becomes a music enthusiast in short order. We have all seen this happen, says Scott (which is indisputable), and he adds, Who knows how many million such potential music lovers there may be in this country?

No one knows, but this is a rare idea, of a kind which immediately draws convincing evidence into its wake. Its credibility is enhanced by the way the high-fidelity enthusiasm has grown — the actual experience of hearing, at friends' homes or in shops, being obviously the determinant conversion factor.

If the Scott theory is correct, no danger awaits the custom music equipment business. The man who meets and learns to love music through high-fidelity equipment will remain devoted to the latter as well as to the former. He will probably come to think of it as a musical instrument. It might, indeed, be well if the man who sells it to him and installs it should think of it likewise. At least, so says David Sarser, himself a violinist in the NBC Symphony and an audio expert of considerable note. Sarser thinks home-music installation has been too long a part-time activity of radio-parts houses. An installation, he says, should be made by someone who knows how it ought to sound. Once in, it should stay in (unless an obvious improvement is possible), and components should be chosen to last. In this he is vigorously seconded by Emory Cook, recording engineer ("Sounds of Our Times"), who points out, cryptically: "A 10 per cent difference in price can make hardware out of software."

This brings up the problem of maintenance (insidious, when gradual day-to-day deterioration tries to fool the ear). Cook has made a major contribution here — a test record which will detect phonographic malfunction through a signal which changes from dot-dash to dash-dot when the distortion in amplifier-plus-pickup rises

NEW, CUSTOM-ENGINEERED G-E EQUIPMENT OFFERS



HI-FI SOUND REPRODUCTION

...within every budget!



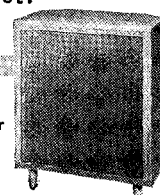
*Custom
Music Ensemble*

Ideally matched G-E units are the new, low-cost answer to building the finest home sound installation. Enjoy superior realism of voice and music! The complete ensemble includes: coaxial speaker, amplifier, preamplifier control, and speaker baffle. Individual equipment also available. Write today for literature and the name of your local G-E distributor.

General Electric Company, Section 88113,
Electronics Park, Syracuse, New York

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Speaker
Enclosure (Blond or
Mahogany Veneer,
and Unfinished)
A1-406



Dual Coaxial
Speaker
A1-400

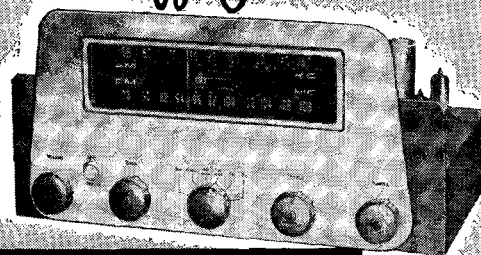


Preamplifier control unit A1-200



Power Amplifier A1-300

-to Gratify Your Wish for Excellence



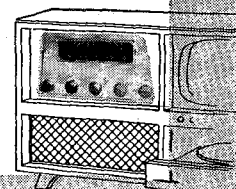
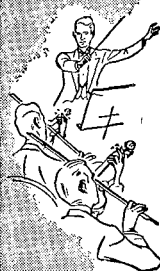
BOGEN R-701 FM-AM TUNER

- SUPERB
REPRODUCTION
- TECHNICAL
SUPERIORITY
- HANDSOME STYLING
- OUTSTANDING
PERFORMANCE
- EVERY OPERATING
CONVENIENCE

The Model R-701 is a truly superb FM-AM radio receiver designed expressly for the discriminating listener. It provides a quality of performance so brilliantly real and so vastly superior to standard mass produced receivers that it must be heard to be believed. Handsomely styled for custom installation, it is easily adaptable to any wall or cabinet closure. Six position function selector switch, volume control, and separate bass and treble correctors centralize all operation on one panel . . . permit remote location of the audio amplifier.

MODEL HO10 — A superb all triode amplifier providing minimum distortion (less than 0.3% at 10 watts), maximum response (flat 10-50,000 cycles), tremendous dynamic range and overall balance. Ideal for use with the R701 Tuner.

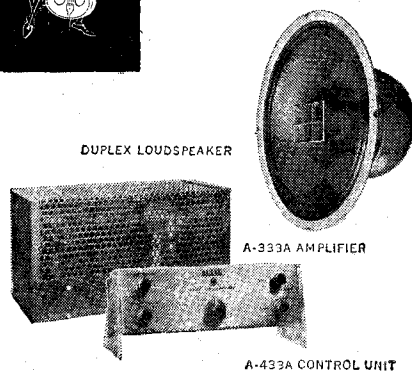
MODEL DO10 — New popular priced Hi-Fi custom Amplifier, designed for use with the new R701 Tuner. Can be mounted directly behind the tuner in most installations. Ten watts output at less than 1% distortion. Response flat 20-20,000 cps.



THE STANDARD OF PERFORMANCE
Bogen Sound Systems

WRITE FOR LITERATURE
DAVID BOGEN CO., INC.
29 NINTH AVE., NEW YORK 14, N. Y.

A Quarter Century of Electronic Equipment Specialization



**FOR THE
MUSIC LOVER
WHO DEMANDS
THE BEST**

A breath-taking new experience awaits you when you hear the music you love reproduced flawlessly by Altec...a name synonymous with highest quality craftsmanship and dedicated to the highest criteria of fidelity reproduction.

From the gentlest murmur of the viola to the imperative thunder of the tympani, each orchestral voice is endowed by Altec reproduction with living clarity and brilliant new identity.

May we suggest that you visit your Altec dealer soon and enjoy the new high standard of reproduction that invites you to hear the world's great music as the composer intended it to be heard.

**A SOUND REPUTATION
SECOND TO NONE.**

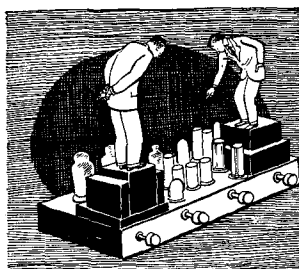


9356 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.
161 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N. Y.

above 2 per cent. It can also disclose, in its own uncanny fashion, *which* of the two components is to blame.

On this score, and by way of approaching the question of merit in new equipment, it is pleasant to be able to report some results of testing with a Cook distortion-disk. Well-used (if well-treated) samples of the most commonly employed magnetic pickup cartridges, Pickering (dual), Audak, and G.E. (single microgroove), were checked. All stayed securely within the bounds of the 2 per cent distortion from almost 18,000 cycles per second to 4000, which may allay the buying worries of those who recall when pickups were the weak link in the audio chain.

They are a fairly strong link now, but amplifiers are probably a stronger one. The better amplifiers seem, in fact, to have outpaced the standards by which their performance used to be measured — range; harmonic and intermodulation distortion. Hermon Scott is looking for a *new* kind of intermodulation distortion, whereby to award demerits to top-grade amplifiers, including his own. He also makes mention of the record-equalization factor, which is increasingly more important as the power-producing portions of amplifiers become



cleaner and cleaner in their response. Naturally, the more exact the reproduction is, the more clearly it brings out traces of the distortion which various record manufacturers build into their disks to minimize surface noise and save groove space — unless the distortion is neutralized.

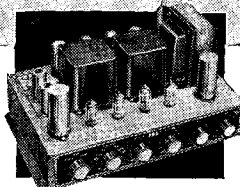
Neutralizing these pre-emphases and de-emphases has become no simpler in the last few years. As a matter of fact, there are three more sets of recording-characteristics in common use than there were in 1950. On the other hand, the designers of amplifiers' "front ends" have paid more and more attention to compensating for them. The most satisfactory compensating systems now use marked "equalization" controls for both treble and bass (quite apart from the gradu-

BELL
BINAURAL
Hi-Fi Amplifier

A new listening experience from binaural sound! From a dual source, dual pickups, tuners, or tape heads furnish music to two speakers placed for a "two-eared" effect—simulating the original, three-dimensional, concert-hall performance.

For

**3-Dimensional
sound**



Model 3-D, the first binaural amplifier available to audio-philes, furnishes all necessary controls with dual outputs and dual inputs for radio, tape, and record player. Function control selects *conventional, binaural, or reverse binaural* operation. It's a Bell-built *quality* 20-watt amplifier with a host of hi-fi features. Complete details if you write



**BELL SOUND
Systems, Inc.**

558 Marion Rd., Columbus 7, O.

Export Office: 401 Broadway, N. Y. 13

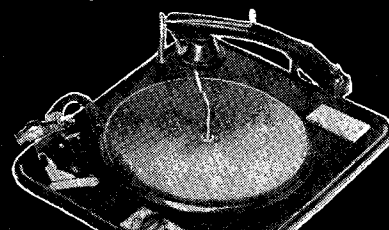
*It is our pleasure
to congratulate*

THE **Atlantic**

*on the
3rd anniversary of
its definitive articles
on high-fidelity*

by **John M. Conly**

*The pleasure of listening
to undistorted, realistic
music has been brought to
thousands of homes
through the stimulus of such
pioneering journalism.*



GARRARD

WORLD'S FINEST RECORD PLAYERS

LEAK "POINT ONE" AMPLIFIERS

WHARFEDALE LOUDSPEAKERS

RJ ENCLOSURES • GENELEX KT-66 TUBES

British Industries Corp., 164 Duane St., New York 13

ACCENT ON LIVING

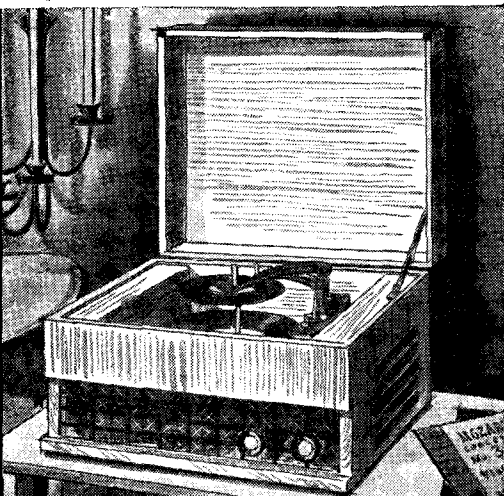
ated treble and bass "tone" controls). Notably successful are those of Brociner Laboratories, Fisher, Brook Electronics, and Scott himself. Scott, responding half-humorously to demands by perfectionists, recently produced a super front end, covered with hand-tooled leather and sporting *eight* control knobs guaranteed to compensate for the idiosyncrasies of any disks — past, present, and future. Then (to "equalize" his public relations?) he produced a 10-watt amplifier, price \$99.95, with record-compensation flexibility heretofore common only in substantially more expensive amplifiers. Fisher, not to be outdone, at once put forth a remarkably good and inexpensive self-powered preamplifier equalizer for people whose amplifiers or tuners already have tone controls. It's \$19.95. Worth noting, while on the topic of record compensation, is an excellent inexpensive 12-watt amplifier by Bell Sound Systems, with very effective record compensation achieved at low price through the use of printed (silver ink, instead of wire) circuits. It costs under \$70.

FM listening is becoming more rewarding. Despite economic hazards, good-music stations, so-called, are surviving and multiplying everywhere, in some areas using relay networks from city to city. FM tuners have improved enormously in sensitivity and stability. The Fisher (AM-FM) and the Browning (AM-FM or FM only) are especially good. For people who live in "fringe areas," a truly useful gadget has been designed by Regency (Indianapolis) — an FM signal booster, which substantially improves reception on even very sensitive sets, particularly when they are fed by fairly elementary antennas.

Tape recorders are finding their way into more and more home-music systems, particularly in areas where there are FM programs worth recording. For high fidelity and high reliability, people who can afford them still get 15-inch-per-second recorders, the most popular probably being the Concertone and Magna-Cordette. But several 7½-inch-per-second machines now can deliver up to 12,000 cycles per second — no mean range — and one (Tapemaster) claims 15,000. Also, the Magnetics Corporation, of Minneapolis, has begun marketing hi-fi recording heads for installation on erstwhile low-fi machines.

Loud-speakers remain the most fractious of all high-fidelity components, and the source of the most fero-

the new
high-fidelity
WEBCOR
Musicale
"live" performance
from 3 speakers!



When you play your favorite record on the new Webcor Musicale, you hear true stereofonic sound. You can close your eyes and imagine yourself attending a "live" performance.

- Three speakers and a 5-watt amplifier • a General Electric wide range magnetic pick-up • an especially designed bass reflex cabinet to provide from 50 to

15,000 cycles of undistorted, high-fidelity sound. Enjoy your recordings the way they were meant to sound — up to four full hours of uninterrupted high-fidelity music.

Visit your Webcor dealer: Hear your favorite record played on a Webcor automatic, 3 speaker Musicale. Once you do, you'll be satisfied with nothing less than the new Webcor Musicale.

Webcor® MUSICALE Mahogany \$149.50
Blonde Korina \$159.50

© w / o 1953

Price slightly higher West of Rockies Prices subject to change without notice.

WEBCOR AND MUSICALE ARE TRADE-MARKS OF THE WEBSTER-CHICAGO CORP.

Join the thousands of music lovers who order Classical and Opera **RECORDS BY MAIL** at SUBSTANTIAL CONSUMER SAVINGS

Write for **FREE CATALOG**
and monthly bulletins

Bring more great music into your home. Simply clip this advertisement, mail today. You'll receive *free* 100 Page Catalog, monthly bulletins and "Specials." Records are ordered for you, direct from maker. Every record is fully guaranteed. All 12" L.P.'s are *extra-wrapped* by Chesterfield in protective cellophane coating to insure perfection, avoid abrasions.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

CHESTERFIELD MUSIC SHOPS, INC.

Dept. A

12 Warren Street New York 7, N. Y.

"I'm glad
I
waited"...

Here's how I
solved a problem
that bothered me

... and may be bothering you.

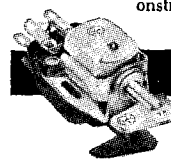
Many of my favorite recordings happen to be 78's. They mean as much to me as any of my newer LP's or 45's. Changing pickups was often a real nuisance—and yet I wasn't willing to give up the superior quality of my two Pickering cartridges.

Last fall my dealer offered a suggestion. "Wait a little longer," he said. "You'll be glad you did."

He was right. I now have Pickering's new turn-over cartridge. A simple flip of the handy lever and I'm ready to play any favorite that fits my mood—whether it's standard or microgroove. More than that, I'd swear my recordings sound better than ever.

I'm glad I waited . . . but you won't have to.

Ask your dealer to show you this convenient new turn-over cartridge. Have him demonstrate it. See if you, too, don't hear the difference!



PICKERING

and company inc.

Oceanside, N. Y.

For details and literature address Department F-3

Connoisseurs of the Best Demand

Mercury LIVING PRESENCE Recordings

LIVING PRESENCE represents a whole philosophy of the recording art which aims to convey to the listener definitive musical performances in their true aural perspective. LIVING PRESENCE assures you, the listener, a disc which covers the full range of human hearing and offers maximum dynamic range with complete clarity and freedom from distortion.

PAUL PARAY conducting the
DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
FRANCK Symphony in D Minor MG50023
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 7 MG50022
WAGNER Lohengrin Preludes, Acts 1 & 3;
Die Meistersinger Prelude; Tannhauser
Overture; Ride of the Valkyries MG50021

ANTAL DORATI conducting the
MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
COPLAND Symphony No. 3 MG50018
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 5; Egmont,
Coriolan, Leonore No. 3 Overtures MG50017
STRAVINSKY The Firebird Suite; DEBUSSY
Three Nocturnes MG50025

RAFAEL KUBELIK conducting the
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MOZART Symphony No. 38 ("Prague");
Symphony No. 34 MG50015
HINDEMITH Symphonic Metamorphoses on
Themes of Weber; SCHOENBERG Five Pieces
for Orchestra MG50024

HOWARD HANSON conducting the
EASTMAN - ROCHESTER SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
HARRIS Symphony No. 3; HANSON Symphony
No. 4 MG40004
BARLOW The Winter's Past; ROGERS Solilo-
quy; COPLAND Quiet City; KENNAN Night Solilo-
quy; KELLER Serenade; HANSON Serenade
for Flute, Strings and Harp—Pastorale for
Oboe, Strings and Harp MG40003
RIEGGER New Dance; HOVHANESS Concerto
No. 1 ("Arevakal"); COWELL Symphony
No. 4 MG40005

FREDERICK FENNELL conducting the
EASTMAN SYMPHONIC WIND
ENSEMBLE
AMERICAN CONCERT BAND MASTERPIECES
PERSICHETTI Divertimento for Band; GOULD
Ballad; SCHUMAN George Washington Bridge;
BENNETT Suite of Old American Dances;
PISTON Tunbridge Fair; BARBER Commando
March MG40006

Please send me the complete listing of
MERCURY CLASSICS LIVING PRESENCE recordings.

Mail to: Mercury Record Corp.
1733 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone.....State.....

cious arguments and most abject despair. More than one owner of a giant \$500 or \$600 corner speaker system has been heard suddenly to exclaim: "I'm going back to earphones!"

Just the same, loud-speakers have been improving steadily, if less dramatically than other components. And a great deal has been learned about housing them.

Trends in loud-speaker treatment, in the past three years, have been three. One has been toward developing very small cabinets for small speakers (and, of course, for small residences). Another has been toward multiple-speaker assemblies, at the other end of the size scale. Still another has been toward the room corner, which is now commonly used almost as part of the speaker enclosure, to help build up bass.

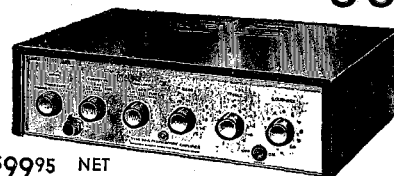
The rear-loaded corner "horn," the Helmholtz resonator principle, the air-coupler design, and variations of the bass-reflex pattern have been used to reinforce bass produced by small speakers, with varying success. Considerable acclaim has gone to the two-cone, carefully balanced Kelton (Boston), an orange-crate-sized enclosure (\$49.50; also available as part of a compact phono-console at just under \$200). Even more impressive is



the Jensen "Duette," which incorporates a horn tweeter (treble) and an 8-inch cone woofer (bass) and will almost fit in a bookshelf. It costs \$69.50.

The royal giants of the speaker clan — the Brociner "Transcendent" and Model 4 Corner Horn; the Altec Lansing 820-A; the suave Klipschorn; the 4-unit Electro-Voice "Patrician" and newer, more compact "Georgian" (a mere \$495!), and the Jensen "Triplex" — have been trailed into the corner by a variety of housing designed around the established makes of single and coaxial 12- and 15-inch speakers. The Bozak Binaural-Monaural system, almost alone, has stayed with one wall.

THE BEST BUY IN AUDIO NEW H. H. Scott "99"



\$99.95 NET

A Complete Amplifier
includes equalizer-preamplifier,
10-watt amplifier, power supply.

An H. H. Scott professional equalizer-preamplifier, 10-watt amplifier, and power supply — all complete in only 13 1/4 x 5 1/4 x 9 1/4 inches. Separate turnover and rolloff controls give 9 equalization curves. Continuously variable bass and treble cut and boost. Automatic loudness control with continuously adjustable compensation. Input selector for phono, tuner, tape, and TV. Inputs for magnetic, crystal, and constant-amplitude pickups and for Dynaural noise suppressor and dubbing records on tape. Level control for different pickups. Rumble filter with sharp cutoff below 20 cps prevents subaudible overload. Output tubes automatically balanced; speaker outputs 4, 8, 16, and 500 ohms. At only \$99.95, it's your best audio buy! Write for booklet AM-11.

HERMON
HOSMER **SCOTT, INC.**
"5H" "PACKAGED ENGINEERING"
385 PUTNAM AVE. • CAMBRIDGE 39, MASS.

"a TRIBUTE
to a new device . . ."



the **STYLUS-DISK**

PAT. PEND.

Paid by Editors of the leading magazine Sept. AUDIO ENGINEERING

Thousands of STYLUS-DISK users thoroughly agree with the editors. NOW — for the first time, it is possible for you to positively detect stylus wear before it ruins your records.

The STYLUS-DISK is made of a special soft material which is highly sensitive to abrasion. For positive detection the stylus must be checked on its three working sides. STYLUS-DISK accomplishes this with the aid of a highly ingenious cam-action. Neither the cartridge nor the stylus need be removed for this test. The STYLUS-DISK can be used with ANY pickup, any stylus, any turntable, any speed. You can be sure with STYLUS-DISK.

No music system worthy of the name should be without STYLUS-DISK. Only \$3.90 net, at your favorite store; or write us direct.

Write for free information on STYLUS-DISK and on world-famous CHROMATIC (magnetic) cartridge.

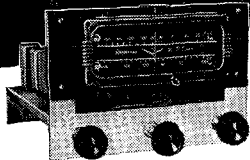
AUDAK COMPANY

500 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 10, New York 36, N. Y.

Creators of Fine Audio-Electronic Apparatus
for over 25 years

"The Standard by Which Others are Judged and Valued"

✓ **12-Tube High-Fidelity
FM-AM TUNER —
Over 50% Off!**



REG. \$85.00

41⁹⁵

APPROVED 1954 MODEL "V-12"

SOLD ONLY AT BOSTON'S FAMED RADIO SHACK

Radio Shack bought Approved Electronics' ENTIRE output of this brilliant tuner, to eliminate all middleman profits and bring America's music lovers a bargain NO ONE can duplicate!

FEATURES!

Discriminator
Double-Limiter
Cath. Follower
30-15,000 cps
Tuned-RF FM
Tuned-RF AM
12 Min. Tubes
6-Gang Cond.

Tuner: 8 1/4 W, 5 3/4 H, 8 D. Use with any amplifier. Requires separate power supply 6.3V AC @ 4 amps, 190V DC @ 55 ma., available for only \$12.05 extra

HI-FI SYSTEM, \$157.50

Approved tuner and supply, Bell 2122B amplifier, Univ. 6200 (12") speaker, V-M 951GE changer with G-E pickup. Reg. \$201.55.

ORDER BY MAIL,
ADD POSTAGE



Free!

New 224-page
audio-radio-TV
catalog!

RADIO SHACK CORP

167 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON 8, MASS.

**NEW BOOKS
FOR MUSIC LOVERS**

CARUSO

*The Man of Naples
and the Voice of Gold*

by **T. R. YBARRA**. "A lively, warm account of Enrico's days on earth. The bright wash of anecdotes and facts of personality and situation which characterized this most divine of singers and most human of men brings humor and sadness to his story."

—VIRGINIA KIRKUS. *Illus.*, \$4.50

MUSIC AS AN ART
by **HERBERT WEINSTOCK**

A new and unconventional history of music by a well-known author—designed to help increase your pleasure through conscious listening and understanding the changes in the structure of music from Gregorian chants to today's atonal scores. *With musical examples.* \$6.00

At all bookstores

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY • N. Y. 17

The binaural prospect, incidentally, includes the likelihood that a fairly cheap binaural phono-pickup adapter soon may be on the market. Already, there are two inexpensive binaural amplifiers — Bell's and Newcomb's.

In a different kind of futuristic vein, as a hopeful parting note, is a report from the Heath Company, world's leading maker of electronic equipment kits. A little more than a year ago, tentatively, Heath began marketing a Williamson amplifier kit, without great expectations. It went like wildfire. Now, as far as Heath knows, it's the biggest amplifier seller in the country. And there's no doubt about where a very large percentage of the Williamson kits are going. They are going to the American high school boy.

Record Reviews

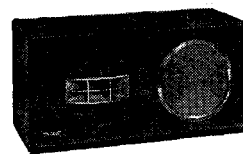
Berlioz: Romeo and Juliet, A Dramatic Symphony (Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Margaret Roggero, contralto, Leslie Chabay, tenor, Yikwei Sze, bass, and Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society; RCA Victor: two 12" LPs, with text, in album). On some copies of this, the first complete *Romeo and Juliet* on disks, RCA Victor affixed a gold sticker saying "For Hi-Fi Fans." It's more than that; it's the epitome of nineteenth-century symphonic tableau-opera, presenting human drama in superhuman proportions. Munch shows mastery here, and the Bostons are at their best.

Handel: The Twelve Concerti Grossi (Fritz Lehmann conducting members of the Bamberg Symphony; Decca: four 12" LPs in album). If Handel was a German, this wondrously delicate, crystal-clear, decorous and disciplined performance of the Twelve Grand Concertos may deserve the word "definitive." It is a pure delight. If he was an Englishman, however, the jovial drama of the Boyd Neel series on London (not complete yet, and destined to cost \$6 more) must get the nod. This reviewer favors the English version, but could live happily ever after with either. Choose as you will, here; either way, you get one of the endlessly satisfying treasures in modern recorded music.

Mahler: Symphony No. 1 in D (William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony; Capitol: 12" LP). In a beautiful (if low-level) recording,

NEVER SUCH EXTRAVAGANT MUSIC...
SO MISERLY IN SPACE AND COST
WITH THE NEW JENSEN *Two-Way*

Here's a specially designed unit, coordinating speakers and small enclosure... "presence" you never dreamed you'd get in such a compact, inexpensive unit... two speakers in a true 2-way system for real high fidelity performance. Ideal for small space hi-fi, as a second or extension speaker, or in a pair for binaural sound. Special heavy duty 8-inch "woofer" and multicell horn "tweeter" like expensive speaker systems.



Impedances: 4 and 8 ohms.
20 watt power rating.
Only 11" high, 23 1/2"
wide, 10" deep.
Net price,
\$69.50

Jensen

Jensen Manufacturing Company
Division of the Muter Company
6601 S. Laramie Ave., Chicago 38, Illinois
In Canada: Copper Wire Products, Ltd., Licensee.

See the other fine Jensen speakers too... at the
Sight and Sound Exposition, Palmer House... Rooms 766-767



Here's how YOU
can enjoy
high fidelity
at great
savings

HOME MUSIC SYSTEMS

HOW TO BUILD AND ENJOY THEM

by EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

Now, you can own a custom-made high fidelity music system for less than you would expect to pay for an ordinary radio-phonograph combination. With this amazingly clear book, you can buy with confidence the separate parts of a superb radio-phonograph at discount mail-order prices — and assemble them quickly and easily at home.

In layman's language, Mr. Canby explains the operation of a radio-phonograph, where to buy the separate parts, how much they cost, and how to house them for superb sound reproduction. He gives you the facts and principles about various types of equipment so that you can choose the combinations most suitable to your own financial and performance requirements. Practical and up-to-date, this top-notch guide is illustrated with photographs and simple diagrams and includes an Appendix listing "hi-fi" magazines, radio parts catalogues and "hi-fi" supply houses.

The Chicago Tribune calls HOME MUSIC SYSTEMS "the finest beginner's book on the subject in months . . . Canby's common-sense approach, his wealth of how-to-do-it information, and his honesty will help you avoid making expensive mistakes. It is the perfect beginner's bible." Order your copy today.

See it 10 Days **FREE!**

HARPER & BROTHERS, 51 E. 33rd St., N. Y. 16

Gentlemen: Please send me HOME MUSIC SYSTEMS for ten days' free examination. Within that time I will remit \$3.95 plus a few cents mailing charges, or return the book postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SAVE! If you enclose payment, publisher will pay mailing charges. Same return privilege. 6212M

this sane, perceptive, faultlessly-paced reading displays another facet of the astonishing versatility of Mr. Steinberg, surely one of the best all-round conductors in action today.

Mascagni: Cavalleria Rusticana with **Leoncavallo: I Pagliacci** (Renato Cellini conducting Milanov, Merrill, Bjoerling, Warren, de los Angeles; other singers; Robert Shaw Chorale; RCA Victor Symphony; RCA Victor: three 12" LPs in album, with libretti). Columbia also has put forth a combined *Car* and *Pag* album, matching Harshaw, Tucker, and others against the Victor artists (Fausto Cleva conducts). Individual preferences among singers must guide buying here. It is safest for the reviewer to point out that none of the performances are unsatisfactory, though the Columbia *Pagliacci* probably is weakest. In recording, too, the match is very close.

Respighi: The Pines of Rome; The Fountains of Rome (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony; RCA Victor: 12" LP in 13-page picture-text album). How utter can perfection get? The moonlight gleams, the nightingale sings, and Respighi's ghostly Roman legionaries come up the ancient Appian Way in a thudding, clanging quickstep that will make your hair stand straight up. The fidelity is a tingling wonder, Toscanini a master magician, the combination something positively awesome.

Schumann: Cello Concerto with **J. C. Bach: Concerto in C Minor** and **Bruch: Kol Nidrei** (Joseph Schuster, cello; Franz Waxman conducting Los Angeles Orchestral Society; Capitol: 12" LP). A brilliant, close-to recording, in which Schuster handles the Schumann and Bruch with fine style and Mr. Waxman, a movie conductor, shows admirable restraint. A good Schumann concerto was overdue.

Wagner: The Flying Dutchman (Ferenc Fricsay conducting Josef Greindl, Josef Metternich, Annalies Kupper, other soloists, Berlin-RIAS Symphony and Chorus; Decca: three 12" LPs in album with libretto). A convincing, extremely enjoyable performance of the Wagner opera for non-Wagnerites. It sounds by turn like Weber, Verdi, even Beethoven. Occasionally a singer strays from the mike; otherwise the recording is good, and there is real devotion to the corny but compelling tale of the sea-going spook.



a musical
measure for high fidelity

A STUDY IN HIGH FIDELITY

Here at last is a yardstick for measuring high fidelity! In this album, Capitol presents 12 musical selections and 2 percussion tracks, chosen to reveal the full impact of high fidelity reproduction.

With the accompanying comprehensive text by Charles Fowler, Editor of High Fidelity Magazine,

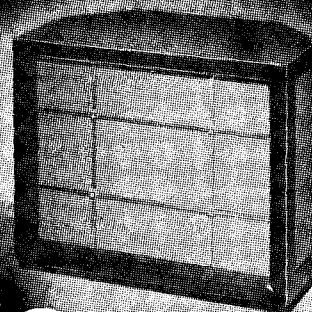
A STUDY IN HIGH FIDELITY

is indeed an exciting experience in sound for music lovers and hi-fi enthusiasts!



Regency

2-WAY & 3-WAY REPRODUCERS



Built-in
corner—brings
music to full life

High
Fidelity



Low-Boy style folded horn corner enclosure for E-V or other 15" coaxial speaker, or separate E-V 2-way and 3-way speaker systems. Use in corner or against flat wall. Flat response ± 5 db down to 30 cps assures one full octave of added bass. Selected mahogany veneers. Size 29 $\frac{5}{8}$ " high, 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide, 19" deep. Mahogany or Blonde. Enclosure only or complete with speaker system. Audiophile Net from \$120.00. Send for Bulletin 185

Electro-Voice

BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN



PROFESSOR TOYNBEE

PROFESSOR BRONOWSKI

CLIFTON UTLEY

PROFESSOR COCKROFT

HESKETH PEARSON

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

BERTRAND RUSSELL

GILBERT MURRAY

LORD KINROSS



EVERY WEEK many of the world's most eminent personalities bring you their stimulating, inspiring, and enriching points of view **IN**

The Listener

**Subscriptions from
American Readers
Invited Now . . .**

52 ISSUES FOR ONLY
(or 3 years for only \$11.50)

\$ **5.00**

BBC's world-renowned publication, capturing the best of each week's BBC's broadcast talks on current affairs, art, science, literature, and music — plus book reviews, art criticism — and even recipes.

Why do millions of people in the United States listen enthralled to the BBC Exchange Programs each week? Why has The Listener been besieged by requests for subscriptions from this side of the Atlantic as well as from all parts of the British Empire? You'll find the answer in the rewarding reading of Britain's foremost authorities in the fields of politics, literature, science, and culture — week after week in the pages of The Listener. Treat yourself, your friends, and business associates to a whole year of cultural enrichment by subscribing to The Listener now.

**Send for Free copy of LONDON CALLING to:
BBC Publications London, W. I., England**

ACT NOW!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

British Publications Incorporated, 30 East 60th St.
New York 22; or BBC Representative,
630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

Please register my subscription to The Listener immediately
for ☐ 1 year (\$5.00) ☐ 2 years \$8.50 ☐ 3 years (\$11.50)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Zone _____ STATE _____ (RO)

A

Bill me the sum of _____

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

READING Shakespeare when young can be a very uncongenial exercise. The textbooks in my day were not inviting, and the thin kidney-red plays with their grim type and multiplicity of notes looked like work and were. We tackled Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* the same year that we were plodding through Caesar's *Gallie Wars*; and while we went faster in English, the ordeal was much the same. We tried to cover a scene a day, though the pace was often too much for us; and as I had a clear enunciation and was unafraid of the jawbreakers, I was one of the class who was frequently called upon to read a part aloud. I'd pipe away and then one of the others would come in; and at a suitable moment the teacher would pause and ask, "Now, what does it mean?" No one knew. So the last part of the session was spent in finding New Jersey idioms for the Elizabethan English. We decoded the words, we straightened out the intricate syntax, and we dealt with things called "gerunds" and "nominative absolutes." There was also a "passive periphrastic" and this was an infallible teacher-block: when we hadn't done our lesson and knew it, a question about the "passive periphrastic" would stop all forward progress while class and teacher baffled each other.

For homework we were given passages to memorize. "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears. . . ." "Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look. . . ." "Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world/Like a Colossus. . . ." Memorizing Shakespeare was complicated by the difficulty of the unfamiliar words, and when we groaned about it at home we found no sympathy whatever. Instead, Mother or Aunt Em would spiel off the most incredible stretches which they had learned by heart when they were girls. Gosh, didn't they have anything better to do?

Shakespeare at college under Professor George

Lyman Kittredge was even more exacting. Nothing like a scene a day here; we inched our way down the page splitting open every word and phrase and writing down the hidden variations on interlinear sheets in our text. Memorizing was now a matter of hundreds of lines, and we were sure to be asked for part of it in the Final. The question was, which part? For Kittredge the words were magnified, the characters secondary, and the emotion of the play was taken for granted. Yet, on one occasion I can remember his dilating on that pitiable scene in *King Lear*, Scene 3 of Act 5, when the blinded Lear enters with Cordelia's body in his arms. For a moment the bare platform became charged as Kittredge, gray suit, blue tie, and majestic white beard, gave us the terrifying, tortured king. "Has it occurred to you," he concluded, "why *King Lear* is so seldom produced today? Even if you could find an actor great enough for Lear? Because a modern audience has too tender sensibilities: they could hardly bear to see it; it is too intolerably moving."

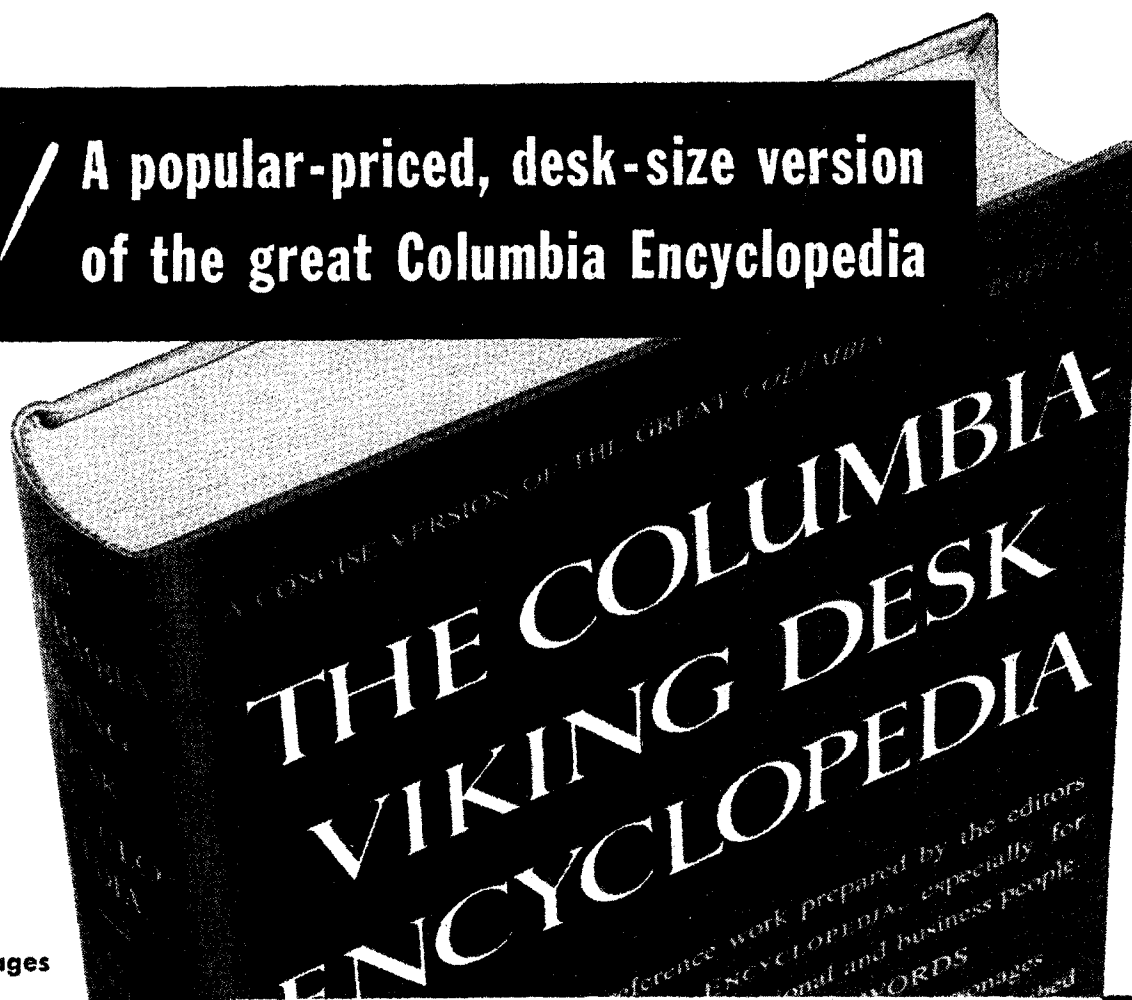
Because of all this required reading, I doubt if Shakespeare really comes alive for most of us until after a great production. If you saw Robert Edmond Jones's production of *Hamlet* with John Barrymore in the lead, or his equally unforgettable *Othello* with Robeson and Ferrer, you must have come away staggered by the sweep of the action and the depth of the feeling. The words over which we had strained so hard in school had suddenly become electric in their force and beauty.

Shakespeare in sets

When I was married in 1925, my sister-in-law had the generous notion of giving the groom a wedding present. She asked what I wanted, and without much hesitation I said a set of Edmund Malone's Shakespeare. I even told her where such editions could be found—one at Goodspeed's in Boston, the other at Lauriat's. Be it added that she gave me the more expensive of the two sets, the 1821 edition, the previous owner of which, so said the flyleaf, had been M. Louis Blériot, the pioneer airman and the first to fly the English Channel.

I had first seen the Malone edition in the library of the Cambridge Union in England, and had fallen in love on the spot with the beautiful type page. The plays are set in generous type with a wide margin; three-quarters down the page in a smaller point are the interpretations of the disputed lines which you can pause over or ignore. Edmund Malone was a close friend of James Boswell. Indeed he was said

Now! A popular-priced, desk-size version
of the great Columbia Encyclopedia



- Over 1100 pages
- 31,000 articles
- 1,250,000 words
- Size 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
- Beautifully readable type, opaque pages

Nothing takes the place of THIS Encyclopedia!

For years, America has urgently needed a handy, authoritative encyclopedia like the *Columbia-Viking*, crammed with information available in no dictionary or atlas. Basic essential information in all fields. Up-to-date coverage of science, the arts, and world affairs. Entries for 1,800 living persons • 8,400 historic personages • 12,000 informative cross-references • More than 4,000 U. S. places identified and described • A simple, tested system of pronunciation.

The ONLY authoritative, completely up-to-date, handy encyclopedia at so low a price!

A new, unique, and indispensable reference work for every home, school desk, and office

Time and again every one of us has needed some particular piece of knowledge or information—at work, in our studies, in parlor games, reading, talking with friends, or at meetings. Time and again there is no encyclopedia conveniently at hand. Now for the first time here is a desk encyclopedia—absolutely authoritative and completely up to date.

The staff that created the great Columbia Encyclopedia (now \$35) gives you this unmatched inexpensive reference book. It is filled with invaluable facts, names, dates and figures. This easy-to-carry encyclopedia will serve you as no other reference work possibly can. Whether or not you already own a bigger encyclopedia or a multi-volume set, you and your family will find countless uses for this handier volume: in other rooms where you read, on your desk at home or in your office, on your secretary's desk, wherever

you or your children study—wherever you may need it.

For yourself or as a gift, at a price you can afford, in a format of utmost handiness, here is a lifetime of pleasure and knowledge.

MAXIMUM INFORMATION FOR ITS CONVENIENT SIZE. No waste words—helpful shortcuts—skillful combinations of headings to avoid repetition without sacrificing clarity—easily recognized abbreviations.

USEFUL ILLUSTRATIONS, MAPS, AND TABLES. Graphic full-page illustrations of many subject groups, specially prepared for this volume; up-to-date maps; convenient tables and lists.

PRICED SO LOW YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT.

Regular edition—easy-to-read pages; clear new type; thin, opaque, strong paper; handsome, durable binding, stamped in genuine gold. \$7.95

Thumb-indexed—identical with the regular edition, with twenty convenient thumb-cut tabs. \$8.95

De Luxe—luxury-bound in maroon and cream, decorated in genuine gold. Thumb-indexed, handsomely boxed for gift-giving. \$12.50

THE VIKING PRESS, New York 17

to be the man most responsible for keeping Boszzy at his writing of the great *Life* when the bottle tempted. Their friendship comes through in the Advertisement which Boswell wrote for my edition, in the course of which occurs this charming sentence: "It was the object of Mr. Malone, from which he never deviated, to furnish the reader, as far as it was possible, with the author's unsophisticated text." "Unsophisticated" is precisely the right word, for the plays in this format are free to move at their own pace, untrammelled by the mechanism of scholarship. And so they should be.

There are twenty-one volumes in the Malone edition, and my set in full calf was easily the finest item in our budding library. The point I want to make in passing is that we were proud of our books and intent on building a library even that first year in our two-room flat. As a modest literary man, I never had the means for expensive editions, but I began collecting Winston Churchill back in 1925 and have first editions of all his books; I have an assortment of association volumes, in all some five thousand books, which overflow our home on Beacon Hill.

These books and my fly rods are my prize possessions, and in this, I suspect, I am dated. For when I glance at the photographs of modern architectural interiors or visit the homes of young couples, I see that there is less and less provision for caring for books. Bookshelves are under the cocktail table, or in a little box beside the bedside lamp, the assumption being that anything you are reading is for the moment, to be thrown out as soon as — or before — you finish. Look about you when you visit the homes of the young marrieds. You will see a place for the television screen, and a conspicuous place for the record player with its library of records, but few books and nothing to suggest that either the architect or the young couple had any thought of a private library. (This does not apply to *Atlantic* readers, who, according to our most recent survey, in Rochester, New York, average \$58 a year on the purchase of new books.)

Mind you, I do not think that this disinclination for books is necessarily fatal. What we need are new processes which will turn out books in small editions at lower prices and in handier sizes. The paper-bound book is only a step in this direction. Space is the controlling factor, and invention will have to find the way.

The new *Coronation Edition of Shakespeare* (Random House, 4 vols., \$35.00) is a case in point. If you want to restrict your library to the Bible and Shakespeare, and you wish a set of Shakespeare that is beautiful to look at and sheer delight to read, this Nonesuch Press edition is it.

Twenty years ago the Nonesuch Press, who have produced some of the most exquisite printing in our time, published a complete Shakespeare in seven volumes at something over \$200 the set. Critics

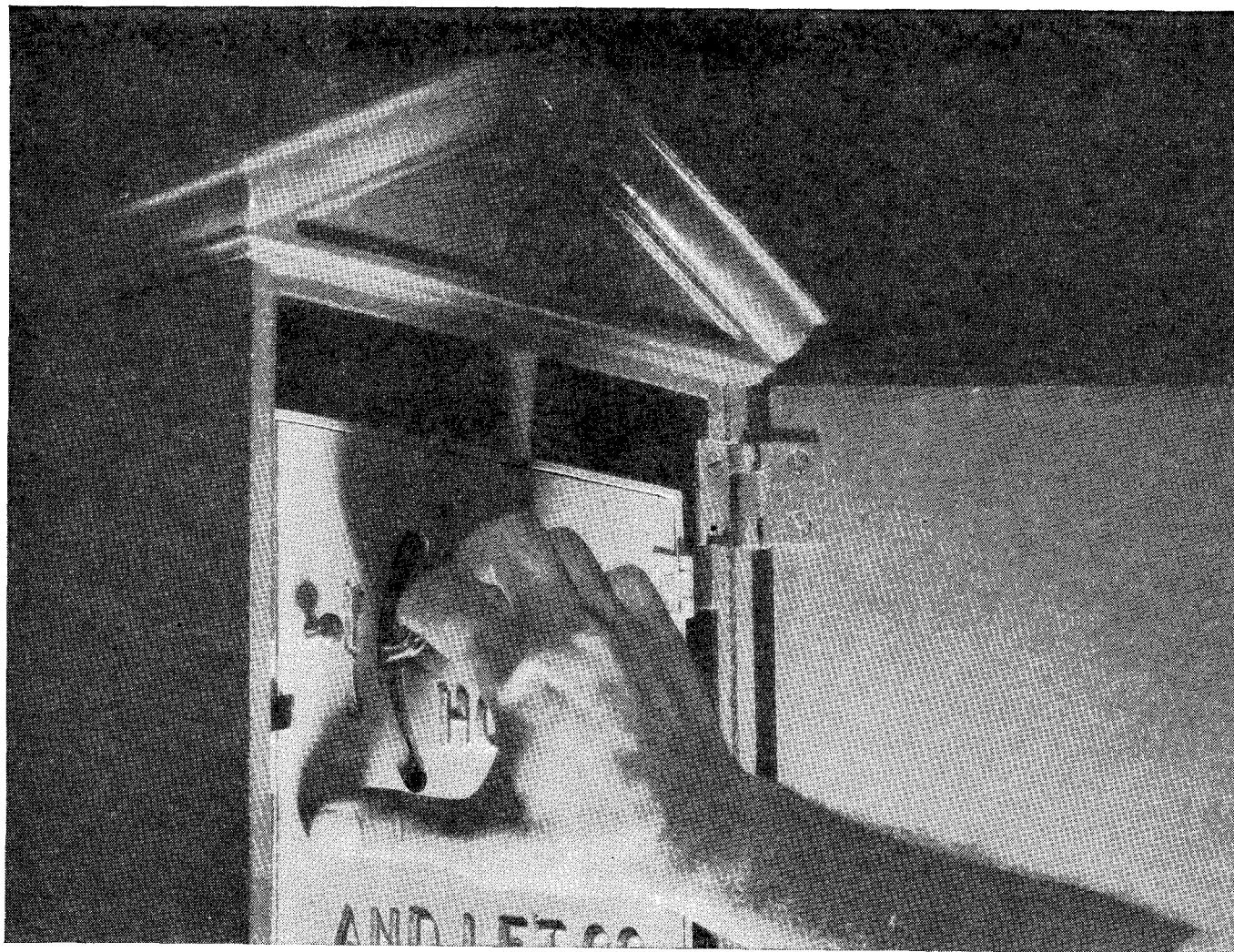
called it the most enjoyable edition ever printed and wished that "it might be accessible to every purse." Alarms and excursions intervened, good paper became scarce, and printing costs more than doubled. Sir Francis Meynell, who is the directing genius of the Nonesuch Press, is to be congratulated for the skill and resourcefulness with which he has compacted this new edition of four volumes which will occupy under five inches of shelf room. The problem "of trying to put much matter into a reasonably small space without a sacrifice of either looks or legibility," he solved first with a specially made paper — not a "Bible paper," but a thick India paper which is opaque, gives the type a sharp clarity, and turns easily. "The text itself," he says, "is the *sheerest* Shakespeare there can be: . . . Shakespeare in the exact text of the First Folio with all the Quarto variants." The marginal notes are a whispered guide rather than a distraction. The plays are set apart with half titles on stiffer paper in charming headpieces by Reynolds Stone; and in his Introduction, Ivor Brown very deftly presents the known facts about Shakespeare, the reasons for the present chronology, the grouping of the Sonnets, and an explanation of those doubtful plays in which Shakespeare may have had a hand. This is a very distinguished, very modern example of bookmaking.

Arnold and André

The Traitor and the Spy by James Thomas Flexner (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.75) is the most vivid and sympathetic interpretation I have yet read of those three persons who entered upon the darkest betrayal in American history. It is a murky, sinister story and in some places beyond the reach of Mr. Flexner's spotlight; it is a very human story with its pitiable side, too, for Arnold on a battlefield was unquestionably intrepid and a leader; Peggy Shippen was a belle of great charm who faced disgrace with persistent loyalty to her children and her aging, ailing husband; and the gay, talented André might have proved of sterner stuff had he lived.

The story begins in the Connecticut of Arnold's youth. Arnold's father was a drunkard; his mother fought a losing battle against poverty and disease — of her seven children only Benedict and his younger sister Hannah survived. The boy, who bore a grudge against society, was apprenticed early to an apothecary in Norwich, and we have his own words for it that he was "a coward till he was fifteen years old." Then he shot up fast, his spur the determination to make money and a name. At the age of twenty-two, he had opened a store for himself in New Haven, and as he prospered he bought ships and speculated in the coastal trade from Canada to the Indies. This was the making of his fortune, and he plunged into this investment again and again all through his soldiering.

Arnold's finances are always in a shadow, for he kept no books. We never know the size of his for-



False Alarm?

The alarm bell ripped the silence to shreds in one of Chicago's 141 fire stations. Firemen leaped from their beds into their clothes, slid down the pole. Soon every man and every piece of fire fighting equipment was in place, ready for action.

This activity resulted from neither a false alarm nor a fire call. Instead, it had been carefully staged by Chicago's Fire Chief, so a famous American artist could be sure of absolute authenticity in his dramatic color paintings for the World Book Encyclopedia

article, "Fire Department."

Even before that, the artist had been allowed to ride on the rear of a truck on five trips, as the Chicago Fire Department dashed off to answer actual calls. All this in the interest of accuracy.

World Book's files are filled with stories like this, of a ceaseless search for fact. No wonder, year after year, World Book remains first choice of America's schools and libraries... it's readable and *it's right!*

WORLD BOOK *Encyclopedia*

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division, Chicago 54, Illinois
Also publishers of Childcraft, America's Famous Child Development Plan

tune or from whom he borrowed; we are told too little about his first wife, Margaret Mansfield, and too little about his concern for his three sons. But when Arnold gets into uniform and rides off to Ticonderoga; when he plans for the invasion of Canada and begins his endless contention for recognition, rank, and privilege, his biography really can be documented.

Mr. Flexner is plausible in his handling of young André, whose career we follow in alternate chapters. The man's charm, conceit, and industry are well conveyed; and while his reasons for hating this country never convince me, his growth as an officer of Intelligence does. André had all the skill in human relations which Arnold lacked; and as we see the two men drawn together by the grave-eyed flirt Miss Shippen; as we see her rebel first against her father and then against Philadelphia, until her resentment is the spark which sets fire to Arnold's long smoldering feeling of abuse, we realize more fully than ever before the motives in a tragedy that has become an American classic.

Tristram in Technicolor

The legend of Tristram and Isoud is most moving when least explicit. The glamorous old tale lives on in poetry and in music, but not in a libretto. By following the main outlines of the story quite faithfully, and by excising the poetic elements, by inserting a number of archaeological details and some distinctly modern attitudes which seem out of place, **Dorothy James Roberts** has converted a fine myth into a cozy romantic novel, *The Enchanted Cup* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3.75).

"Cozy" is the best adjective I can think of for this book. Everything is smaller than life and arranged to make the reader comfortable. The characters are oversimplified to a few easily grasped essentials, and in the process Isoud is made up as a pretty ingénue and Tristram a nice boy with a talent for swordplaying. Everything that readers will expect is dutifully included: clothes and jewelry are described with a miniaturist's precision, and we have full-fledged jousting in the manner of Walter Scott. Everything that might alarm the modern reader is either excluded or smoothed over. There is some talk of witchcraft and enchantments, but these matters are firmly dismissed by the resident clergy as imaginary evils despite the fact that the Church was still burning witches and necromancers a thousand years later. The love potion becomes a minor coincidence: Tristram and Isoud are already in love when they drink the stuff, not knowing of its alleged magical properties, and show no trace of its alleged influence afterward.

Devoid of mystery, terror, passion, and the sense of a strange time and place, *The Enchanted Cup* is full of orthodox opportunities for Technicolor, and probably the easiest reading of this or any year. It will not ruffle the most delicate sensibilities.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Far Places

VAGRANT VIKING by *Peter Freuchen*. (Messner, \$5.00.) The autobiography of a Danish author-explorer whose enterprises have taken him over a large part of the world. He liked it all, and so will any reader with a taste for free-wheeling adventure.

COMING DOWN THE SEINE by *Robert Gibbings*. (Dutton, \$4.50.) The author follows the Seine from its source to the sea in a book full of delightful digressions, enthusiasms, and sly Irish humor.

NORTH by *Kaare Rodahl*. (Harper, \$3.50.) Early explorations, recent discoveries, weather studies, methods of survival, problems of construction—a bit of everything rolled into a comprehensive report on the Arctic, by a scientist who has a vast knowledge of the region.

Fiction

DOWN by *Walt Grove*. (Dell, 25¢.) The rescue of a flier down on the ice pack involves a whole Arctic air base in personal and professional uproar in this tense, irresistible adventure story.

THE PALM-WINE DRINKARD by *Amos Tutuola*. (Grove, \$2.75.) A native West African novelist is something new, and his book is quite rightly something unique, although its basic outline is the evidently universal myth of the hero who visits the world of the dead and outwits the local authorities.

THE DEAD BOY AND THE COMETS by *Goffredo Parise*. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.00.) Realistic detail, symbolism, and wild fantasy are combined here to depict the state of mind of Italian adolescents immediately after the last war. The method is arbitrary but effective.

THE COLOR OF THE DAY by *Romain Gary*. (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50.) Sometimes touching, sometimes acidly bizarre, the love story of an idealistic adventurer and a movie star is entertaining even when it wanders into pseudo profundities.

Literary Men

AROUND THEATRES by *Max Beerbohm*. (British Book Centre, \$6.75.) A selection of the theatrical reviews Sir Max wrote between 1898 and 1908, proving that he is one of the best as well as one of the wittiest critics who ever enlivened an opening night.

THE ORDEAL OF GEORGE MEREDITH by *Lionel Stevenson*. (Scribner's, \$6.00.) This full-length, full-dress biography of Meredith succeeds in making lively reading of a life in which most events were purely cerebral.

THE POET'S TESTAMENT by *George Santayana*. (Scribner's, \$3.50.) The philosopher who began as a poet ended as one too. This collection includes the previously unpublished work which the author wished to have preserved, a number of suave poems, translations, and two plays in blank verse.

MARCHETTE CHUTE'S

*superb portrait of the
robust life and times of*

Ben Jonson OF WESTMINSTER

By the author of *Shakespeare of London*
and *Chaucer of England*

A RICH biography of the lusty Elizabethan who created such theatre masterpieces as *Volpone* and *The Alchemist*. King of the Mermaid Tavern, veteran of a famous duel, intimate of two Kings and inmate of as many prisons, Jonson was an extraordinary character and Marchette Chute here brings both the period and the man brilliantly to life. \$5.00



THE LITTLE MADELEINE

*comes of age with the thrill
of her first job, the magic of
her first romance*

Madeleine Grown Up

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A FRENCH GIRL

By MRS. ROBERT
HENREY



FURTHER adventures of the heroine you loved in *The Little Madeleine* . . . the true remembrances of a young girl growing up in London, working in the luxurious Savoy, and falling in love amid the beauty of an English spring. \$4.00

**PUT THESE AT THE TOP
OF YOUR GIFT LIST—**

Adams' Way

By LONNIE COLEMAN,
gifted author of *Clara*

A novel of the shock, the excitement, the turmoil in a small Southern town—when a recluse undertakes to educate a Negro girl in his home. \$3.00



The Story of San Michele

SILVER ANNIVERSARY EDITION

By AXEL MUNTHE. Introduction by George N. Shuster. A popular priced edition of one of the most famous books of our time — the bizarre, intimate memoirs of an extraordinary doctor. \$3.75

The Story of Axel Munthe

By GUSTAF MUNTHE
and GUDRUN UEXKULL

Introduction by Malcolm Munthe. The stories about himself that Dr. Munthe didn't tell in *The Story of San Michele*. \$3.75

The New Treasure Chest

AN ANTHOLOGY OF REFLECTIVE PROSE

Edited by J. DONALD ADAMS. The perfect gift for your more discerning friends. Thought-provoking selections from over 200 great writers, from Montaigne to Schweitzer. \$4.00

Collected Poems

LIMITED AND AUTOGRAPHED EDITION

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL. All of the beautiful and serene poetry of one of America's most distinguished poets. A collector's item! \$5.00

At all bookstores



E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

300 Fourth Avenue New York 10



The Atlantic Monthly Book Club Expands

In October, 1952, the ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB was founded, and at that time I defined the purpose of the Club. I said that we should search for books of *Atlantic* caliber and that the three judges — Charles W. Morton, Charles J. Rolo, and myself — would exercise the same care in making the Club selections as we use in editing the *Atlantic*.

As I look back over our selections of the first year, I am pleased that we struck an almost equal division between the authors who were already of known quality and those who might be regarded as “discoveries.” MY ISLAND HOME, the posthumous autobiography of James Norman Hall; Evelyn Waugh’s MEN AT ARMS; LÉLIA: THE LIFE OF GEORGE SAND by André Maurois; the COLLECTED POEMS of Archibald MacLeish, the Pulitzer Prize Winner of 1953; THE MAN WHISTLER by Hesketh Pearson — these are what I mean by books of known quality. They were of *Atlantic* caliber, and I am confident that they gave pleasure to our members.

But the judges were equally intent in bringing to the attention of the Club books which the readers might otherwise have missed. We canvased the field, and when we selected FIVE GENTLEMEN OF JAPAN by Frank Gibney, or May Sarton’s charming, spirited novel of Ireland, A SHOWER OF SUMMER DAYS, or Frank Moraes’s REPORT ON MAO’S CHINA, or PERIOD PIECE by Gwen Raverat — our selection for November and as happy a book as I have read since LIFE WITH FATHER — we felt that we had come up with something new, something *Atlantic* readers would want to know about and of no less quality than those established authors we had in mind.

These are the aims with which we begin our second year. We shall be guided by our knowledge that *Atlantic* readers are primarily interested in works of belles-lettres, biography and history; that they want the exceptional rather than the experimental novel. We shall continue our quest for new talent and for young writers in England, on the Continent, and at home who merit your attention. And now as at the beginning, thanks to the economy of group buying, we shall offer our selections to you at savings of at least twenty-five per cent.

I believed in this venture from the first, and it is gratifying to see how far the ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB has expanded in its first year of trial.

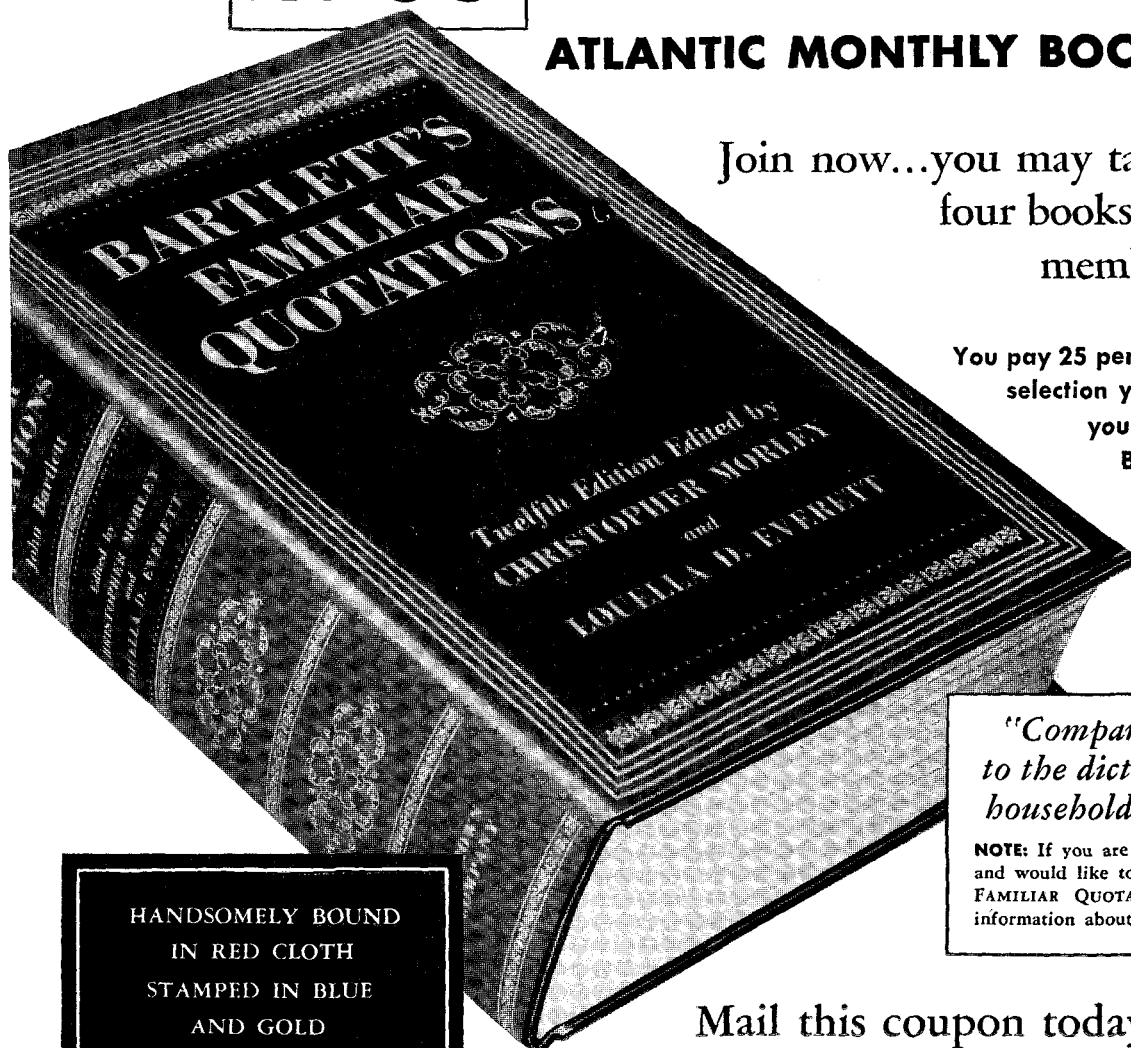
Edward Weeks

Editor of the *Atlantic*



Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB



Join now...you may take as few as
four books in an entire
membership year

You pay 25 per cent less on every
selection you accept . . . and
you get a free **BONUS**
BOOK with every 4
books you take.

*"Comparable only
to the dictionary as a
household necessity"*

NOTE: If you are already a member
and would like to have BARTLETT'S
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, write for
information about how to obtain it.

HANDSOMELY BOUND
IN RED CLOTH
STAMPED IN BLUE
AND GOLD

Retail price **\$9.00**

More than 1800 pages
Index contains 123,842 entries

Mail this coupon today
for your **FREE** copy of

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Each month you receive free the Atlantic Monthly Book Club Preview describing the forthcoming selection and alternate selection, and listing other good books recommended by the judges. Thus, you will always be able to decide for yourself in advance, if you want the selection announced, or some other book, or, indeed, no book at all. You may accept as few as four books—either the monthly choice or the alternate—in an entire twelve month period and still enjoy all the benefits and privileges of membership. You save on every book you buy, and with every fourth purchase you receive another free bonus book.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

Please enroll me as a member and send me—FREE—as my introductory gift book—the \$9.00 BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, along with my first selection I have checked below. I am also to receive a free BONUS BOOK with every four selections or alternates I accept. Each month you will send me without charge the Atlantic Monthly Book Club Preview, describing the forthcoming selection and alternate and listing other books recommended by the judges. My only obligation is to purchase a minimum of four selections or alternates in a full membership year at the special members' reduced price (plus a small charge to cover postage and handling).

AS MY FIRST SELECTION PLEASE SEND ME:

	List Price	Club Price
☐ UNTIL VICTORY: HORACE MANN AND MARY PEABODY by Louise Hall Thorp	\$5.00	\$3.75
☐ LELIA: THE LIFE OF GEORGE SAND by Andre Maurois.....	5.00	3.75
☐ MEN AT ARMS by Evelyn Waugh	3.50	2.60
☐ MARY LINCOLN: BIOGRAPHY OF A MARRIAGE by Ruth Painter Randall	5.75	4.30
☐ THE MAN WHISTLER by Hesketh Pearson	3.75	2.80
☐ LETTERS OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON Edited by Howard Mumford Jones	6.00	4.50
☐ THE ALLEYS OF MARRAKESH by Peter Mayne.....	3.75	2.80
☐ A SHOWER OF SUMMER DAYS by May Sarton and THE SHIPWRECKED by Graham Greene (Dual Selection)	5.75	4.30

Name _____ (Please print plainly)
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

A-22



**At 21 he played a man's
game of hide-and-seek
— for keeps**

Two Eggs On My Plate

By OLUF REED OLSEN

*The author's exciting story of his
part in the Norwegian underground*

OLUF OLSEN joined the Norwegian underground when Hitler's hordes overran his homeland. Here are his thrilling reminiscences of the dangerous business of espionage. In a straightforward, modest style, he recalls deeds of the utmost heroism: photographing military installations — "sailing and bailing" 1,150 miles to England in a leaky tub named the "Haabet" (Hope)—training in Britain's most secret location—parachuting into Norway—sending shortwave signals in a forest where a creaking twig could be a death warrant, a bird an innocent informer. A spy story of the first water — a stirring account of the individual heroism which contributed so much to Allied victory. *Illustrated with photos \$4.50*

**As thrilling as a novel—
this fascinating story of the
Pacific Island where the
Kon-Tiki raft crash-landed.**

Rarouia

HAPPY ISLAND OF THE SOUTH SEAS

By BENGT DANIELSSON

THE only Swede on the famed Kon-Tiki expedition returned to this tiny coral atoll for a second look at an almost idyllic life — where the cost of living is nil . . . where you work (more or less) from ages four to fourteen and then retire . . . where the people are merry, carefree, and indestructably happy.

Illustrated with photos \$4.50

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



JAMES BOSWELL is in much better form in *Boswell on the Grand Tour* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.00) than he was in *Boswell in Holland*. The stern and successful effort to reform described in the earlier volume almost drove him out of his mind and sometimes made rather dull reading. But toward the end of his stay in Utrecht, the rigor of his convictions was eased by the influence of Rousseau's ideas and by the assurance of a Dutch physician that chastity was bad for his health. During his travels through Germany and Switzerland, "the fiend" — Boswell's melancholia — periodically laid hold of him. But by and large, the present volume presents to us a high-spirited young gentleman enjoying to the hilt the delights of the Grand Tour.

Though he failed to obtain an audience with Frederick the Great, Boswell was immensely impressed with the splendors of imperial Berlin. His progress through the courts of the German states was (with one enraging exception) an intoxicating triumph. Boswell traveled, he congratulated himself, "as a Philosopher"; but his pursuit of enlightenment did not keep him away from a succession of suppers, balls, and festivities of the noblesse. "I am quite the Great Man," he wrote to a friend; and at Wittenberg he decided that his birth entitled him to call himself Baron Boswell.

From time to time, the grossness of the London era asserts itself, and the "great man" reverts to picking up streetwalkers. Meanwhile, he is corresponding with the heroine of his Dutch Journal, Belle de Zuylen, and he debates the idea of making her his wife.

Boswell on the Grand Tour — superbly edited, like its predecessors, by **Frederick A. Pottle** — reaches its high point and its conclusion with Boswell's visits first to Rousseau and then to Voltaire. An extraordinary letter gains Boswell access to the prickly hermit of Moitiers. The first interviews are rich in unconscious comedy: Boswell is resolved to spread out his life story and to get "full ad-

vice"; Rousseau, sick and in pain, eludes the confessional and keeps the meetings brief ("You are irksome to me. Go away"). But Boswell's fervor and charm win out. When he sends Rousseau a written "Sketch" of his life, it is read and Boswell is invited to dinner in Rousseau's kitchen. After a long and gratifying visit, he leaves transported by Rousseau's assurance, "There are points on which our souls are bound."

At Ferney, Boswell maneuvered Voltaire into extended conversations when the other guests went off to supper. Their talk is recorded in detail, and this memorable exchange shows that even Voltaire's wit and eminence could not put a damper on Boswell's brashness.

The better I get to know James Boswell, the more — despite his glaring faults — I am captivated by his Journals. He was inordinately vain, a fearful snob, and an insufferable prig. But what stands out, most vividly, in the Boswell papers is the young Scotsman's enthusiasm, his exceeding oddity, his almost lunatic candor. And, of course, his genius as a diarist.

An American in Moscow

Like Boswell, **Vice Admiral Leslie C. Stevens** — former U.S. Naval Attaché in Moscow, extracts from whose *Russian Assignment* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.75) have appeared in this magazine — is a chronicler with a profound attachment to the concrete, the particular. He is the first commentator to report the reassuring fact that young Russians have been known to chalk up publicly "John Loves Mary" — only in Russian it goes "Vanya plus Nina Equals Love." This is the sort of observation which I find decidedly more enlightening, today, than a hundred pages of celebration to the effect that Communism is a Bad Thing. The tendency in writings about the Soviet Union has been to give primacy to ideology, politics, statistics, with the result that, in Virginia Woolf's expressive phrase, "life escapes." Admiral Stevens's large book — which gains immensely from the fact he speaks Russian fluently and is well grounded in Russian literature and history — communicates more sharply and more richly than any other published since the war the texture of everyday life as seen by a keenly observant American in Russia.

Despite the difficulty of break-

"IMAGINE ME TAKING A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE in WRITING

"After years of writing advertising sucker-bait, you'd think I'd be immune. But I have to admit the Magazine Institute has got something that sold me. Maybe it was the fact that your president and instructors were all *writers*. Anyway, I'm glad I was convinced. It's a really *fine* course."

That, in essence, is what a recent enrollee told us after he had signed for our training. He is just one of many who have found in the Magazine Institute something they did not know a correspondence course could offer—lively, up-to-date, interesting assignments; instruction by competent, successful writers; *individual* attention; the discipline of a regular writing schedule; and the *freedom* and *inspiration* of a flexible program.

The Magazine Institute—a private school licensed by the State of New York—is *really* different. In fact, it is the only correspondence school in writing which is completely owned, staffed, and operated by successful writers and editors—men and women who have all held staff positions on magazines or in publishing houses, or who have earned publication in the leading periodicals.

Next to writing, these men and women enjoy *teaching others to write*. Their own success, their own constant contact with editors and publishers, is your best assurance of a practical, thorough, and up-to-date training.

OUR STUDENTS SAY*

“ I sold the Saturday Evening Post another piece.”

“ . . . Esquire has accepted my story, one I sent you for criticism.”

“ I sold another story, my sixth . . . ”

“ . . . reporting the sale of another story, submitted as an assignment last July. The market was recommended in your criticism.”

“ . . . my first sale, after I had completed only four lessons.”

“ . . . I've just sold my first fiction piece, based on a characterization I did for the course.”

“ I sold an article to American Weekly.”

“ I have made some progress selling to numerous magazines from Coronet down and I'm only about one-third through the course.”

*(Letters on file)

”

The MAGAZINE INSTITUTE

Rockefeller Center

50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

Our Staff Includes:



ROBERT SMITH

Author: *Hotel on the Lake; The Human Image; Baseball; One Winter in Boston; Writing Fiction; Little League Catcher; Heroes of Baseball* and many short stories.

JANET WELT, formerly on staff, N. Y. *Journal* and *Detroit Times*; writer for Dell and Fawcett Publications.

BETH WALKER, author: *Hills of Home; Hollywood Ho;* radio scripts; verse, juvenile stories.

MARY HEATON VORSE, author: *The Prestons; A Footnote to Folly;* stories in *Collier's, Woman's Home Companion,* etc. And Other Successful Writers and Editors.

HOW FAMOUS WRITERS GOT STARTED

The Magazine Institute offers you a chance to learn to write the way famous writers did—by writing continually under the patient direction of a professional writer or editor.

You work at home, in spare time. Every lesson you submit is criticized and corrected by a successful writer or editor. You proceed as slowly or as rapidly as you wish. You may concentrate on fiction or non-fiction. Before long, you are turning out, under our direction, short stories, articles, sketches, whatever you seem best fitted to do.

TEST YOUR LITERARY APTITUDE FREE

The Magazine Institute offers a Free Literary Aptitude Test which enables you to *find out for yourself* if you have any writing talent. The test is COMPLETELY SELF-CORRECTING. Answers are sent on a separate sheet so that YOU CAN DECIDE where you stand without misleading comment or unwanted flattery.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY

Write for the FREE catalog describing the Magazine Institute plan and providing other information of value to beginning writers. Inquirers also receive the BEST JOB IN THE WORLD, which lists unsolicited testimonials from successful Magazine Institute students. Fill out the coupon and mail it NOW.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.

Dept. 111-E
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center
New York 20, N. Y.

Please send, without obligation, your current catalog to:

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(Inquiries Confidential • No Salesman Will Call)

ing through the iron curtain drawn around foreigners, despite the grimness of so much that he encountered, Admiral Stevens found that getting to know Russia remained an exciting experience; and his zest and curiosity make his book enormously absorbing. He visited Tiflis, Leningrad, and Central Siberia. He explored bookstores and read the best Soviet writers; he saw most of the plays produced while he was in Moscow; he attended a trial at a minor law court; he went hunting and fishing with simple Russians and shared their hospitality. Most important, he succeeded in talking to Russians of all sorts—in trains, parks, restaurants; and, after vodka or the desperate need to unburden themselves had overcome their caution, they were often startlingly outspoken about their dissatisfactions.

Unaccountably, two details which may or may not be trivial stand out in my mind. Among the headline attractions of the Soviet musical theater are three monuments to bourgeois frivolity and sentimentalism: *Die Fledermaus*, *The Merry Widow*, and *Rose Marie*. The only bar which the Admiral ever discovered in Mos-

cow is across from the offices of the MVD. I suspect that, after Beria's arrest, it did a roaring business.

Europe in mid-century

Fire in the Ashes (Sloane, \$5.00) by **Theodore H. White**, the Book-of-the-Month Club's November selection, seems to me not only the best book of the year in the field of foreign correspondence, but the sanest and most specific appraisal to date of the pluses and minuses of U.S. post-war policies toward Europe.

In this survey of "Europe in Mid Century," Mr. White concentrates on France, Germany, and the United Kingdom, believing that this is the decisive area. Perhaps the most important aspect of this book is its well-documented proof of how wrong the wailing chorus has been with its dirges that Europe was *kaputt* and the policy of containment a total failure. Mr. White certainly brings out forcefully the discouraging and dangerous aspects of the European picture, but in the over-all view his findings strike a soberly encouraging note. Contrary to the catastrophic prophecies typified by Koestler's *Age of Longing*, Communism in France,

so far from proving itself the only faith with dynamism, has tended to become ossified and inept in its tactics; and the acceptance of the Schuman Plan, truly momentous in its implications, is one of a cluster of signs that Europe has already passed the first lap on the hard road toward integration. Perhaps the most heartening change is in the military picture. In 1948, the sad truth was that, as one U.S. general put it, "All the Russians need to get to the Channel is shoes." Today, on the critical German front, the NATO powers "can mass a heavier weight of armor and men than the Russians."

Fire in the Ashes is strikingly free of any doctrinaire approach. Mr. White does not deal in facile condemnation, but strives, with remarkable success, to arrive at an understanding of European attitudes and policies that are apt to annoy American commentators—France's resistance, for instance, to the rearmament of Germany (which Mr. White considers an urgent necessity); or Britain's conviction that its economic future hinges on the development of the Commonwealth's resources rather than on close partnership with the United States.

Aside from some lapses into awful journalese ("the broodmare bodies of concupiscent Hitler maidens"), Mr. White has done such a good job that I'd sooner pass up my disagreements and mention a few more of the points that impressed me—the realistic balance sheet of the achievements and shortcomings of British Socialism; the analysis of France's infinitely messy post-war politics; the evaluation of the various movements toward European integration; and the discussion of the factors dangerously obstructing greater economic productivity. Expanded productivity and German unity are the two crucial issues, White concludes. The third is the self-defeating contradiction in the policies of the U.S. Congress. It has voted billions to help Europe achieve the goal "trade not aid;" it preaches to Europeans the gospel of free competition; and it will not relax this country's barriers to the free flow of trade.

The Middle East story

Another top-notch book of foreign correspondence is **Jon Kimche's *Seven Fallen Pillars*** (Praeger, \$4.50), an account of the turbulent post-war era in the Middle East.

Two new volumes in THE LIBRARY OF CHRISTIAN CLASSICS

26 volumes which will
bring to modern readers
the great writings of
Christianity from the
Early Fathers through the
English Reformation.

VOLUME VI:

AUGUSTINE: Earlier Writings.

Edited by J. H. S. BURLEIGH.
The first of three projected volumes on the works of Augustine, dealing primarily with his writings from the time of his conversion to Christianity until he became Bishop of Hippo.

439 pages. \$5

VOLUME XIV:

ADVOCATES OF REFORM: From Wyclif to Erasmus.

Edited by MATTHEW SPINKA.
The fascinating writings of the "reformers before the Reformation", including Wyclif, Henry of Langenstein, John Gerson, Dietrich of Niem, John Major, John Hus, and Erasmus. 408 pages. \$5

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED:

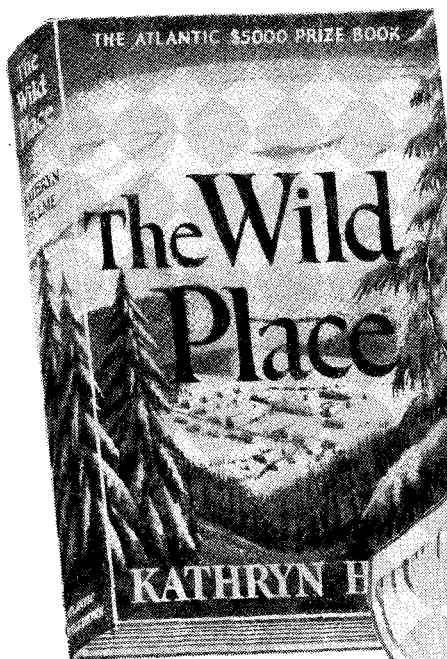
Vol. I—Early Christian Fathers
Edited by Cyril C. Richardson. \$5.

Vol. XXIV—Zwingli and Bullinger
Edited by C. W. Bromiley. \$5.

*At all bookstores,
THE WESTMINSTER PRESS,
Philadelphia 7*



Winner of the ATLANTIC \$5,000 Non-Fiction Award



© Kathryn Novak

HULME

"THE WILD PLACE is a rare book, powerful and exciting, compassionate and disturbing, tragic and funny—drawn from great and strange material."—JANET FLANNER

THE WILD PLACE

by **KATHRYN HULME**

From all over Germany they came — the men and women without a country. They came in boxcars, a human cargo fired with hope of freedom and of home; and they poured in endless numbers into Wildflecken — The Wild Place — a stripped little world where Hitler had trained his ski troops and S. S. . . .

This book tells the experiences of an American woman who, as Deputy Director of The Wild Place, worked for five years with UNRRA and IRO to rescue, rehabilitate and resettle the more than 2,000,000 homeless found in Germany at the war's end.

To Kathryn Hulme and her courageous co-workers from the United Nations they brought a bewildering complex of needs, emotions and hardships: the heart-breaking files of statistics, fingerprints, branded arms; the delirium over chocolate bars after six years of black bread; the pressing problems of organization and reorganization — of food, shelter and medicine; reunion, frustration, gaiety, despair among the fragrant pines and snow-clad mountains . . .

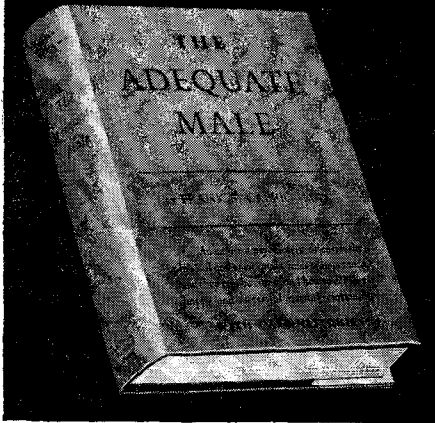
"It is a verbatim record of the most dramatic human debris of our time, the homeless hordes left on deposit in Germany," continues Janet Flanner. "As a journalist in Germany in 1945 I saw UNRRA officer Kathryn Hulme's camps, watched her amazing labors and met the principal characters of what is now her book — their final refuge."

\$3.75 at all bookstores

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

Illustrated! Authentic Case Histories!



HERE ARE THE FACTS ABOUT ADEQUATE SEX

the ADEQUATE MALE

by FRANK S. CAPRIO, M.D., Wash., D.C., psychiatrist

Now a long-awaited book tells in plain language how to be an adequate male... how to assure complete compatibility... how to use Dr. Caprio's system for achieving adequacy as a male and the health and mental well-being that goes with it.

Just one visit to Dr. Caprio would cost many times the price of this book. Now his advice and his practical step-by-step plans of action are yours for the small cost of this complete guide. Dr. Caprio's steps for accomplishing sexual adequacy have given satisfaction to thousands of people.

NO MORE WONDERING OR DOUBTS

Just a few of the subjects covered in
The Adequate Male:

What men should know about women • The importance of sex • The responsibility of the male • The price of sex ignorance • What every woman expects in a man • The art of lovemaking • Errors in techniques • The jealous lover and husband • The Don Juan, married bachelor, philanderer and inebriate • Sex problems of the middle-aged • Impotence • Sexual longevity.

READ IT FREE FOR 10 DAYS!

Do not pay postman. We want you to examine this book FREE in your own home for ten days without obligation. If you are not convinced that THE ADEQUATE MALE is everything we say it is just return it and owe nothing. If you decide to keep the book, remit only \$3.50 plus postage, as full payment.

MEDICAL RESEARCH PRESS, Dept. A-Q, 100 Park Ave., N. Y. 17

MAIL COUPON NOW!

MEDICAL RESEARCH PRESS, Dept. A-Q
100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

☐ Please send me a copy of THE ADEQUATE MALE in a plain sealed container to examine for 10 days at publisher's expense and no obligation to myself. I will either pay \$3.50 plus a few cents handling and postage within that time or return it for full credit and consider the matter closed.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ SAVE! Remit only \$3.50 and publisher pays 25¢ postage and handling charges. Same refund privilege and guarantee.

Mr. Kimche, a British correspondent, is not as flexible in his approach as Mr. White: he is convinced that Britain's Middle East policies, especially under the Labor Government, constitute one of the most abject failures in her diplomatic history. The three visits I have made to this area since 1945 have, regrettably, left me with a similar conclusion. My chief reservation is that Mr. Kimche rides his thesis too hard — diplomacy has always been fallible, and the difficulties in this case were harrowing. He is also strangely soft toward some of his country's less estimable adversaries; Mossadegh, for example.

The decisive voice in shaping Britain's Middle East policies had been that of the leading officials on the spot, the so-called orientlists. The "Middle East Club," as Kimche calls them — I have heard them referred to as "the ersatz Lawrences" — made the Arab cause their own with a fervor which totally blinded them to two crucial realities. The first was that British and Arab interests were not necessarily identical; the second was that the Arabs themselves could not have felt this more strongly — the argument that Britain was their best friend by and large struck them as imperialist chicanery.

Supercilious, arrogant, sentimental archaists in their social outlook, the oriental experts threw their weight behind the feudal aristocracy. They grossly misjudged the stirrings of popular unrest, and obstinately refused to see that this unrest was being channeled into a deepening hatred of the British. Their Arab complex caused them to prefer extremists to moderates; and they assisted the formation of the Arab League though it was obvious to all non-experts that the League would immediately become an instrument of opposition to Britain. The Arabs' burning sense that they were betrayed by Britain in their war against the Jews — when actually Mr. Bevin gave them all the aid he dared to — was in no small measure due to the fact that certain British Middle East officials had strongly encouraged the Arabs to risk a military showdown.

Kimche is obviously a correspondent who works hard to get the inside track. Ranging from Tripolitania to Turkey, his lively book covers, with an illuminating fullness of detail, the war in Palestine; the *coups d'état* in Syria; Naguib's revolution in Egypt; the Anglo-Iranian debacle; turmoil in

Iraq (another potential crisis area, Kimche believes); oil politics, political assassinations, and Anglo-American friction.

The Middle East is rapidly becoming an American rather than a British headache, and the great question mark is whether U.S. diplomacy will act on the lessons suggested by Britain's mistakes. "Can American capitalism," Kimche asks, "embark on a progressive social policy which alone can bring political stability? And can it find willing allies among the local peoples in that policy's pursuit?"

The uprooted

The Wild Place (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75) by Kathryn Hulme — winner of the *Atlantic's* \$5000 Non-Fiction Award — brings to us, in terms of the experience of a California woman, the vibrant story of one of the greatest constructive enterprises of our time: the rehabilitation and resettlement of the more than two million homeless persons found in Germany at the war's end. This is a beautiful book; heartbreaking, and at the same time veined with humor and a crazy sort of comedy.

Kathryn Hulme worked for UNRRA and the IRO from 1945 to 1951. She was Deputy Director of Wildflecken, The Wild Place, a camp deep in the Bavarian forests, where eighteen UNRRA workers of six nationalities were responsible for up to 20,000 Poles. Later, as director of her own camp and at the Resettlement Center, Miss Hulme's charges were Balts, Ukrainians, and Jews.

At first, the task was to keep alive broken bodies on pitifully meager rations and equip the sturdier cases for repatriation to Poland. Then in January, 1947, Poland was taken over by the Communists, and the inmates of Wildflecken were left without a homeland. Missions from many countries arrived to take their pick from this pool of cheap labor. Some 1800 coal miners were offered a decent future in Belgium; farmers were sought out by the Canadians, the Australians, the South Americans; there was even a demand for reindeer herders. But for the thousands of city workers and for the physically unfit, the "muscle-gathering missions" only spelled crushing disappointment. President Truman's Displaced Persons Act was the first great ray of hope, but with it also came untold heartbreak as its restrictive clauses blighted the hopes of thousands.

LORD VANITY

the new novel by
SAMUEL SHELLABARGER

A masterpiece of historical fiction by the king of modern romancers — a wonderfully vivid and exciting novel, a tale of 18th century Venice and Paris, London and the New World that surpasses even Dr. Shellabarger's own *Captain from Castile*, *Prince of Foxes* and *The King's Cavalier*. \$3.95

TIME AND TIME AGAIN

the new best-seller by
JAMES HILTON
AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

Gentleman and diplomat, husband and lover, father and man-of-the-world, Charles Anderson is indeed "a memorable character . . . a memorable experience."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "Parts of this wonderful novel will remind you of *Random Harvest*, parts of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, but it will bring you more pleasure and satisfaction than either of these best sellers."—*Boston Herald*. \$3.75

BEYOND THIS PLACE

the new best-seller by
A. J. CRONIN

The author of *The Citadel* and *The Keys of the Kingdom* "has outdone himself in this heart-warming and often thrilling novel."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*. "Most effectively and compellingly tells a rattling good story."—*Chicago Tribune*. "The finest kind of suspense. People will read this novel at one sitting."—*Baltimore Sun*. \$3.75

THE ALLEYS OF MARRAKESH

PETER MAYNE
AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

You've read part of this book in the *Atlantic*; now you can enjoy the whole story of Peter Mayne's exotic journey to the bazaars and by-ways of sun-drenched Marrakesh. His many adventures are recalled with wit, charm and a deep appreciation of the Moorish way of life. \$3.75

INTRUDER FROM THE SEA

GORDON McDONELL
AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

When the F.B.I. insists that Sam Freeman resurrect a forgotten friendship, a nice quiet American family plunges into the game of counter-espionage. A new thriller by the author of *My Sister Good-night* . . . "another superior suspense story . . . a sure stimulant for the dark of night."

—VIRGINIA KIRKUS. \$3.00

THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS

by Lt. Col. **AIREY NEAVE**

The first man to escape from the "escape-proof" fortress of Colditz, Lt. Col. Neave has written "one of the most remarkable personal documents to come out of the war."—*Chicago Tribune*. You won't put down this incredible story until its triumphant end. "Men like Airey Neave, who keep their heads when they take to their heels, are worth knowing."—*ELLERY SEDGWICK*. \$4.00

At all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

"MAY SARTON has come into her maturity as a lyric poet with

The Land of Silence

AND OTHER POEMS

SHE is one of the very few who are born into each age to bring it that freshness of insight, that mingled delight of newness and of assent which it is in the gift of the artist alone to give."

— Victoria Lincoln

This collection of 56 lyrics and a group of sonnets bears the stamp of an individuality which owes nothing to current poetic poses. Her last book of poems was described in the *Saturday Review* as "an achievement of the first quality." THE LAND OF SILENCE can only reinforce this opinion. \$2.50

The English Novel

By DOROTHY VAN GHENT

EIGHTEEN brilliant, closely reasoned essays discussing the outstanding masterpieces of English fiction (and *Don Quixote*) in a search to define that special essence of greatness. "I recommend this book warmly as one of the most exhaustive, imaginative and valuable studies of the novel yet written." — Albert J. Guerard, Jr. \$4.00

At all booksellers

RINEHART & COMPANY • N. Y. 16

CHARLTON LAIRD'S

new novel

WEST OF THE RIVER

The author of *Thunder on the River* continues his saga of the growth of the upper Mississippi with this rousing tale of a young French Canadian who came West to fight for a fortune in fur.

At all bookstores • \$3.50

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

Whether she is writing about "My Poles," "My Balts," or "My Jews," Miss Hulme's eye is always fixed on the individual. Hers is a book about people and it is alive with the drama of the individual's destiny, with dramas such as that of Ignatz, her chauffeur, whose first baby died of starvation while he was helping to store away cans of condensed milk; who fathered other children at Wildflecken; surmounted obstacle after obstacle to gain admittance to the United States — the necessary documents, laid side by side, stretched 17 yards — and was turned back at the very last moment when, in the final X rays, his small daughter was found to have tuberculosis.

Although tragic, *The Wild Place* is not depressing reading. It projects the passionate sense of purpose experienced by a compassionate woman struggling desperately to salvage human lives; and it leaves us with a quickened awareness of the astounding tenacity of the human spirit, the astounding durability of hope. It is a book not of death but of life.

A passage to India

In 1912, E. M. Forster visited the state of Dewas Senior in Central India as a guest of its young ruler, and nine years later he spent six months there as the Maharajah's Private Secretary. *The Hill of Devi* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.00) is a record of those two visits: it consists of letters which Forster wrote at the time, amplified and cemented by a commentary. I'm afraid this may sound as though the author, wanting to get out a book, has fallen back on some mildewed correspondence. Actually, these are wonderfully good letters, and Mr. Forster, the most scrupulous of artists, has shaped them into a delightful book — a vivid, amusing picture, permeated with the grotesque, of a vanished civilization.

Dewas Senior and Junior, ruled by two branches of the same dynasty, were tiny twin states which, one would imagine, could only have existed in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Forster lived as a member of the court of Dewas Senior, whose Maharajah, deserted by his Maharanee, had replaced her with his Diamond Concubine (the other Concubines were rated Gold and Silver). The English Secretary wore Indian clothes; his salary was poured into his topi in silver rupees; he attended an unending round of bizarre ceremonies, secular

and religious, and was treated as the ruler's beloved friend.

Forster's duties, in effect, were to cope with an awesome state of mud-dle. The arrangements in the Palace gardens were characteristic of the Alice in Wonderland logic that governed affairs in Dewas. Pipes had been laid along the flower beds and were connected with an empty water tank which was connected with an almost empty well; the well's electric pump not only lacked sufficient power to raise water to the tank but was fed by an electric system which operated only at night, when all its energies were needed to light the Palace. The Palace was a majestic sort of junk yard of broken telephones and warped pianos — a triumph of ugliness.

The Maharajah, says Forster, was "certainly a genius and possibly a saint." I see nothing in Forster's account of him resembling genius or sanctity, but he is a curious and a touching figure; and his story, which is carried to its tragic conclusion in 1937, is a strange one.

There is more to Forster's book than Dewas and its oddities. He writes about visits to other states; prickly encounters with British officialdom; the impact, on an Englishman still fairly new to India, of the Hindu religion and its mores. Here, in fact, is a slice of the experience which went into Forster's masterpiece, *A Passage to India*.

"Rare Ben Jonson"

Marchette Chute, whose *Shakespeare of London* met with a warm reception a few years back, now gives us another excellent biography enriched by her Shakespearean researches: *Ben Jonson of Westminster* (Dutton, \$5.00). Miss Chute is a biographer who sticks firmly to the documented facts. She shies away from conjecture and keeps subjectivity to a minimum; her aim is to let the data communicate their tone and color to the story. This method has its virtues and its liabilities. It tends to deprive biography of style, for style is the expression of individuality: the supremely stylish biographies — Chesterton's and Strachey's, for instance — are strongly impregnated with the author's personality. The Strachey-Chesterton kind of portraiture, to my taste, is the most stimulating and the most fun. But Miss Chute's approach makes for greater accuracy and a more justly balanced picture. I should add that she com-

RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT

LESLIE C. STEVENS,
Vice Admiral USN (Ret.)

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

For three years Admiral Stevens was American naval attaché in Moscow. He went everywhere, saw everyone, and talked to everybody (in Russian). His observations on daily life in Russia, his scores of encounters with ordinary people, make this the most intimate and revealing book to come out of Russia since the Iron Curtain fell. \$5.75

OUT OF THESE ROOTS

The Autobiography
of an American Woman

AGNES E. MEYER

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

"Democracy is hard work," says Mrs. Meyer, and her outspoken autobiography tells how she has lived democracy to the fullest: as wife of a famous financier and publisher; mother; patron of the arts; crusading journalist; champion of civil liberties, a better system of public schools, low-cost housing and public health—and a greater America. \$4.00

FREEDOM'S FAITH

CLARENCE B. RANDALL

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

What has made America great? Our greatness, declares the author of *A CREED FOR FREE ENTERPRISE*, springs from the hearts and minds of the American people; and he looks to the business community for new leadership in the struggle to preserve our leadership and to meet the challenge of tomorrow. \$3.00

VERMONT TRADITION

The Biography of an Outlook
on Life

**DOROTHY CANFIELD
FISHER**

Rich in the lore and legends of Vermont, strong in the state's proud history, this book comes alive with the personality of one of Vermont's greatest daughters. Here is an act of faith in democracy—Dorothy Canfield Fisher's tribute to the tradition that is one with the American way of life. \$4.50

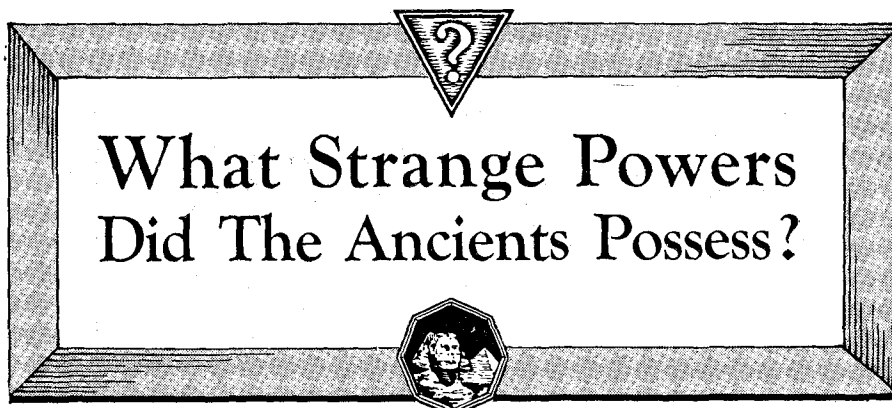
THE LIMITS OF THE EARTH

FAIRFIELD OSBORN

"We cannot delay or evade . . . or sterner forces will make the decision for us." In his new book Fairfield Osborn analyzes the world dilemma created by increasing population and resource inadequacy. His conclusions are provoking even more controversy than *Our Plundered Planet*. \$3.50

At all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON



EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which “whispers” to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

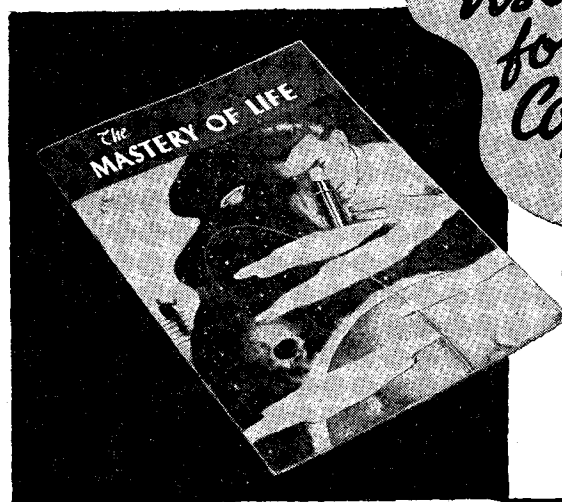
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the “Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis,” abbreviated by the initials “AMORC.” The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

Not For General Distribution

Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the booklet, “The Mastery of Life.” It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.



Use Coupon
for free
Copy of
Booklet

Scribe A.Y.C.
The Rosicrucian Order (AMORC)
San Jose, California.

Please send copy of sealed booklet, “The Mastery of Life,” which I shall read as directed.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Send Today For Free Book Catalog

binés with painstaking scholarship a gift for bringing facts to life: she writes for the literate reader rather than the literary specialist. And in the life and times of Ben Jonson she has found a spirited subject.

Though poverty prevented him from going from grammar school to the university and he was, instead, apprenticed to a bricklayer, Jonson became the most learned poet in England. His great crusade was to impose the doctrines of classical restraint and fidelity to life on the excitable world of English letters. Paradoxically, he was himself a highly excitable man. He feuded violently with his contemporaries, and was once sentenced to death (but reprieved) for killing an actor in a duel. Of his family or his private life little is known. He cheerfully admitted that he was “given to venery.” He was also an experienced and talented drinker. Another side of his conduct, however, reveals strong moral principle. His conversion to Catholicism at one time brought him close to the gallows, but for several years he endured the substantial risks of remaining a Catholic. Then, when the penal laws against Catholics began to relax, he returned to the Anglican Church.

In the early years, Jonson gained his living as a soldier, an actor, a hack writer. But before he was thirty, he had earned the distinction of seeing his poems in anthologies; and his plays, though often unpopular, won him a reputation in high places. The first masque he wrote for royalty was a complete success; and in spite of his pride and quarrelsomeness he achieved a long and successful career as Court Poet in the notoriously slippery Court of King James. He survives as the highbrow of the Elizabethan theater, though he was also the most realistic playwright of his time. His masterpieces — *Volpone* and *The Alchemist* — are still occasionally performed. But no line he wrote is as famous as the epitaph written for him by an anonymous admirer: “O Rare Ben Jonson.”

Ends and means

The Doctor and the Devils (New Directions, \$2.50) is a screenplay by that hugely talented poet **Dylan Thomas**; it is based on a story by Donald Taylor narrating a *cause célèbre* that actually occurred in Edinburgh in the early nineteenth century. My guess is that Mr. Thomas's screenplay should make a memorable film.

As a piece of reading, it is a gripping, imaginatively written drama: the drama of a man fanatically devoted to the cause of science who discovers too late that the end does not justify the means.

Thomas Rock is a brilliant and celebrated lecturer in anatomy. The sole legal source of corpses for his dissecting room, that provided by the hangman, comes nowhere near to meeting the needs of Rock and his associates, and they pay a good price for the bodies brought to them by grave-robbers. Two keepers of a sordid flophouse hit upon an easier way of earning these rewards: they start suffocating the most helpless of the paupers who land in their lodgings. When a colleague of Rock's discovers what is afoot and tells Rock he is subsidizing murder, Rock contemptuously replies that it is not his business where his "subjects" come from — "We are scientists, not moralists. . . . I pay for what I need. I do not hire murderers." But when eventually Rock finds himself ruined and ex-coriated, the truth forces itself into his consciousness and fills him with horror: "Oh, My God, I knew what I was doing."

With its arresting central figure; its low, drunken villains, its sluts and its tavern brawls; its bold sallies into melodrama and the poetic quality of its language, *The Doctor and the Devils* is an unusual work that has both robustness and refinement. It is further evidence of the variousness and vitality of Dylan Thomas's gifts.

A Handful of Blackberries (Harper, \$3.50) is a novel of post-war Italy by **Ignazio Silone**, author of two of the finest novels of the thirties, *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine*. The setting is a mountain village in the Naples region; and Silone's hero, the engineer Rocco, once an embattled Communist, has returned deeply disillusioned from a sojourn in Poland and Russia. After a harrowing struggle, Rocco decides to break with the Party, and the Party goes to work to shatter his life. It tricks the girl he loves, Stella, into providing evidence which can be used to disgrace Rocco, and which, at the same time, will make it appear that Stella has shamefully betrayed him.

This new novel of Silone's left me with rather mixed feelings. It seemed to me shakily constructed: the narrative is diffuse and sometimes confusing. But as in *Bread and Wine*, Silone has given us a vivid and poignant

BIGGEST NEWS IN 185 YEARS...

The Greatest Family Treasure of All can be yours Now!

NEW EDITION!

All-24 Volumes of the famous ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

ON THE CONVENIENT

Book a Month

PAYMENT PLAN!

Send Coupon Below

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET

32 PAGE PREVIEW BOOKLET of NEW EDITION. Full Details of the Book a Month Payment Plan.



THE NEW EDITION OF BRITANNICA . . . the greatest treasure of knowledge ever published, now offered on the amazing easy-to-own purchase plan that puts this world-renowned reference library within reach of the average family. All 24 volumes will be placed in your home NOW . . . you pay for it as you enjoy it . . . as easy as buying a book a month!

THE LATEST PRINTING, available NOW, contains 26,731 pages and over 38 million words . . . the work of 4,479 of the world's best minds . . . easy-to-find facts and authoritative answers THAT WILL CONTINUOUSLY ENRICH THE LIVES OF YOU AND YOUR FAMILY.

WHAT OTHER POSSESSION offers so much life-long satisfaction, so many advantages and bespeaks such good taste as the *one and only* Encyclopædia Britannica?

SEND COUPON TODAY and get exciting PREVIEW booklet and full details.

Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., Dept. P-6
425 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Please let me have, without obligation, the FREE PREVIEW BOOKLET and complete details about the Book a Month Payment Plan.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

In Canada, Write E. B. Ltd., Terminal Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

The WORLD-FAMOUS MANCHESTER GUARDIAN NOW on FREE Trial Offer!

YOU ARE INVITED to read the next four issues of the *Manchester Guardian*, weekly air edition, at our risk. This famous publication brings you a *fresh viewpoint* on British and world affairs—especially on the confusing questions of Korea, East vs. West, and the internal situation in England today. You will also like the *Guardian's* lucid editorial style . . . its brilliant dispatches by Alistair Cooke (Peabody Award Winner, author of *A Generation on Trial*, and *One Man's America*) . . . its global reports . . . its special political and literary articles . . . its music, art and drama section. Above all, you'll like its sincere, outspoken journalism, its courageous thinking, its refusal to succumb to mob hysteria. Want to sample this unusual newspaper—at no risk? Accept our Free Examination Offer by mailing the coupon below.

"... the most
literate and
entertaining
newspaper in
the English
language."

LAURA Z. HOBSON
IN SATURDAY
REVIEW
AUG. 8, 1953

Mail Coupon for Special Free Offer.

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN M11
53 E. 51 Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Please enter by subscription to the *Manchester Guardian*, Weekly Air Edition, as checked below. If not satisfied after seeing the first four issues, I may cancel and get a full refund. My payment is enclosed.

☐ 1 year, \$6.50

☐ 20-week trial, \$2

Name

Address

City Zone State

BRUCE LANCASTER'S

new novel

BLIND JOURNEY

The liaison between the Americans and the French in the days of our Revolution, the hazards, loyalties and treacheries that dogged a shipment of French gold to its destination across the Atlantic—this is the material from which the skilled author of *Venture in the East* and *The Secret Road* has created a spell-binding historical romance.

At all bookstores • \$3.95

An Atlantic Monthly
Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

ant picture of simple Italians struggling with the age-old problems of poverty and social injustice: a picture drawn with love, compassion, and wry humor. He is one of the few writers of the political novel whose characters are not puppets manufactured to spellout a thesis, but creatures of flesh and blood from whose story the author's message spontaneously emerges.

The attractions of the Communists to Silone's poor villagers are that the Party is strong, and they respect strength; that it promises to crush oppressive landowners such as the hated Tarocchi; that it talks of work and bread. But at bottom these Italian villagers are profound skeptics, for their lifetime's experience has taught them this bitter truth: "Whatever happens," — whatever the government in Rome may call itself — "for poor folks nothing ever changes." And those who come to them with alluring promises always encounter, as the shepherd Massimiliano fiercely asserts, "some one that refuses to sell his soul for a handful of beans and a piece of cheese."

Potpourri

THE BEST HUMOR FROM PUNCH
edited by William Cole and illustrated by
G. N. Sprod. World, \$3.50.

In a pleasant introduction which describes the career of *Punch* and does not try to define humor, Mr. Cole points out that "Through one hundred and twelve years of oversight, there has never been an anthology of *Punch* prose and verse published in America." The discomforts of everyday life — crowded railway carriages, shopping difficulties, and such — are a fertile source of material to the British humorist. Some of this humor, transplanted, sounds pretty weak or just so-so, but the best pieces are really choice stuff, and the best is in sufficient supply to make this a splendid anthology. Most of the verse is entrancing; and *Punch's* contributors include some maestros in the delightful art of the spoof or parody, a form sadly neglected on this side of the Atlantic.

CHILDHOOD'S END by Arthur C. Clarke.
Ballantine Books, \$2.00.

In this gripping, crisply written fantasy, Mr. Clarke (author of *The Exploration of Space*) sends Science Fiction soaring beyond the gravitational pull of the pulps into the far-distant world of the novel of ideas. Clarke's story poses the great riddle: What is the ultimate destiny of Homo sapiens? And while his treatment

of this theme parallels a point or two in *Brave New World*, his provocative resolution of it is startlingly his own.

The plot, in brief, takes shape as follows. At the end of this century, the United States and Russia are ready to launch rival rockets to the Moon, when giant spaceships anchor above the world's capitals, and their invisible inhabitants — The Overlords — proceed, bloodlessly, to impose their beneficent will on mankind. The One World ideal soon becomes a reality, and cruelty, fear, poverty, and disease are virtually abolished. But some dissident spirits, bored with Utopia's soul-destroying lack of challenge, found an island community dedicated to artistic experiment and to daring research into the capacities of man. At this point, Mr. Clarke's fantasy rockets off into remote, strange regions; and his answers to the questions — Why were we put here? Where are we headed? — are dramatized in an awesome finale. This is a highly stimulating novel, wildly fantastic but far from frivolous.

MARSHLANDS and PROMETHEUS
MISBOUND by André Gide. New Directions, \$3.00.

Two of Gide's early satirical farces translated into English for the first time by George D. Painter. In *Prometheus Misbound*, Gide brings together, in a Paris café, Prometheus, Cocles, and Damocles. A passer-by, The Miglionaire, whose real name is Zeus, sets in motion a chain of events in which Gide recasts and intertwines the myths represented by his characters to produce an intricate farce which deals, subtly and seriously, with free will and self-realization.

The absurd narrator of *Marshlands* is a pretentious aesthete whose life is totally pointless and stagnant. He busies himself making grotesque lists of things to do; he frequents a lady who passes for being his mistress but to whom he does not make love; and he insistently exhorts his acquaintances to act, travel, be adventurous. His invariable justification for his own inert existence is "I am writing *Marshlands*." In no other book of Gide's is his sense of humor so continuously at work; and in its mocking ironies there is more than a hint of self-mockery. *Marshlands* has aptly been described as one of the gayest novels of boredom that have ever been written.

AN AUTUMN IN ITALY by Sean O'Faolain. Devin-Adair, \$3.50.

Mr. O'Faolain spent his Italian autumn in the south, traveling from Naples to Sicily and back through Calabria to the Adriatic. At first glance, his book looks like the traditional charming collection of impressions, local characters, and antique architecture. Actually it is a shrewd study of the history and present condition of southern Italy. The book ends with a survey of the program of land reform and housing construction instigated in

"One of the important
and enthralling
books of the year,"
says the *New York*
Times about—

Quincy Howe's THE WORLD BETWEEN THE WARS

From the 1918 Armistice to the
Munich Agreement. 785 pages.
\$7.50, Simon and Schuster



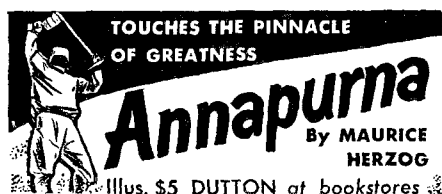
Vol. 23 Edited by R. E. Haugan

You'll be charmed with the colorful Christmas art and lore in America's Favorite Holiday Annual—full-color famous art pieces, old and new—illustrated carols of eight nations—unusual art interpretations of the Christmas story—stimulating articles, stories, poetry—and more in its 68 delightful pages!

CHRISTMAS is a much admired gift for friends and a tradition on the family reading table. 10 1/4 x 13 3/4 in. Gift Edition (Paper Bound), \$1.25. Library Edition (Cloth Bound), \$2.50.

At Book and Department Stores or

AUGSBURG PUBLISHING HOUSE, Dept. AT
426 S. 5th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.



BOOKS FROM ENGLAND

It is much cheaper to buy English books direct from England (\$2.80 = £1). Books in our 250,000 volume stock mailed same day as order received. Payment by dollar cheque or International Money Order. Send for our free monthly New Book List and quarterly second-hand Catalogs. Let us add your name to our long list of satisfied American customers. Established 1847.

WILLIAM GEORGE'S SONS LTD.
89, Park Street Bristol 1, England

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (We also supply all current books at retail store prices—postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*.)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
1117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BYU books and magazines. Please list.

the district by ECA, from which Mr. O'Faolain draws the encouraging conclusion that U.S. funds have been well spent there. Since any book about this region inevitably recalls Norman Douglas, it may be as well to point out that for all his wit and elegance of style, Mr. O'Faolain writes as a judicious reporter rather than an impassioned devotee. The book was never intended to be another *Old Calabria*.

IDEAS AND PLACES by Cyril Connolly.
Harper, \$3.50.

A collection of Cyril Connolly's essays in the British literary magazine *Horizon*, which he edited from its inception in 1939 to its demise in 1950. Mr. Connolly is inclined to dwell, with a somewhat tearful masochism, on the unhappy state of the arts in this age of "Inflationary Decadence" (an age in which rewards increase as standards decline); but he is highly exhilarating when he is on the warpath against second-rateness, commercialism, "the blah and blare of broadcasting and journalism." The book includes pieces on post-war French literature; impressions of a visit to the U.S. and other travel sketches; a symposium on the writer's finances (by the leading contributors to *Horizon*); and several delightful parodies, among them a hilarious item about the Crutch Foundation for the Redemption of Middle-Aged Hacks. Mr. Connolly is a stylish, cultivated, and amusing writer, with a stirring sense of artistic integrity. These short pieces of his make an attractive platter of caviar canapés.

DEAD MAN IN THE SILVER MARKET
by Aubrey Menen. Scribner's, \$3.00.

An "autobiographical essay" by the author of *The Prevalence of Witches* and other lighthearted novels. Mr. Menen is descended, on his mother's side, from Irish brigands, on his father's side, from the warrior-caste of Malabar in the South of India; and his parents decided to rear him as an Englishman. He writes, here, about his English upbringing; about a visit to his Indian grandmother: a *grande dame* of the Old School who held court with her breasts bare and considered the British barbarians; about a sojourn with a happy Indian Prince and another sojourn with a most unhappy one; about fakirs, the causes of war, and the nature of true patriotism. The leitmotif running through all this is the fallacy of caste and class and nationalism; the danger of fanaticism, whether practiced in the name of faith, reason, or country. These are admirable sentiments, to which I fervently subscribe; but I am not, I'm afraid, one of the many who find Mr. Menen inimitably witty and entrancingly original. He seems to me mildly amusing, when he is not working at it too hard; when he strains to be clever under the cover of ingenuousness, he succeeds in being intolerably arch.

"An unabashed piece of literary yum-yum"
—LONDON EVENING NEWS



THE MEMOIRS OF Misia Sert

With an appreciation by JEAN COCTEAU

The fabulous woman, whose third marriage was to José-Maria Sert, the Spanish painter, tells how: she married her cousin at fifteen; he "sold" her to her second husband; Renoir painted her seven times; she gave the family jewels to her husband's mistress.

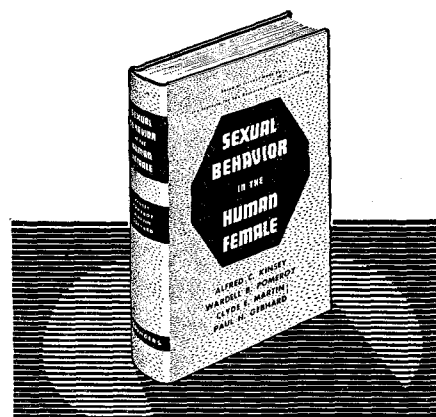
She was the friend and confidante of Caruso, Diaghilev, Satie, Stravinsky, Ibsen, Debussy, Lautrec, Mallarmé, Nijinsky, Proust, Picasso, and scores of others—and she tells delectably intimate stories about them.

"Gloriously preposterous reminiscences of a great Parisian hostess."—*Punch*

Illustrated • \$3.50 at all bookstores

The John Day Company

SALES OFFICE: 210 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"... a brilliant and arguable contribution for which we are all in debt."—*New York Times*

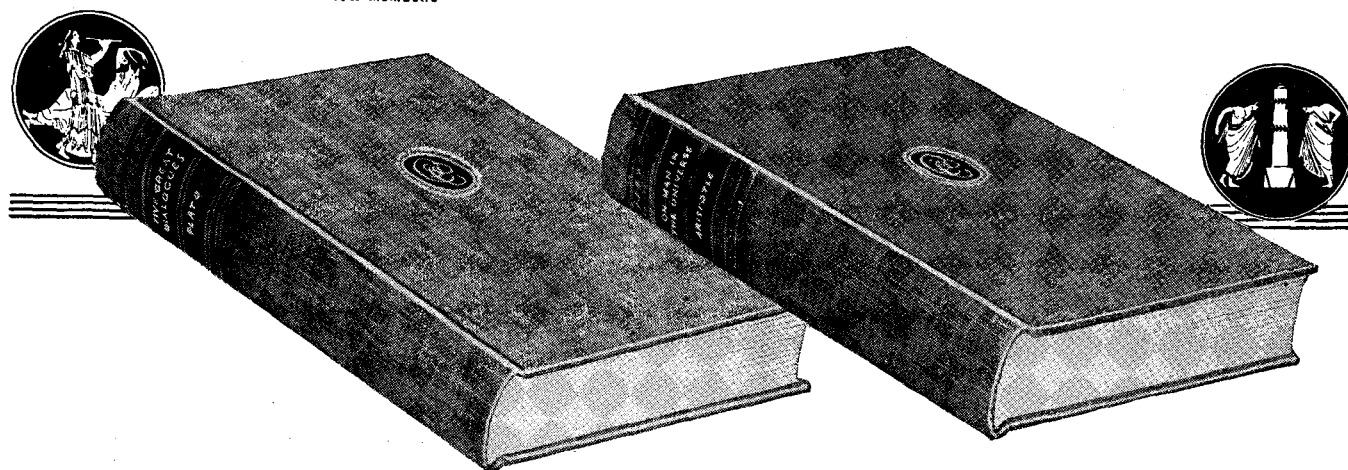
Based on studies made by the staff of the *Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University* (Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, Clyde E. Martin, Paul H. Gebhard, and others).

842 pages, \$8.00 at your bookseller

W. B. SAUNDERS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA 5

BOTH **FREE**
TO NEW MEMBERS

...WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB,
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



Both of these beautifully bound, superbly decorated editions of
PLATO AND ARISTOTLE
FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

NOTHING short of amazing is the way these classics — written two thousand years ago — hit so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, two of the greatest scholars of all time tell us how to live intelligently happy lives, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches that lie hidden in our hearts and minds. Little escaped the reflections and discussions of Plato and Aristotle. They were mighty pioneers in the field of knowledge, and their ideas are astonishingly timely now.

PLATO is presented in the famous Jowett translation, and contains the five great dialogues — *Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Symposium, and the Republic*. ARISTOTLE includes the five celebrated essays — *Metaphysics, Parts of Animals, Nicomachean Ethics, Politics, and Poetics*. These splendid De Luxe Classics Club Editions have been brilliantly edited and annotated by Louise Ropes Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College. Both books will be cornerstones of your library. And both are yours free, as membership gifts from The Classics Club!

Why The Classics Club Offers You These Two Books Free

Walter J. Black, President
THE CLASSICS CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

DX

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89 plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books Shipped in U.S.A. Only.)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No.
(if any)..... State.....

WILL YOU ADD these two volumes to your library — as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the

very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

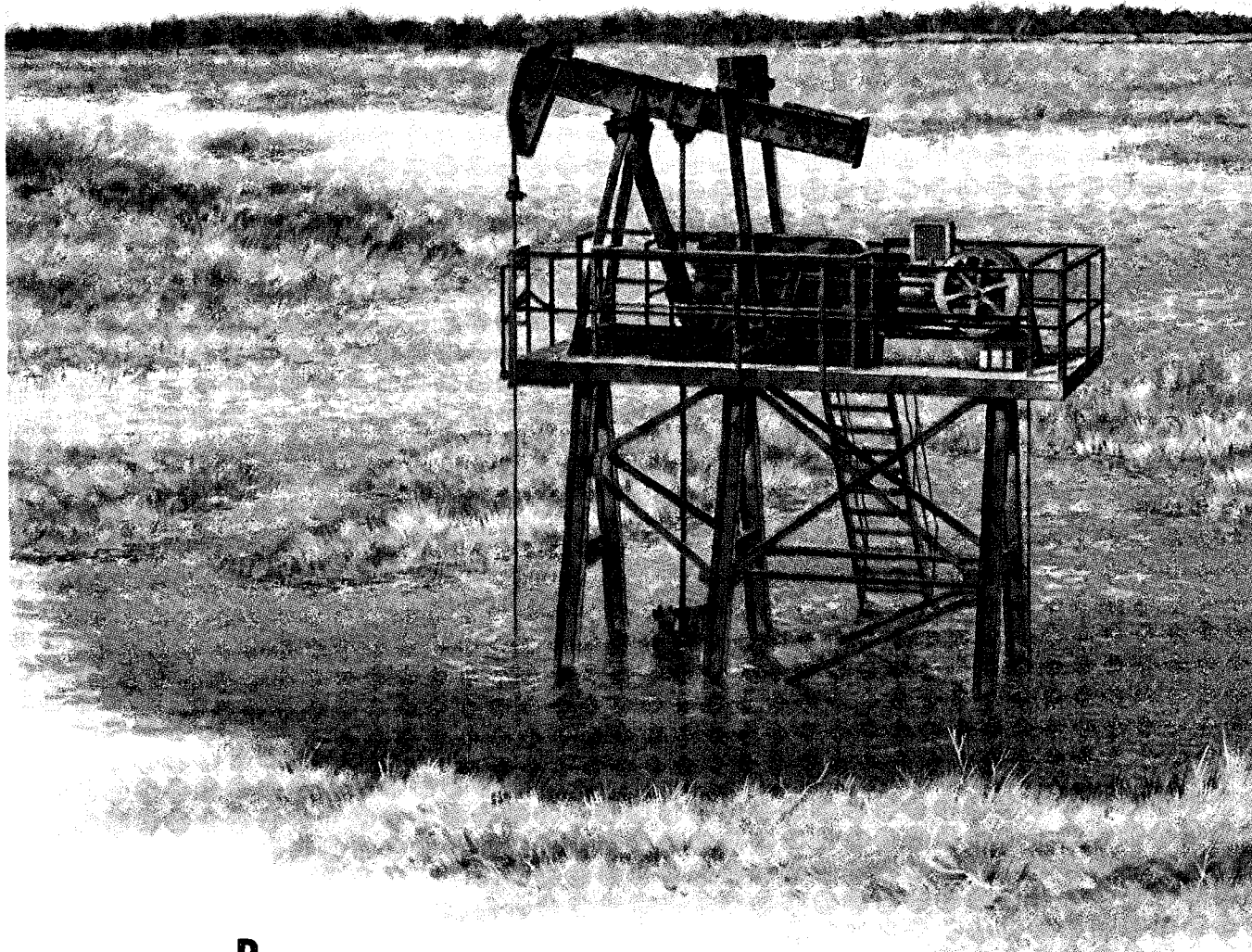
The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used today in many leading colleges and universities) are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops, are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price — and your FREE copies of PLATO and ARISTOTLE — cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

"high pockets" for an oil well



Rampaging floods don't hamper production on this oil well—it's Sun Oil Company's Well No. 3, with the pumping unit located fifteen feet above the southern Illinois Wabash River bottoms. This unit is powered by a famous Fairbanks-Morse ZC Oil Field Engine . . . an engine that thrives on neglect!

Fairbanks-Morse Performance—so often the answer to Industry's problems.

Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Chicago 5, Ill.



FAIRBANKS-MORSE

a name worth remembering when you want the best

OIL FIELD EQUIPMENT • PUMPS • SCALES • ELECTRIC MOTORS • GENERATORS • LIGHT
PLANTS • DIESEL, DUAL FUEL & GASOLINE ENGINES • MAGNETOS • DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES



FRENCH NOBILITY treasured this beautiful porcelain and bronze doré rotary clock. Now in the famous Old Charter collection, it dates from the elegant era of Louis XVI (1774-1792).

It's so much smarter to give OLD CHARTER

(especially in this magnificent new gift decanter)*

PERHAPS THE SUBTLEST COMPLIMENT you can pay a friend is a gift of Old Charter. The simple act of giving says, in effect: "I know you are a man who can appreciate the ultimate in fine whiskey. And here it is." Old Charter is available in a magnificent "heirloom" decanter (above) at no extra

cost. Designed in a superb "Greek-Classical" style, it will be treasured as a keepsake even after the last drop of Old Charter has been enjoyed.

Superior from the start, Old Charter is ripened to magnificence by seven slumbrous years aging in the cask. Try it yourself. You'll see.



tick, tock... tick, tock... the whiskey that didn't watch the clock... seven long years

OLD CHARTER



Kentucky's Finest Bourbon *Also available in regular round bottle in Holiday Carton

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 7 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.